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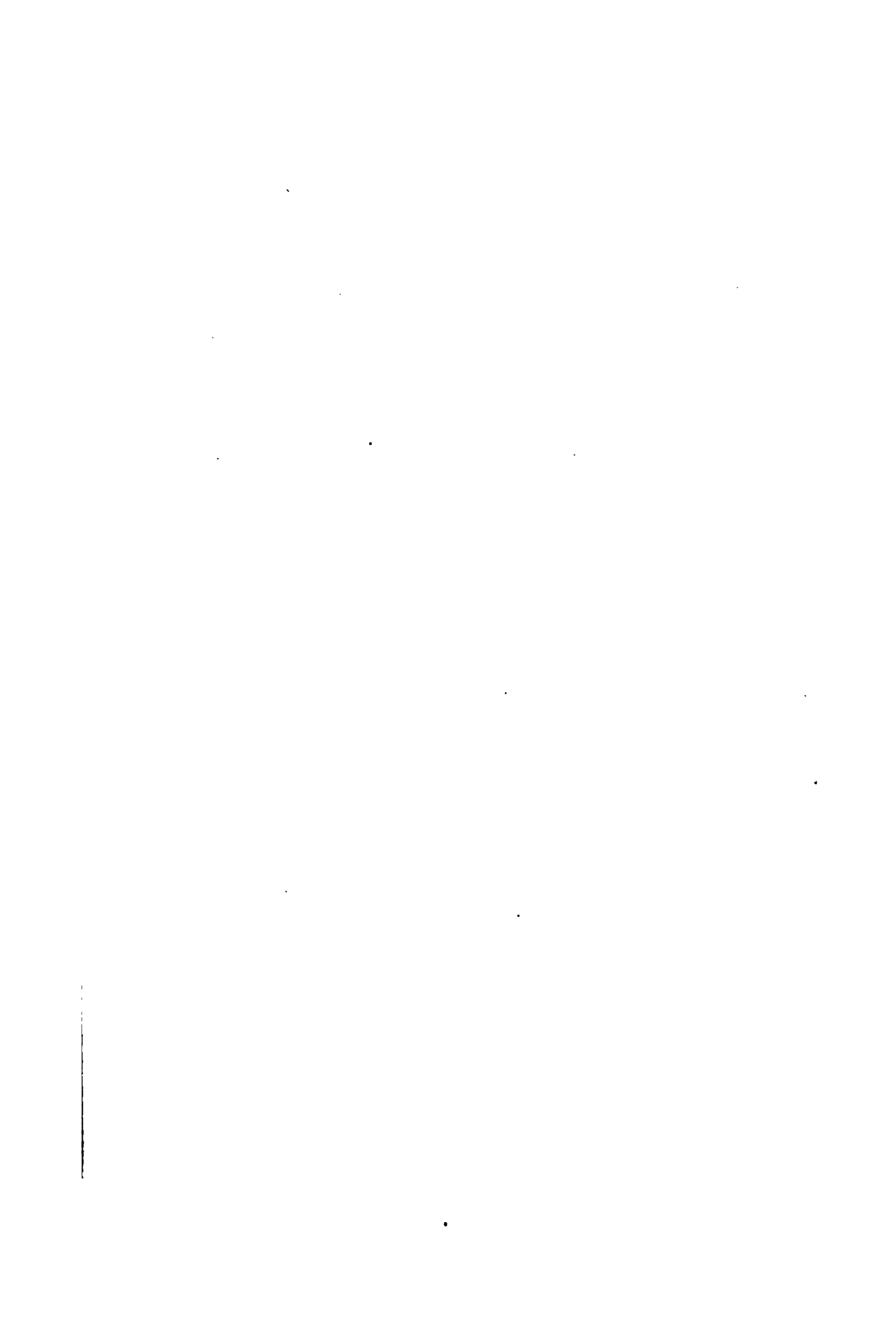
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THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE
FOR 1883.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS.

VOLUME LXXVI.

(SERIES VIII.—VOL. XXVII.)

Editor—REV. J. P. BARNETT.

“Speaking the truth in love.”—EPHESIANS iv. 15.



ALEXANDER AND SHEPHEARD,
21, CASTLE STREET, HOLBORN.

MDCCCLXXXIII.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY ALEXANDER AND SHEPHEARD,
27, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.



(From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.)



*Yours faithfully
W. Mortimer Lewis.*

1

Two years
in school
in school

11.

[illegible]

(From a Photograph by Messrs. R. H. M. and F. J. M.)



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THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1883.

Memorials of the Late Rev. Edward Steane, D.D.

By E. B. UNDERHILL, Esq., LL.D.



EDWARD STEANE was born in Oxford on the 23rd March, 1798. His father was, for twenty years, a deacon of the New Road Baptist church. He was a man of sterling piety, distinguished for good sense, of great urbanity of manner, wise in counsel, and the hospitable host of every faithful minister of the Gospel who gave him his company.

From his earliest years his son Edward manifested that mixture of gentleness and decision which so largely characterised him throughout his career. His youth was spent in Oxford. Though born of a Dissenting family, he was deeply influenced by the impressions made upon his mind by the venerable University, among whose stately buildings, and in the society of some of its *alumni*, he was brought up. But its grammar schools, as well as its colleges, were closed against the children of Dissenters; perhaps no great loss, since many of the schoolmasters were incompetent men.

The first and only tutor of Edward Steane's boyhood was the late Rev. James Hinton, of Oxford, who, for many years, not only filled with great efficiency the pastorate of the church by which he was warmly loved and highly esteemed, but who also kept a well-conducted grammar school, which was the resort in those days of the sons of the chief citizens of that ancient city. In a description of his teacher, left by Dr. Steane, we may readily discern the source of many of the

qualities which came to be so conspicuous in the pupil. "His manner," he says, "combined dignity with gravity; and, if he was sometimes impulsive, it was more frequently the impulse of generosity than of anger. While he directed the studies of his pupils, he won their hearts, and trained them in the principles of a sound Scriptural morality and Evangelical religion. He blended the courtesy of a gentleman with the authority of the master, and infused into his intercourse with the boys the sentiments of the Christian with the instructiveness of the teacher." Not less eminent was Mr. Hinton as a bold and fearless upholder of his rights as a citizen, and as an advocate and defender of Nonconformity.

To these influences were added the genial atmosphere of a home in which Christian principles were predominant, and where parental affection watched lovingly over the early manifestations of a sweet disposition, and of tendencies that gave promise of future excellence.

Shortly after leaving school, and becoming an assistant to a chemist in the city, he threw himself with ardour into the operations of the Sunday-school connected with the chapel, and speedily became the moving spirit of an association which was formed to promote the establishment of similar schools in the surrounding villages. It was in pursuit of this object that Edward Steane became allied, among others whose memory is still fragrant in Oxford, with the late Rev. William Pearce, one of the many eminent men who have laboured amongst the heathen in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society. He was at that time learning the art of printing at the Clarendon Press, under the guidance of the late Samuel Collingwood, Esq., a member of the congregation, and also for many years printer to the University of Oxford.

In a paper written after the death of Mr. Pearce, Dr. Steane thus refers to the blessed results of his intimacy with him. He says; "It was my privilege to be honoured with his friendship when we were youths together at Oxford. We were joint secretaries of the Sunday-schools, of which there were not less than six or seven in Oxford and the neighbouring villages; and of the Religious Tract Society, in which also some junior members of the University were united with us, as well as companions in the Bible Association; and other kindred modes of usefulness. Often have we taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company. I owe much to that fraternal intercourse, for we were as brothers; and with a vividness of

recollection, as though it occurred but yesterday, I remember his saying to me, when he was about to make his Christian profession, in reply to my remark, 'Se, my dear friend, you are going to join the Church?' 'Yes; I am; *and when will you?*' The inquiry awakened a train of new emotions, and its influence never left me till it resulted, under God, in my public admission into the fellowship of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord."

The name of Edward Steane, with that of his new co-secretary, Mr. Slatter, a poet, some of whose productions are found in our denominational hymn-books, is attached to the letter in which the Association bade farewell to one whose devout and loving spirit had guided their action, and had promoted the spiritual welfare of its individual members. He ever held Mr. Pearce in the highest estimation, and followed his course with the warmest affection and admiration.

It was about the year 1817 that Edward Steane gave himself, by an open profession in baptism, to the Church of Christ. He was baptized at Abingdon by the Rev. James Hinton. His natural gifts, stimulated and improved by ardent piety, soon marked him out as one fitted for higher service. His pastor was no unobservant witness of the skill and energy with which he strove to awaken spiritual life in the minds of the ignorant and unconverted, and with which he conducted the affairs of the Sunday-school Association. The call soon came to him. The church and its pastor unanimously invited him to enter the Gospel ministry, and, with the full concurrence of his parents, he accepted the call as from God. For some time previously, with other members of the church, he had exercised his gifts in neighbouring towns and villages with frequency and success. He was now to enter on a larger sphere, and to consecrate all his powers to the proclamation of the "good news" that the Kingdom of God was come. The promise of these early years was not belied by the issues of his long and varied ministry.

Even had the intolerant enactments of the Act of Uniformity, or the statutes of the University, permitted, it was not within the walls of any of the colleges of Oxford that he could find the instruction he required. The general education of the University was not of a high character; but its theological teaching was utterly worthless and perfunctory. A late librarian of the Bodleian Library, who from early life was well acquainted with the University, tells us that the examination for the B.A. degree had dwindled into a forced repetition

of threadbare 'Questions and Answers' (in Divinity, Logic, Grammar, *et in omni scibili*) which had been transmitted from man to man, and were unblushingly admitted, if not adopted, even by the masters of the schools." In corroboration he quotes from Dr. Knox's 77th Essay the following: "The greatest dunce usually gets his testimonium signed with as much ease and credit as the finest genius. The poor young man (to be examined in the sciences) often knows no more than his bed-maker." But, although this state of things began to improve with the growing years of the century, the moral and religious condition of the place long continued to be a reproach. Scenes of riot, the brutal amusements of bull-baiting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and prize-fighting were of almost daily occurrence in the first quarter of the century. Drunkenness and other vices were shameless. For many years, only one Evangelical clergyman could be found in the churches of the city, and an almost equal dearth of the pure Word of God prevailed throughout the neighbouring counties.

For some account of the perils which beset those pious men who endeavoured to meet this famine of the Word, and to preach the Gospel in and around Oxford, reference may be made to the "Life of the Rev. James Hinton," by his sons. Happily, the last fifty years have seen changes of which our fathers scarcely dreamed. The Word of God "has free course and is glorified" in multitudes of places where they suffered and sometimes bled for the truth they loved, and their sons may also now freely draw from those fountains of knowledge once unjustly closed to them.

In the summer of the year 1819 Edward Steane entered the Academy at Bristol. Dr. Ryland was then its president, and the Rev. T. S. Crisp the classical tutor. The Bristol Academy, as it was then called, enjoyed the warm support of Mr. Hinton. On one occasion he wrote: "Our denomination is clearly indebted (under God) more to that Academy than to any source of benefit besides." The institution founded by the bequests of Mr. Edward Terrill has indeed been a boon of the highest value to the denomination. Conceived in the days of persecution, and planted when the system of exclusion from the sources of higher education—enforced by the State at the instigation of the Church by law established—threatened with paralysis the ministry of Nonconformists, this school of the prophets has sent forth a succession of eminent men by whose ministry the churches have been blessed, and their testimony has been perpetuated. Most

earnestly did Mr. Hinton plead for its support. "If I had now ten thousand pounds," he said, "to fund for the public good, one-fourth should certainly go thither at once; protected, however, from being sold out, except for better investment." That some change may now be necessary in our academies and colleges to meet the altered circumstances of the times need not here be questioned. In subsequent years, Dr. Steane, on more than one occasion, urgently pressed this subject on the denomination; but he ever retained a grateful sense of the benefits he received at Bristol, and the most affectionate respect for his teachers.

Shortly after his arrival at the Academy he wrote his father his first impressions. His letter is dated August 3rd. He says: "I am greatly pleased with the appearance of everything I see in the Academy. The greatest cordiality prevails among the students, and it is at once pleasing and amusing to see and hear the various expressions of friendship with which they welcome each other's return. Mr. Edmonds, of Cambridge, preached to us this morning a very admirable discourse from 1 Cor. xiv. 12. You will not forget me in your private retirements, nor at the domestic altar. Entreat for me great grace, and the sanctifying influences of the Divine Spirit; for, although I am in great measure retired from the world, yet I shall doubtless meet with temptations, since there is no situation in life entirely free from them; and I shall need spiritual communication to preserve me from their evil influence. We shall not enter upon our studies till next week. I trust I shall attend to them in a right disposition of mind, regarding them not as the end, but only as means, and so make them all subservient to the purposes of the Divine glory and the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom."

A fortnight later he informs his father of his further proceedings. "I am increasingly pleased," he says, "with everything around me—with my tutors and with my companions, with my studies and my fare. I have almost everything that could conduce to my comfort, and if I am unhappy it must be entirely my own fault. I am beginning now to enter fully on the duties of my station. Last Sabbath I preached at a chapel in the city, and I see my name is on the list again for to-morrow, and also for the conference at Broadmead on Tuesday. I read Latin with the Doctor, on Mondays and Wednesdays; Latin and Greek with Mr. Crisp, on Tuesdays and Fridays alternately; and Latin with Mr. James, on Thursdays and Saturdays.

Wednesday afternoons I attend Mr. Exley's Philosophical lectures—the present subject, Optics. Thursday afternoons are devoted to Mathematics, and Friday to Geography, so that you perceive my time is pretty well occupied, and I trust to my great advantage.”

An unreserved correspondence with his father was begun by Mr. Steane on his entering the Academy, and it continued, through all future years, till his father was removed by death. In every movement he sought his father's counsel and guidance, and the correspondence throughout is marked, on the father's side by great judgment and wisdom, and on the son's by implicit confidence and warmest affection.

We regret that limitations of space prevent the quotation of many interesting passages which these letters supply. One or two may be permitted. He thus refers to the greatest of Welsh preachers. After informing his father of the postponement of the annual missionary meeting, he continues (Nov. 3, 1819), “This alteration is made in consequence of a letter from Christmas Evans, which the Doctor gave me to read this morning. The letter is exceedingly interesting, and indicative at once of great genius and deep humility. He wonders why *he* should be so earnestly requested to preach on such a public occasion; but, he says, it is one of those crooked things which the Lord has promised to set straight, and a part of that great picture of God's design, the darker shades of which require a stronger light than that which we now possess to discover their beauty. He has made three attempts to master the English language, one at the age of twenty, again at thirty, and a third time at forty-five; but he finds it like climbing the Alpine mountains, and despairs of ever reaching the summit, and that they must expect from him only home-spun English. He anticipates great pleasure in meeting his dear friends Dr. Ryland, Mr. Ward, and his lovely countryman, Jenkyn Thomas; but this is scarcely sufficient to counterbalance his reluctance to appear before such an audience as he will have at Bristol.”

From the moment of his entering the Academy, Mr. Steane's preaching appears to have proved itself very attractive. The pulpits of Bristol and the neighbourhood were frequently occupied, sometimes resulting in an interference with his studies, which, in after-years, he much regretted. He was nevertheless a diligent student, and after a short residence the question of removal to the University of Edinburgh,

there to enjoy a wider range of reading and study than Bristol could afford, was mooted by friends whose judgment he highly valued. As early as August, 1820, he was in correspondence with the Rev. Joseph Hughes on the subject; but it was not till the autumn of the following year that the arrangements for his going were completed.

He arrived in Edinburgh towards the end of October, 1821. The voyage thither was somewhat perilous, but he received a warm welcome from the Rev. C. Anderson and other friends. The aspect of the city greatly delighted him. A few days were devoted to visiting its most beautiful spots, in the company of that prince of *ciceroni*, Mr. Anderson. He was struck with the classical style of the buildings, so strongly in contrast with the Gothic structures of his native city. The college was then in an unfinished state; but the position of the city and its castle charmed him, set as they are in the midst of scenery highly picturesque, and encompassed by hills and mountains, and a gleaming sea that gave grandeur and beauty to the whole.

His letters from Edinburgh do not contain much information as to his studies. His time was, however, fully occupied with them. He especially mentions his attendance on Professor Wilson's classes as very useful to him. As a preacher, his services were in constant request; and, on more than one occasion, he supplied Mr. Anderson's pulpit for weeks together during the severe illnesses which interrupted the labours of that excellent man. On the removal of the congregation to Charlotte Street, Mr. Steane kept up through one entire winter services at the old chapel, which was for some time sustained as a mission station.

During the year 1822 his mind was continually agitated on the subject of his future settlement. Pressing invitations came to him from all quarters. It was the earnest desire of Mr. Hinton and his old friends in Oxford that he should become Mr. Hinton's assistant, with the special object of succeeding him in the pastorate. Mr. Anderson and his flock desired to retain him amongst them. Glasgow put in a strong claim, under circumstances of peculiar trial. More numerous, if not more attractive, requests were made from churches in his native land; but Mr. Steane seems, early in his career, to have formed the wish to commence a new cause, and to open in some desolate spot a fresh source for the outgoings of the water of life.

In the month of January, 1823, he received from Mr. P.

Bartlett the expression of the desire of a few friends at Camberwell to secure his services for two or three Sabbaths. After speaking of some arrangements, he writes to his father, from Edinburgh, on the 16th April:—"I have heard nothing further from the Devonshire Square people. I do not like London churches. If I go to Camberwell, and ultimately settle there, the church will be of my own collecting. This will be an immense advantage, and gives that place a great preponderance in my mind. But help me with your prayers. I am not now very anxious. I do not doubt of receiving Divine guidance, and of finding at length the place which the Redeemer, as the great presiding Head of the Church, designs me to occupy. There I trust I shall be useful, and then I shall be happy."

(To be continued.)

The Late Rev. W. M. Lewis, M.A.,

PRESIDENT OF PONTYPOOL COLLEGE

By THE REV. T. WITTON DAVIES, B.A.



AM not the first pupil who has tried to say a few parting words about a beloved tutor. If I may associate the small with the great, Tom Brown and the late Dean Stanley accomplished a similar task. I am writing these lines because I believe the life and work of the subject of them had something worth writing about, something worth remembering, and something which, if remembered, may help and encourage others who still have some work to do. The best life of Mr. Lewis was furnished by himself—his looks, words, and acts; and those who were near enough to see and appreciate these will have a much better idea of him than I can hope in these lines to give. Emerson speaks of the "self-registration of nature." "All things," he says, "are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow." To see Mr. Lewis's work, look at his students, at the churches he helped, and at the social circles he adorned, animated, and informed. It is my desire to make this self-registration as apparent as possible, so

that others may be affected by it, and a new "registration" may go on.

Trevelyan half apologises for writing the "Life and Letters" of his uncle. The world, he, in effect, says, *will* have biographies, and *will* read them too, even though the heroes are not wonderfully significant personages. But he is able to claim for his hero—and no doubt rightly—the honour of being in the front rank as a man of letters, a statesman, a jurist, and a brilliant ornament of society. I am not able to claim for my hero the credit of being any one of these. He produced no books that will form part of the world's treasures of literature, nor, for that matter, did Dr. Arnold, his sermons and other works notwithstanding. Mr. Lewis, moreover, can hardly be said to have introduced a new educational era into the country, which Dr. Arnold is generally supposed to have done. But this I will say, that rarely, if ever—in Wales at any rate—were such high teaching powers and good executive ability united with such a warm and winning nature. We have, moreover, to remember such things as these:—Mr. Lewis was born and partly brought up in a small Welsh village, where the schools and schoolmasters were of the olden kind. The first language he learned was Welsh, and in learning English—the language in which he studied and taught—he had not only to master a new grammar and a new vocabulary, but he had to accustom himself to a wholly different method of thought. The Welsh language has been largely made—certainly modified—by the inclinations of the people, and, these being intensely imaginative, they have developed a speech that is highly poetic. This is a difficulty which all Welshmen have to contend with, when they seek distinction among any besides their own race, though it is not always sufficiently allowed for. I shall have more to say farther on about an impediment of speech which came upon him suddenly, and proved a great hindrance to his progress. Last of all, he died at a comparatively early age, an age that was especially early to him, when we remember that six years of his life were spent in business.

On the main line from London to New Milford, between Carmarthen and Whitland, is a small station called St. Clears. Two miles to the north of this lies a very pretty village, called Mydrim, through which runs the River Havren. Here, one day in July, 1840, William Mortimer Lewis, and his twin brother Walter, were born. They were the youngest of a family of five, all of whom survive the subject of

this sketch, except one brother, who died in Ceylon. In less than a year after his birth his father died, leaving the five children to the care of their mother—a brave, energetic, Christian woman, who spared no effort, and, as far as her means went, no expense, to prepare her children for their life-work. Both the parents were members of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church, and William was brought up in connection with the same denomination—the religious body, as many will know, that sprang into existence during the awakening associated with the names of Howell, Harris, and Rowlands, Llangetho. When very young, he was a regular attendant at the services, and showed a particular interest in the Sunday-school. He had an unusually good memory, and, when a boy, he is said to have been able to recite most of the hymns in the Welsh Calvinistic hymn-book. This he was very fond of doing at home; it was a pleasure, a pastime, to him. He had a favourite dog, and many times he was seen with his arms round this pet, reciting one hymn after another, and playfully saying that there was one hymn the dog liked better than all the rest.

The first day-school he attended was the village national school, and his first master was one Thomas Morgan James, a most eccentric man, who was succeeded by one David Howell, a learned and painstaking teacher, to whom he felt greatly attached, and whom he regarded as “the cleverest teacher in the world.” The young scholar drew the special attention of the master by his industry and his quickness in learning. He was particularly apt at figures, and could answer questions in mental arithmetic almost intuitively. Besides making great progress in school, he displayed a large amount of taste and aptitude for mechanical work. He would construct small, but skilfully made, machines, clever and pretty toys, and the like; and, while he was engaged upon these, scarcely anything or anybody could draw him away till he had completed his task. School-fellows would ask him out in vain. He was thoroughly in earnest in this as in all other things.

His favourite pastime, however, was fishing. His twin brother and he, ever accompanied by their dog, could be often seen on the banks of their native river, not because the place was “the quietest and fittest for contemplation,” or because the engagement awakened serious and profitable thought, as Isaac Walton held, but because they enjoyed the sport. They were known and much spoken of by the inhabitants. This was partly caused, no doubt, by the fact of

their great resemblance, so that even their mother was sometimes sorely puzzled to know which was which—a rather awkward dilemma when either required reproof. Many a singular mistake was made, in which, as in the “Comedy of Errors,” one brother was spoken to for the other. A fellow-student of the writer was, one Sunday morning, preaching for the late Dr. Thomas. Mr. Walter Lewis was present, but the student had mistaken him for his tutor, and at the close of the service spoke to him as such.

About the age of eleven, William, accompanied by his brother Walter, was sent to a school in Carmarthen, kept by Mr. Alcwyn Evans. Here he soon displayed his unusual mathematical powers, especially his great readiness in answering mental arithmetic questions. His diligence and general behaviour were so satisfactory that he was held up by the master as a model to the other boys. After spending two years in this school, he was apprenticed, at Carmarthen, to the drapery business, with which he remained connected till he was nineteen years of age. In a somewhat large establishment, he soon became noticed for his amiability, perseverance, and business-like habits. He gave himself to business with all the resolution and enthusiasm that he brought to bear upon everything he undertook. One trait of his character, which all who knew him must have observed to the last, had a special field for exercise during these years—his unswerving honesty and truthfulness. He was once rebuked by an associate for refusing to tell a lie. He answered, sternly, that he would never do so, whatever the bribe. This feature of his character soon came to be as highly valued by his master as his other qualities, as was shown by the marked confidence reposed in him. But an important and specially noticeable fact is that during the years he spent in business he was a most devoted student. When not at his duties, he was mostly found engaged with his books. He was accustomed to commence reading and studying very early every morning. I do not know whether alarums were as numerous and as cheap then, as they are now; at all events, he did not possess one, but he adopted the following contrivance for waking in time. In his room there was an old sword, which had been used by the Pembrokehire yeomanry when, in 1797, the French landed at Fishguard. This he placed every night on a shelf near his bed, having attached to it a string, which was carried through the window and hung down outside. Every morning, at four o'clock, a policeman on

his beat would, by arrangement, pull the string; down the sword would fall with a crash, and, in a moment, the youthful student would be on his feet preparing for work. His master, noticing his early and studious habits, said to him one day, "William, if I had your pluck and perseverance, I might one day become Chancellor of England."

Among the books he read at this time were Chalmers' Institutes, Knapp's Theology, Butler's Analogy, and Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," which was a special favourite of his. He was particularly fond of reading the Lives of the celebrated Welsh preachers—John Elias; Williams, of the Wern; Rowlands, Llangeitho; Christmas Evans, &c.

He was at this time, and throughout his life, very genial, fond of society, and as much as anybody the life of it. Such men as Dr. Symonds, now of Neyland, then infirmary physician at Carmarthen, bear witness to the pleasure it gave them to enjoy the friendship of this rising young man, not yet out of his teens. From his boyhood he had been remarkable for the devoutness of his spirit. He was fond of Bible-reading, prayer, and all religious engagements. Though very young, and not yet a member of a Christian church, he often expressed a strong desire to become a missionary. A curious incident shows this. He wrote to a captain in London, asking if he should be allowed to work his way out to Africa as a cabin-boy, for he was anxious to preach the Gospel to the heathen. It was a bold idea, and a very noble one, for this mere boy to feel ready to leave home, friends, &c., with no Society at his back, that he might be face to face with the heathen, to tell them of the Saviour.

When he was well on in his sixteenth year he joined the English Calvinistic Methodist church at Carmarthen, then under the pastorate of the Rev. W. Howells, now Principal of Trevecca College. The latter, who evinced the utmost sympathy with the young member in his endeavours after improvement, writes so fully and so well of Mr. Lewis at this period that I am tempted to quote the whole of a letter he has kindly sent, though it is long. It is as follows:—

"I am sorry that I cannot distinctly recall any particular incident in the earlier life of my esteemed and lamented friend, though I knew him intimately during a part of the time I lived at Carmarthen (1851—1857). But I have always looked back with pleasure to what he made known to me of his character while he was a member of my Bible-class. He made it evident that the interest he felt in the Word of God was that of a true Christian. His preparation for our meetings was invariably as thorough as the time he had to spare for the purpose, and his

small store of books, would admit of. His answers to my questions, the questions he put to me, and his occasional remarks, all indicated his thoughtful acuteness and, at the same time, his deep religious earnestness. He made us often feel that his thinking was as independent as it was careful and clear, for he always met an opinion from which he differed with a firm but modest challenge. None of his excellent qualities gratified me more than his transparent honesty. If he was not prepared with what he deemed a satisfactory answer to a question, he would frankly say so, and never attempt to cheat the class by veiling his lack of knowledge with random guesses. In every way he made it apparent that he loved the Bible; that he was a diligent reader of it; that he knew much about it; and that it was his highest joy to learn more. How fresh before my mind this moment is the memory of the grave but amiable expression of his countenance, his slightly halting manner of speaking, and the serious attention we gave to what he said, because we knew that what he told us had been heedfully pondered and prayerfully fed on! I now and then tried to conjecture what he would become in after-life. I was satisfied that he was fitted for higher things than his then occupation, and that the all-controlling Head of the Church would, in His own best way and time, place him where his uncommon abilities, his eager thirst for knowledge, and his ardent but unobtrusive piety might be fully employed in the service of his Lord.

"Having thus enjoyed the privilege of watching over a part of his promising budding-time, I did not see him at all, and heard but little of him, during his period of rapid and vigorous growth in the course of his education. But I am very thankful that several opportunities were afforded me, after he came to reside at Pontypool, of holding intercourse with the mature man and the ripened saint. I shall always remember with pleasure the Sunday over which I was hospitably entertained at the college, of which he was then President. His health at that time was very indifferent; but he showed no signs of weariness in his hard work, and he was so buoyantly cheerful that I fairly forgot that he had any cause for repining. What especially charmed me was the breadth of his Christian sympathies. He talked much, and with warm affection, of the Calvinistic Methodists. He was too large-minded, too large-hearted, too near heaven, to be a mere sectarian. I never saw him afterwards; but our pleasant intercourse then was as good a preparation as I can imagine for our future meeting, which I humbly trust will take place, in the holy assembly above."

It was during the time he attended Mr. Howell's Bible-class that he entertained his first doubts as to the Scripturalness of infant sprinkling. He made known those doubts to the pastor, and the subject was often discussed in the Bible-class. His mind was now turning seriously in the direction of the Christian ministry, and he received no little encouragement from the members of the church to enter upon that work. But, though a member of the Calvinistic Methodist body, he was becoming more and more a Baptist. While on a visit to Clynderwen, Pembrokeshire, he attended the ministry of the Rev.

Owen Griffiths, still the honoured pastor of the Baptist church there. After several conversations with Mr. Griffiths, who showed himself a most sympathising and helpful guide, he was baptized by this gentleman on the 24th day of August, 1859.

Mr. Griffiths writes:—

"His stay here was not long, yet it was long enough to endear his memory to all of us who knew him. He was of a most genial disposition, and this made his society most welcome. He had the knack of introducing new subjects in so natural a way as to lead others with him into fresh fields of thought. While here, he was one of the most faithful at the services. His prayers were generally short, concise, but they contained much pathos and fervour."

When he returned to Carmarthen he united himself with the Tabernacle Baptist church, then presided over by the logical and silver-tongued Hugh Jones. He had now resolved upon the ministry as his future vocation in life. Many of his friends opposed this step most strongly. They had seen with satisfaction how well he was suited for business, and how sure he was of success if he continued in it. "Let well alone. Work on in a course of life for which you have proved your eminent capacity. Leave the untried, the uncertain, for the tried, the almost certain." This was the strain in which they spoke. Then they noticed an impediment in his speech which they feared would interfere with his success in the pulpit. This impediment was not natural, but accidental. It came about as follows:—The twin brothers had often listened with dread to the many awful tales told them by servants and others about tramps, gipsies, and the like, and how they carried little children away. One fine spring day the two children, with their dog, were gathering wild flowers in a quiet country lane. All at once they were startled by two rough, stalwart vagrants. Their young hearts almost burst with fear. They ran with all their might towards their home, the tramps following them. On reaching the house they were unable for a while to utter one word, and from that day they had an impediment of speech, the result no doubt of a nervous shock.

But, in the face of all opposition, he had made up his mind to enter the ministry. If there were difficulties, so much the worse for them, for they must give way; the alleged impossibility was to be *done*; he had said so, and he was true to his word. The delivery of his first sermon in the Tabernacle was not re-assuring. He stammered so much that his relatives implored him to change his

mind. He felt this apparent failure keenly, for he had a fine sensitive nature ; but with that iron-willed heroic spirit of his, which through life stood him in such admirable stead, he determined to spare no effort to conquer. He wrote to the late Rev. Charles Kingsley, asking him what means he had employed to master his impediment. The large-hearted Kingsley sent a kind letter in reply, saying he had derived great benefit from the treatment of Dr. Hunt, of Hastings, and advising him to try the same. The cost of treatment and residence was large, but Mr. Lewis went to Hastings, and, under Dr. Hunt, made marvellous improvement. He returned home, and once more preached the same sermon in the Tabernacle, but this time with scarcely a trace of the impediment, where two months before he had almost broken down. The people who heard him on both occasions were astounded at the change.

(To be continued.)

January 1st.*



HAT solemn footfall smote my startled ear ?

Heard I the step of the departing year ?

Saw I her shadowy form flit slowly by,

To join her sisters in eternity ?—

Sweeping down thither, as the autumn's blast
Sweeps summer's leaves, the records of the past,
The joys and griefs, the bustle and the strife,
The shadows and realities of life ?

Hear me, stern daughter of old Time, O hear !—

Is there no plea may stay thy strong career ?

O pause in pity ! pause, and to my prayer
Grant a brief converse with the things that were—

I know the retrospect has much to pain,
Much to be mended could all come again ;
Still, without one last look we must not sever,
Sad is the word that bids to part for ever !

Beam, then, again on me, dear, kindly faces,
And smile your best, old times and well-known places ;
Bright looks, soft tones, high thoughts, and fancies fair,
Return, return, and be what once you were !

All that was precious in the year that's past,—

Too sweet to lose, too beautiful to last—

Sunshine, and song, and fragrance, things that threw

O'er life's dull path a brighter tint and hue ;

* From "Miscellaneous Poems." By the late Rev. H. F. Lyte, M.A. Published by Rivingtons, London, Oxford, and Cambridge, 1868.

Hopes realised, desires fulfilled ;—success
 Crowning long toils ; the burthens of distress
 Lighten'd, Will subjugated, Self denied,
 Ills overcome by long endurance, Pride
 Taught to be greatly humble,—all that wakes
 The approving voice of conscience, all that makes
 Heaven's windows open o'er us, converse sweet,
 And sweeter meditation ; all,—all fleet
 Back into being. Burst oblivion's chain,
 And be awhile realities again !—

Blest be the powers that can the past restore :—
 They come, they come, warm breathing as of yore !
 I hear remembered voices, seem to dwell
 Once more with forms I've known and loved so well.
 Distinct, beyond my fondest hopes, they rise,
 The shadows dimming the realities.
 Beautiful witcheries ! Oh, would I might
 Hold them thus ever, durable as bright !
 But, like the splendours of a sunset sky,
 E'en while I gaze their glories wane and die,
 And, as they fade, uprising in their rear
 A host of darker verities appear ;
 Sorrows and sins of various shade and hue,
 That claim their notice in the year's review.
 And shall they be rejected ? Shall my eyes
 Be shut to life's too stern realities ?
 And shall the records of the past be seen
 Not as they were, but as they should have been ?
 No ! small the gain and brief the joy that lives
 In the poor dreams such self-delusion gives ;
 And honest conscience scorns to take a tone,
 Or speak a flattering language not her own ;
 And wherefore seek to bribe her, wherefore fear
 Her rough but salutary voice to hear,
 When every warning, now rejected, grows
 To overwhelming thunder at the close ?
 The close ! the close ! How like a death-knell seems
 That solemn word to wake me from my dreams !
 One little year, yea, less than one like this,
 May bring me to the close of all that is.
 Far down Time's chequered stream I've voyaged on,
 And seen my fellows drop off, one by one ;
 And now the widening waters seem to near
 Eternity's dark ocean ; on my ear
 Sound the deep heavings of that shoreless sea,
 And awe my soul into solemnity !

Darkling I hover round the world to come,
And voices thence are heard to call me home ;
And stretching on into the dread expanse,
I fain would lift the curtain and advance.
One little step, I know, would bear me through,
And give the secrets of the dead to view ;
But till that step is taken, mortal sense,
Ask as it may, gets no response from thence.
Thought may at times, when all around me sleep,
Launch sounding forth into that silent deep ;
But, without star to guide or light to cheer,
Soon back to land my trembling course I steer.
E'en bold Conjecture onward fears to fare,
And Reason shrinks to find no footing there ;
Till conscious Nature, baffled and o'erawed,
Sinks suppliant on the mercy of her God,
Turns from self-confidence to faith and prayer,
Clings to His Word, and finds her refuge there.

Thrice happy we, not left to grope our way
From truth to truth, by Nature's feeble ray,
Where one false step were ruin. Happier still
Our wills conforming to the Heavenly Will ;
Ready, as God may prompt, to think and feel,
And take His impress, as the wax the seal ;
At His blest feet content to sit and learn,
Or walk by faith, till faith to sight shall turn ;
Beneath the Saviour's cross to stand and scan
All He has done, and all He claims from man ;
Learn from His life, and on His death repose,
And grow in love and duty to the close.

On the year's threshold, on the narrow strand
That parts the past and future, here I stand,
Without control o'er either : one is flown
Beyond recall ;—a dark and dread unknown,
The other stretches onward,—what to be,
Seen but by Him who fills eternity.
The present, and scarce that, is still my own :—
Oh, be it consecrate to Heaven alone !
Be mine, while all things shift and change around,
To cleave to Him in whom no change is found ;
To rest on the Immutable, to cling
Closer and closer 'neath the Almighty wing ;
His voice in all its varied tones to hear,
And in all aspects feel Him ever near ;
Be mine with Him to walk, on Him depend,—
Then, come what may, it all to good must tend !

By-path Varieties.



THE Arbor del Lecke—milk or cow tree of the Cordilleras—is one of the most wonderful objects in nature. Humboldt describes himself as immeasurably impressed by it. "This fine tree rises like the broad-leaved star apple. The fruit is somewhat fleshy. When incisions are made in the trunk, it yields abundance of glutinous milk, tolerably thick, of an agreeable balmy smell. We drank considerable quantities in the evening before we went to bed, and very early in the morning. The Negroes drink it, dipping into it their bread of maize or cassava. They grow sensibly fatter during the season when most milk is furnished. Amidst the great number of curious phenomena which I have observed in the course of my travels, I confess there are few that have made so powerful an impression on me as the aspect of this tree. It is not here the solemn shades of forests, the majestic course of rivers, the mountains wrapped in eternal snow, that excite emotion. A few drops of vegetable juice recall to our minds all the fruitfulness and fecundity of nature." It is not outwardly an attractive tree. It grows on the barren flank of a rock, with coriaceous and dry leaves. Its large woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stone. For several months of the year not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; but, when the stem is pierced, there flows this sweet and nourishing liquid. It is at the rising of the sun that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. Negroes and natives are then seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk. Does not all this carry our thoughts to the Scripture volume, and remind us of the sincere—i.e., spiritual milk of the Word, the indispensable element of our spiritual nature? In some respects the Bible may not be so popularly attractive as many books. In these days of superficiality and excitement, the showy often eclipses the valuable; yet what life-nourishment is there here! When nothing else will satisfy, this brings content. When moral drought spreads around, here is resource. To every comer the supply is open, and all are welcome to the abundance provided. But we must penetrate the heart of truth; dig deep into the

centre to get the food. "The Spirit giveth life." When, however, we do this, the result is ever precious. And when the "Sun of Righteousness" arises, and we see "light in God's light," the richest store of blessing is afforded, and our hearts exult in the royal amplitude. An abiding fullness continually remains for daily need, unexhausted after all the unstinting supply, and we may be repeatedly revived, strengthened, quickened, by the sacred Word. What can this Book be but of Divine origin? To read, study, appropriate, its hallowed teachings; can anything be more plainly a first duty and an unspeakable privilege? Then shall we be thoroughly furnished unto every good work, and be able to say with Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart."

Cases of good being done incidentally by Christians, who have not known at the time they were being made useful, are both frequent and encouraging. A gardener, in the employ of Lady Huntingdon, is said to have savingly felt the force of truth on overhearing her ladyship, not knowing his proximity, converse with a friend on the other side of the wall. Ebenezer Erskine listened to his wife and brother conversing upon religious subjects in a bower in the garden. "These," he said, "have ideas and feelings to which I am a stranger. They possess a valuable something which I have not." A woman once opened the street door to bid away some noisy children, and heard four texts quoted to a man, which clung to her memory like a message from God, and gave her no rest until she had found peace in believing. So true it is we are ever, unconsciously as well as consciously, exerting influence, and we know not when or where. The thoughtful man will learn from this to be, as Dr. Carey used to say, "a Christian in all company," and, renewing his confidence in the truth, will more eagerly and hopefully sow seed beside all waters. How wonderfully, sometimes, have apparently inconsiderable means been blessed. A tract given on a racecourse to a young man changed the current of his life, and he became clergyman of one of the most important London churches. A German baron, whose home became for years a centre of light in his country, traced all his zeal for the spread of the truth to the influence of a little book. A Spanish evangelist, who spent his life contending for the faith, was led to Christ through the text-card given in a London hospital. A deacon of a church we know, was led to conversion by overhearing, as he stood on the stairs, a female

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missionary praying with his sick wife. A Roman Catholic priest was first led to a more perfect knowledge of the way of the Lord by a tract given as he descended the steps of his church, and he died a Protestant pastor, highly esteemed for his work's sake. "Be instant in season and out of season." A little prayer may bring a large answer, and bring it soon if sincerity and faith give it wings. A short word may be more than long enough to span the distance between earth and heaven if it be struck off from a living heart.

"Earthly things," in contrast with "heavenly things," may be symbolised to us sometimes, as when from a height we look down on a great city at night and see the lesser lights sparkling in multitude, in lines, in crescents, promiscuously, or apart. We then look up to the skies and see all the glory of the stars. How great the difference, how grand those steady, stately orbs. How unassailable, unapproachable, and mysterious. All night unweariedly they gleam, and all day they still stud the heavens, though our sight is too weak to perceive them. A cloud may temporarily obscure, but cannot hide them long, and when in the progress of ages the cities now lighted up may become as desolate as the sites of Nineveh or Babylon, still those orbs of heaven shall have lost none of their brightness. They shine "for ever and ever." The lights of human philosophy at best are but for a time. They are earth-begotten, fitful, capricious, and dim. They are destined to be eclipsed and forgotten. But the lights divinely kindled shine on, unfailing and undimmed. When the theories of the present day are numbered with their forerunners in the museum of history, the truths of Scripture shall still be bright with the glory of heaven's own eternity.

It is related of the Scotch Covenanters—

"Who lived unknown,
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to heaven"—

that often providential interpositions were experienced in their distresses that were very striking, and in some cases, miracle apart, may be compared with Scripture instances. One of the followers and companions of A. Clarke, of Glenim, on one occasion, hard pressed by his pursuers, took refuge in a cave. Here, however, though secreted from the malice of his foes, he seemed in danger of death by starvation. But looking forth from his hiding-place in the morning he saw

a large bird descend to its nest near at hand beneath the braken and heath. Afterwards, when it had gone, he went to the spot and found a good-sized egg. Each day this was repeated, so long as he was obliged to remain in concealment, and upon those eggs he subsisted until able with safety to make his escape. Elijah the prophet, if the translation "ravens" be correct, was not more certainly fed by the kindness of providence than this tried witness for conscience' sake. God has methods of endless variety and unexpected goodness in dealing with His people according to their need. Sure supplies shall not fail, and He shall shield His saints under the protection of His power. So Peden, "the prophet," found. When hunted and fleeing upon the mountains from his foes, more than once a cloud interposed between himself and his enemies, and secured his deliverance from their hands. The accounts given of many of the two thousand who, in 1662, were ejected from their pulpits—*e.g.*, David Anderson, of Walton-upon-Thames, and Henry Maurice, of Stretton—relate striking instances of the Divine care and benevolence, want supplied, sorrow calmed, destitution averted. Such cases give emphasis and commendation to the Psalmist's words, "Trust in Him, ye people, pour out your heart before Him. God is a refuge for us."

Cultivate a generous spirit towards society and the world at large. Grudging, selfishness, and envy prevail too much. Montreuil, a Frenchman, remarking on persons going to sleep and putting out the candle, says, "He is sorry that in sinking into his eternal sleep he cannot annihilate the universe and extinguish the sun." Men who have accumulated money are often loth to part with it or to entertain any pleasant thoughts about those who shall inherit it afterwards. They would even, sometimes, leave it apart from the right channel through which it should flow. But is this the kind of spirit to make "blessed" the "memory of the just"? Why should others be grudged the brightness of the present, which those whose time is come, and who have had their share, are obliged to leave? One might almost say, at least make a virtue of necessity. Let a kind wish, like a benediction, fall on those who, while they enjoy the legacy that must come, will think all the more tenderly because of the spirit in which it was bequeathed. It is always pleasant, living or passing away, to have the good feeling of others as, Philostratus tells us, the king of some people in India had. Every night they treated him with music and singing, and, as he retired to his bed, not only wished him pleasant dreams, but

admonished him to rise on the morrow full of just and upright intentions towards his subjects. Quite a contrast this to those who, when Henry III. of France died, put on green mourning, fired *feu de joie*, and indulged in all the demonstrations of delight.

We read that the Persians had a certain day in the year when they sought out all venomous serpents to slay them. What a good thing if this practice were to be adopted among us in a moral sense. If some would only recognise evil dispositions in themselves, such as envy, malice, pride, revenge, avarice, ill-temper, it would be hopeful. Venomous serpents these, hateful, noxious, wherever they lurk. But to appoint a day also for their destruction would be better still. What an augury of blessing would this be, of unspeakable value, for the man himself and for others. It used to be fabled, however, that serpents were born out of the slime; and too true it is, the corruption of the heart breeds, and perpetually so, its own evils. All the more need, then, of a regularly appointed season for diligent search and unsparing exertion, only instead of deferring for a year, we would say week by week, Sabbath by Sabbath, day by day.

Gratitude has sometimes been very cold, especially after benefits that have been conferred cannot be taken away. Alphonso of Portugal promised the English general and his soldiers—to whom he owed the salvation of his kingdom—that he would certainly reward them, and in due time a box came, not too large, as be seemed one that should hold precious treasures. It was opened with much excitement and great expectations, when, behold, the contents were found to be nothing but a few pounds of Spanish snuff! Pedro of Brazil was satirically worse; when, on making a present after favours experienced, he despatched a case which, when it was opened, was found to contain as its central prize a scanty lock of his own grisly hair. Gratitude is a very variable emotion. Strong at the moment of benefit received, like a fire of straw it soon burns down, and sometimes the only relics are a few black ashes. The very time that is taken to elaborate some form for its expression becomes often only a means for deadening the edge of feeling. Do your gratitude quickly if you would do it worthily, or perhaps it will never be done at all. Greed, however, deserves to be disappointed. Jean de Meun gave instruction for his funeral to be performed in a certain church, and, when complete, a weighty coffer was to be placed at the disposal of the pious monks who had conducted the ceremony. All was well and

truly done, and they gathered round the treasure chest to examine the contents. To their indignation and vexation, they only found some sheets of lead, with a few mathematical figures scored on them.

Queen Christina of Sweden, strange and anomalous as her character was, said at times some weighty things. "Conscience is the only looking-glass that neither deceives nor flatters. Avarice of time is the only avarice that does not dishonour. The secret of being ridiculous is by priding yourself on talents you do not possess. Great men and fools are sometimes the same things, only in different ways. The oracle which recommended consultation of the dead, doubtless meant books. Satire ought to offend no one if true, still less if untrue." She also observed: "Do not think you are innocent because you are ignorant." Whether or not she took this sentiment from the sacred words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," the truth is the same. The ignorance of sin includes the sinfulness of ignorance. Wherever there are the means of knowing, there is wilful neglect if we fail to avail ourselves of them, or use them to the uttermost. Where among us do these means not exist? Prejudice may blind, reluctance may withhold, pride may puff up, perversity may warp, stubbornness may resist. But the light shines still, and dangers we might avoid are none the less perilous, because we close our eyes to them. Is the precipice less real, because we persist in walking backward? Is the lake less suffocating, because we will not believe it is so deep? A man may, in the language of some *dilettante* articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, plume himself on being an Agnostic—i.e., a religious know-not. It is possible he may cheat and blind himself down to this point of feeling. But is the truth less veritable and solemn, because its evidence be dismissed? Is God less the Creator, Christ less the risen Saviour; are the soul and eternity less actual, because some say, "We do not know them, and we will not believe them"? Professed ignorance will help no man in the day when it shall be said: "This ye willingly were ignorant of." With such proofs as attend the claims of conscience and revelation, a man must be able to demonstrate the negative—a task, in this subject, we maintain, impossible, whether for research or logic—before he can urge that his unbelief is innocent. No one is condoned, because, by self-neglect or ill-treatment, he has got himself into a condition of bodily disease; nor can a man be so, if, through his cherished mental and moral obliquities, he has entailed upon himself

the soul-disease of scepticism. Bunyan represents Ignorance as fumbling in his bosom at last for his scroll, and finding none. The self-styled ignorants of the present day may well beware lest they meet as severe a doom as his. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

G. McMICHAEL, B.A.

Worldly Churches.



UCH a phrase as we have placed at the head of this article ought to be a misnomer. If our churches were simply so many "congregations of faithful men in which the Word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered," the words would be paradoxical and even meaningless.

But as our organisations are unfortunately not an exact copy of the pattern shown us on the Mount, there is in many of them a sufficient admixture of gross and earthly elements to make the phrase intelligible, and to some extent inevitable. Men who profess Christianity are frequently selfish, imperfect, and worldly in their tone of thought, their aims and ambition ; and the churches of which they are members necessarily partake of the imperfections and errors in which their own lives abound. There are worldly churches as well as worldly Christians, and the mischief done by both is inconceivable.

The worldliness of churches is seen, not only in the laxity with which they receive applicants for membership, the slight demands which are made upon their zeal and fidelity, and the possibility of preserving, "even when in full communion," a practical indifference to the claims of Christ on our absolute and unreserved devotion, but in the various expedients which are from time to time adopted to ensure what is called success. If the congregations are not so large as is desired, and the finances show a balance on the wrong side, a spirit of restlessness and impatience is engendered, and this frequently issues in the adoption of some novel source of attraction. Our age is fertile in expedients, and the devices of men to further the interests of what they regard as the work of God are innumerable. Thus we are accustomed

to the plea for freer and more elastic services, for brighter and more cheerful music, for a fuller and more varied expression of the power of song-hymns. Chants and anthems should be more numerous, prayers should be shorter and less theological, and, above all, the old sand-glasses should be re-introduced into the pulpit for the benefit of those arch offenders—the ministers—who seem determined that their congregations shall at any rate have an opportunity of exercising one great virtue—the virtue of patience! The pulpit, we are told, must learn to adapt itself to the spirit of the age. The men whose function it is to teach and guide their fellows must be made to feel the bit and bridle. For the age is intolerant of doctrinal disquisitions, metaphysical discussion, prosy moralisings, and (may we venture to add ?) of depth, thoroughness, and carefulness of thought. It craves for pleasurable excitement, for influences which soothe and solace, for sweetness if not for light. Sermons must therefore be made to please, rather than to instruct and edify, and especially must they be brought down in point of length. Mr. Spurgeon somewhere repeats the advice of an old minister to the effect, “Whatever else you preach about, preach about forty minutes ;” but such advice would, if acted on, strike terror into the heart of many a modern hearer. In our day, discourses should be warranted not to exceed twenty minutes!

We have not the remotest sympathy with sleepy or inactive churches, nor do we advocate a blind and rigid adherence to methods which have nothing to commend them save their venerable age. Use and wont are not the supreme powers in Christ's Kingdom, and we should be recreant to our Lord if we did not, in the execution of the trust we have received from Him, attempt to awaken a religious interest in the minds of the negligent and hostile. We are not so foolish as to plead that the highest success of our churches is consistent with thinly attended services and empty pews. But, on the other hand, there is a danger of adopting expedients which are altogether hurtful. Does it never occur to us that our devices may be of the earth earthy, and that, in proportion as they are so, the result must be purely disastrous? We have no fear of any measures which are suggested by a devout study of the Divine Word, by close and constant communion with the Divine Spirit, or by the feeling that God only can ensure the results we desire. An American writer, whose works have achieved a great and deserved popularity on both sides of

the Atlantic, has, in more places than one, warned us of the perils by which on this ground we are threatened. *Fas est doceri ab hoste*. But Mr. Howells is not an enemy. He is a literary man, of unquestioned genius, a brilliant sketcher of character, and the master of a graphic and graceful style. His descriptions of American and Canadian scenery are among the finest efforts of recent literary art, but his studies of character and his vivid portraiture of social life possess for us a much deeper interest. We have no idea of his precise theological or ecclesiastical position, but his ideal of life is distinctly and emphatically Christian; his ethical principles are inspired by a true Evangelical faith, and on this score we cordially welcome him as an ally.

In a charming account which he has recently written of the pretty and historic village of Lexington, he refers to the fortuitous assemblage of people he met in the hotel. "They were of various complexions as regarded creeds and callings, but neither their creeds nor callings appeared to characterise them; they kept their individualities free and apart from the accidents of business and belief in a way that I own I should be somewhat at a loss to explain." In the sense here intended, the creeds of men ought to characterise them, and in the familiarities of life our religious beliefs should in some way or other be known. The greatest advance among the churches in Lexington is said to have been made by the Baptists, and this has been achieved by rendering the church attractive to young people. We are told that there is very little excitement of any sort in New England now, and that the church in small places becomes more and more a social affair. We know nothing whatever of the actual facts of the case, but, if they be as Mr. Howells represents them, they afford no cause for congratulation. Success achieved by such methods is of small worth, and is to be deplored rather than extolled.

In the last, and some respects most powerful, of his books—"A Modern Instance"—Mr. Howells has given a still more sad and suggestive picture, which it cannot be unprofitable for English readers to ponder. Speaking of the village of Equity, he says:

"Religion there had largely ceased to be a fact of spiritual experience, and the visible church flourished on condition of providing for the social needs of the community. It was practically held that the salvation of one's soul must not be made too depressing, or the young people would have nothing to do with it. Professors of the sternest creeds temporised with sinners, and did what might be

done to win them to heaven by helping them to have a good time here. The church embraced and included the world. It no longer frowned upon even social dancing—a transgression once so heinous in its eyes; it opened its doors to popular lectures, and encouraged secular music in its basements, where, during the winter season, oyster suppers were given in aid of good objects. The Sunday-school was made particularly attractive, both to the children and the young men and girls who taught them. Not only at Thanksgiving, but at Christmas, and latterly, even at Easter, there were special observances, which the enterprising spirits, having the welfare of the church at heart, tried to make significant and agreeable to all, and promotive of good feeling. Christenings and marriages in the church were encouraged and elaborately celebrated; death alone, though treated with cut flowers in emblematical devices, refused to lend itself to the cheerful intentions of those who were struggling to render the idea of another and better world less repulsive."

This picture is no exaggeration; nor do we need to cross the Atlantic to find its counterpart. The result in England, as in America, must, in the end, be an egregious failure, and bring religion into reproach. If religion be not a fact of spiritual experience it is nothing. We have no right to tone down Christ's demands, or to make everything suit the taste of the young people, or the taste of any people whatsoever. Our aim, our spirit, and our *methods* must be Scriptural and Christian. We are subordinates, not principals; witnesses, not originators; followers, not leaders. We have to do Christ's work, and must do it in Christ's way.

Catherine Krapp,
THE WIFE OF MELANCTHON.



ARTIN LUTHER and Philip Melancthon were such inseparable friends, and were so identified in the great work of the Reformation, that it seems quite natural to associate them in our thoughts. Widely different in temperament and disposition, and as unlike each other, in most things, as the stable wall and the trailing vine, they were yet necessary the one to the other—Luther to strengthen the too-yielding Melancthon, and Melancthon to soften and sober the sometimes too impulsive Luther. For these reasons, and because the two were often

thrown together in the crises and troubles of the great and good cause, it seems only right that our sketch of Luther's Katherine von Bora should be followed by a similar outline of the life of Melancthon's Catherine Krapp.

Melancthon was some fourteen years younger than Luther, and, when he entered upon the arena of theological conflict, much of the pioneer work had been done by his more stalwart friend. Delicate in his physical constitution, tender hearted, meek and lowly in spirit, having many cares and many scruples, immersed in books, studies, and letters night and day, forgetting himself and laying out himself for others, he needed a companion, a help-meet for him, a friend, and one who would cherish and care for his body as he cared for the souls of others. If Luther was the greatest, Melancthon was the most learned man of Protestant Germany, and nothing did he need of earthly things so much as a wife who should combine in her own person all the virtues and excellences of the female character in their highest office and ministry. But the thought did not enter his mind. He had no time to think of such things, and therefore it was a happy thing that others thought for him.

He was little more than twenty years of age when he rode his little pony from Tübingen to Wittenberg, to fill the chair of Professor of Greek in the university, to which he had been appointed by the Elector. He looked even younger than he was, and there was a fear among his closest friends that his fragile frame and feeble constitution would give way under the pressure, the care, and the strain of ceaseless study and professorial work. Luther wrote to Spalatin that he wished he could find a suitable wife for him. Spalatin mentioned a suitable person, but Luther deemed it improbable that he would fall in with their proposals. Melancthon was of a yielding temperament, however, and happily he suffered himself to be bent to the wishes of his friends. Constant dropping will wear even a stone, and the much more pliant mind of the gentle professor was overcome to submit to wear the easy yoke.

Few young men of twenty-three require so much urging as did Melancthon, and still fewer would be found writing about such an event as he wrote, August, 1520:—

"They wish me to marry Catherine Krapp, of Wittenberg. I will not say how unexpected this is to me, and how cool I feel towards it; but the young lady's manners and disposition are all that I

could wish. I shall, therefore, follow the advice of my friends. . . . Certainly she is worthy of a better man; yet, it may be that it is the will of God. But by thus following the will and advice of my friends, I deprive myself of my studies, which are my sole pleasure."

Poor man! How short-sighted he was. Such a wife as Catherine Krapp proved herself must have helped his studies much, even if he had to give her, as he undoubtedly ought, some odd portions of his time. She relieved him of many heavy and uncongenial cares, she ministered like a guardian angel to his personal comforts, and her companionship was like sunshine to his soul.

The marriage was hastened, "to put an end to scandal," for the marriage of the clergy was viewed with profound abhorrence by all excepting thorough Protestants, the Romish Church holding celibacy to be holiness, and marriage as "the introduction to all the tragedies of life."

So Philip suffered himself to be led to the matrimonial altar, and consented to give up his books and his studies for one whole day. It was an event—an event he never regretted, but for which he was always thankful; so much so that we find him writing a commentary on the marriage at Cana in Galilee, and dwelling on the love of husband and wife as "a Divinely ordained and Divinely willed object, in which the greatest mysteries lie concealed." He regards the marriage relation as a means whereby the Church of God in its unity should be continued, increased, and extended on earth. "More," says he, "I am unable to say; and we must learn the profounder causes of this Divine institution in the life to come."

His conceptions of conjugal affection were very lofty. "It is a marvellous thing," says he, "that the first love is always pure and chaste, and both parties feel as if they were in heaven; and neither of them ventures, in the presence of the other, to utter an unseemly word, or to cherish an ignoble wish."

The grave student and learned theologian has given us some jocular anecdotes, some of which are worth repeating.

"Once upon a time," says he, "a hermit took his son with him into a neighbouring town. While there, the youth, for the first time in his life, saw some young women.

"'Father,' says he, 'what kind of creatures are these?'

"The old hermit, surprised at his attention being so soon attracted to the girls, said, 'They are geese.'

"'Oh, father!' replied the youth, 'I wish we had also such geese.'"

Another story is full of wit and feminine shrewdness.

"A youth once told a girl, who was constantly looking at him, to cast her eyes on the ground. Archly the maiden replied, 'You are of the earth, and therefore have more reason to look down. The woman was taken from the man: why should I not look at the material from which I was made?'"

Four years after marriage Catherine gave birth to a daughter. Anna was an intelligent child, and her father loved her above all his children. Her married life was short, and not very happy, for her husband, Dr. Sabinus, was none too kind to her. Three other children were born to Melancthon; and he proved one of the fondest and kindest of fathers.

One day a learned Frenchman called upon the Professor of Greek. He found him in the nursery, rocking the cradle with one hand and holding a book with the other. The Frenchman expressed his astonishment; but Philip so highly commended the duties and pleasures of domestic life that he went away the wiser for his visit.

Catherine brought her husband no dowry, excepting that of her love and her numerous virtues, and these were a mine of wealth. Camerarius, the bosom friend of Melancthon, describes Catherine as a very pious woman and a very devoted wife. "She ardently loved her husband, was extremely diligent and active in her domestic duties, perfectly blameless in her life and conversation, continually intent upon the one thing needful, and in her virtuous and pious zeal most simple in food and dress."

Melancthon's salary was small, and not always paid punctually; the times were hard, and he required to show hospitality to strangers as well as to friends. He gave private instruction to several boys in his house, but he was unwilling to accept the payment of two hundred florins per annum, as being too ample. He would rather make the ends meet by frugality than seem to be greedy of gain.

This is a weak point with some otherwise excellent wives. Their husband's learning and fame and laborious efforts should, they think, be a source of gain. And why should they not be? It is hard to balance these matters and say how far indifference to gain may be a mistake, or anxiety to secure it be a fault, if not a sin.

Catherina was content. Instead of urging him to get money, or worrying him because of his scanty income, the frugal life they were obliged to lead, and the hospitality and charity they were compelled to exercise, she never complained, even though, as he told Spalatin, he had not bought her a single new garment during the first four years after their marriage.

Camerarius says of her, that "she was bountiful and benevolent towards every one; so assiduous in providing for the poor that, whilst impartially distributing her charity, she not merely exceeded her own ability, but applied to others on their behalf, occasionally most urgently and impetuously. She was able to act thus, for she cared nothing for expensive dinners or costly clothing, nor looked at her own things only, but at the things of others, as became a professor of the Gospel."

Catherina, like some others that could be named, read Luther's German Bible to good purpose, and, while she sought to regulate her household after the Scripture pattern, she also found much consolation, amid her many cares and trials, in perusing the sacred page. The times were troublous. The peasants' war occasioned the Reformers much anxiety. Melancthon was often ill, and was subject to seasons of almost entire sleeplessness. Once, when at the book fair at Leipsic, he was taken dangerously ill, so that his life was despaired of. Afterwards, whilst he was absent on a visitation, the plague broke out at Wittenberg, and Catherina had to hasten with her children to Jena, whither her husband and the University had gone. Other troubles came. Melancthon lost his mother, and soon afterwards his younger son, a stroke which he felt most severely.

While Melancthon was occupied at the Diet of Augsburg and in writing his Apology for his Confession, little Margaret was born. Her advent brought a season of peace and comfort. The Elector, John Frederic, offered to enlarge the house, and Henry VIII. of England sent him a present of two hundred ducats. Honours and presents came from other sources, and invitations to England, France, &c.; but there was no want of anxiety, toil, and trouble.

In 1540, Melancthon had a severe illness at Weimar. His loving spouse was not there to minister to him and comfort him, and he was deeply dejected. The truth is he was ill at ease. He had at first joined with Luther in urging Philip the Landgrave of Hesse against an unrighteous marriage which he contemplated. Afterwards the

yielding disposition of Melancthon was overcome, and he gave his sanction to the marriage. Conscience, grief, and dejection made him ill. The Elector sent for Luther and Melancthon's son. They found him as in his last moments. "Good God," said Luther, when he saw his emaciated condition, "how the devil has disfigured this instrument of Thine!" He then turned to the window, and prayed with such fervour, and pleaded the promises in such a manner, that, as Luther himself said, "He was obliged to hear me, if He intended I should ever trust His promises again." He then seized Philip by the hand and said, "Be of good courage, Philip, thou shalt not die;" and other words to the same effect. Luther knew where the grief and burden lay. Presently Melancthon breathed more freely, and shortly afterwards turned to Luther and began to entreat him not to detain him longer, but to let him depart. "By no means, Philip," said Luther; "thou must still further serve God." The patient seemed revived, and Luther ordered food to be brought. Melancthon declined it, but Luther urged him with threatening words—"Hear me, Philip; thou must eat, or I will excommunicate thee." His words prevailed; he began to eat, and gradually recovered.

The torturing anxiety of poor Catherine during this illness can be imagined by those who have had, if any now living have had, similar experience. No railways or telegraphs, and only tardy and uncertain posts, are conditions few of us can correctly imagine.

Scarcely had he recovered when, without seeing his wife, he had to proceed to Eisenach, and then to Worms, when great weakness overtook him, and he learned that his beloved Catherine was lying ill at home at the same time. He did not reach Wittenberg until the following January.

Hard work and severe trials marked the future career of gentle Philip and his beloved Catherine, whose health was little, if any, better than his own. Their children caused them much sorrow; Anna, because of her husband's ill-treatment of her, and then her illness and death; and young Philip, because he formed matrimonial engagements without consulting his mother and father. Luther's hasty and unyielding disposition and Melancthon's too pliant temper for a short time almost separated these two bosom friends. Then came another visitation of the plague. 1646 saw the Council of Trent, the death of Luther, and the whole burden of the good cause on the shoulders of the weary Philip. War broke out. Melancthon and Catherine, and

their children, and Luther's widow and her children, the care of whom fell upon Philip, were forced to flee to Magdeburg. Catherine had a violent attack of illness; before she recovered, the Battle of Mühlberg was fought, so disastrous for the Protestant cause. They had to fly again, this time to Brunswick and Nordhausen. In July Philip returned to Wittenberg, and two months later Catherine lay dangerously ill at Nordhausen, while Philip lay at Wittenberg sick in body and distressed in mind. The next spring the whole family were together again at Wittenberg. Here they suffered the loss of their confidential man-servant, John Kock, who had been tutor to the children, and who, like Eliezer, had taken a general charge of all the affairs of the household. This man must have been quite a character. He was a good theologian, an apt scholar, a wise counsellor, an affectionate friend, and a faithful servant. Both Catherine and Philip grieved for him as for a brother; and, indeed, he was a brother—a brother in Christ. 'He had lived with them thirty-four years. A high testimony they bore to his character, a testimony which shows how their kind hearts appreciated his goodness. Catherine was attacked with illness the next month. She struggled with death for weeks. Philip wrote to a friend concerning her: "My wife wastes gradually away. This consolation alone lessens my grief: that her spirit is free, that she has full possession of her senses, is tranquil, and often repeats and prays in the words of Scripture." There was a brief revival, but no real recovery. In September, 1657, she was compelled to take to her bed. Melancthon was obliged to be at Worms to attend a disputation. How weary he was of the war of words may be seen from a letter at this time, when one of his sons, also, was at home ill. "I long greatly to see my family," he says, "and would prefer repeating prayers with the sons and daughters I so dearly love, than combating with these disputants about words."

Catherine was approaching her end. She entreated the Lord to grant her patience. Her prayer was heard. Though she suffered much and Philip was absent, there was no complaining. In this state of mind, and in almost unceasing prayer to the Son of God, she fell asleep in Christ, so peacefully that the bystanders scarcely perceived it. She was in her sixtieth year, and in the thirty-seventh of her married life. Camerarius was commissioned by the University to break the painful news to Philip. Taking him into the Elector's

garden, the morning after his arrival, he conveyed the sad intelligence. Melancthon continued tranquil, and, looking up to heaven, exclaimed, "Farewell ! I shall soon follow thee." R. SHINDLER.

Illustrations from a Preacher's Note-Book.

(Continued from page 507, Vol. lxxv.)



37. Watchfulness against Temptation.

IT behoves us to be ever on our guard against temptation, looking out for it as the outposts of an army watch for the first signs of an advancing foe. We are too apt to rest contentedly in the thought of our own sufficiency. And in this tendency lies our danger. When we deem ourselves invulnerable, when we suppose that no possible form of evil can shake our strength or impair our integrity, we are liable to expose ourselves to temptation unnecessarily, and so to run the risk of being overtaken unawares. If you are observant of what takes place in the natural world, you will have noticed that in the early autumn there are crowds of insects that come out of their hiding-places only in the middle of the day, when the sun is shining and the air is warm. The mornings and evenings are too chilly for such frail and delicate forms of life. And sometimes, when the sun has set, you may see a wild bee resting on a bright crimson thistle-flower, apparently asleep. It has stayed out too long, and the cold of the early evening has benumbed it ; and in the morning you will, in all probability, find it still clinging to its flower, but clinging to it with the stiffened clasp of death. It will be very much the same with us if we do not watch. We cannot safely loiter where temptation abounds. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Whilst we are unsuspecting of any peril lurking near us, the chilling influences of evil may settle upon us ; our consciences may become benumbed ; and, without the least wish or intention on our part, we may be over-

come of evil, and suffer in the end the loss of all spiritual vitality and good. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed, lest he fall."

38. *Care in the Choice of Companions.*

I was once standing in a public library, conversing with a friend, when a well-dressed young man slipped in and asked the librarian to supply him with an interesting volume. A book was at once reached from the shelves and laid before him on the table. It was strongly bound, but the cover was plain and uninteresting to the last degree; so, without even asking its title or opening its pages, the young man pushed it aside, saying somewhat impatiently, as if his pride had been pricked, "That is not the book I want." Another volume was immediately handed to him, such as you may see often enough on railway book-stalls, in flimsy binding, gaily coloured, and having on the front a sensational picture. "Yes, this will do," he said, and, without examining the book, he put it under his arm and left the room. Speaking to the librarian afterwards, I found that the book which was rejected because of its external plainness, was one of the choicest and most charming books in the language, whilst the volume which was gladly borne away because of its external attractiveness, was one of the vilest and most vulgar specimens of the lowest fictitious literature. I could not help saying to myself, "Ah, that is just the way in which, not merely books, but also companions are often chosen by the young. In too many cases the young are guided in the selection of their friends simply and solely by outward appearances. A lovely face, engaging manners, a fluent persuasive tongue—these are in numberless instances enough to decide the formation of a companionship which shall have a making or a marring influence on all the rest of life. And yet how false is this method of selection, and how fraught oftentimes with the keenest and bitterest consequences! Outward beauty is not always the sign and symbol of inward grace. A homely exterior is often the shrine of a noble spirit. The men and women that make the truest and most trustworthy friends are frequently those who have the fewest outward claims and adornments. Like the shells which the pearl-fisher seeks, they are common enough on the outside, but pierce into them and you will find a jewel of priceless worth—the jewel of a pure, a noble, a faithful soul.

39. *Inward Rest not to be confounded with the Absence of Outward Trouble.*

I saw the other week a little lake, so hemmed in by green hills that a high wind could hardly stir a ripple on its surface; and, not a quarter of a mile away, I saw the great, wide sea gently heaving, swelling, pealing out its deep majestic anthem. Now, which of these two sights, think you, was most suggestive to my mind of rest—the quiet, peaceful, land-locked lake, or the broad, rolling, throbbing deep? Assuredly the latter. The former lay there calm and still in its grassy cup, never shaken, never moved, and could not, therefore, be thought of as, in any true sense, resting. The latter, on the contrary, lay outstretched, a magnificent expanse in ceaseless, harmonious action, capable of being deeply moved, and capable, therefore, of sinking into a great, a grand, a solemn repose. Nay, more than that; agitated as the sea looks when the storm is upon it, the agitation is superficial after all. The lower waters of the sea are unaffected by the blast which rushes over its surface; down there in the under depths all is still and calm.

Because some persons go through life smoothly and serenely, without anything to vex, annoy, or grieve them, they are apt to cherish the thought that their freedom from personal tribulation is inward rest, and to look on those whose lives are racked and riven as manifestly wanting in interior serenity and repose. But this view of things is often misleading. The most outwardly troubled lives are very frequently the most inwardly restful. What life was ever so full of tempest as the life of the Son of Man? But what life was ever so conspicuously reposeful and calm? Some people never know inward rest until they find outward trouble. It is not until the still lake of their life is broken up into something like the ocean's stormfulness that they enter into any real enjoyment of spiritual rest.

B. WILKINSON, F.G.S.

Reviews.

MESSRS. CLARK'S NEW VOLUMES.

- 1.) **CHRISTIAN ETHICS.** Special Part, Second Division : Social Ethics. By Dr. H. Martensen.
- (2.) **BIBLICAL THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.** By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Vol. I.
- (3.) **CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL HANDBOOKS TO THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS,** by Dr. Gottlieb Lünemann ; and to **THE GENERAL EPISTLES OF JAMES AND JOHN,** by J. E. Huther, LL.D.
- (4.) **FINAL CAUSES.** By Paul Janet, Member of the Institute, Professor at the Faculté des Lettres of Paris. Translated from the Second Edition of the French by William Affleck, B.D. Second Edition.
- (5.) **THE DOCTRINE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT ;** the Ninth Series of the Cunningham Lectures. By George Smeaton, D.D., Professor of Exegetical Theology, New College, Edinburgh.
- (6.) **THE BOOK OF GENESIS,** with Introduction and Notes. By Marcus Dods, D.D. **THE REFORMATION.** By T. M. Lindsay, M.A., D.D.

BISHOP MARTENSEN's new volume (1) forms the second division of the Special Part of his system. The first division, which was published in England a year ago, deals with individual ethics, and the present section with social ethics. Both volumes are a sequel to the General Part issued by Messrs. Clark some nine or ten years ago, in which the author discusses, on a scientific basis and in a carefully classified form, the principles which are here applied to the regulation of our individual and social life. The work is very comprehensive, and covers the entire area of theoretic and practical morals. The first part seeks to place ethics on the same foundation as dogmatics ; the second aims at the application of the principles whose validity has been tested by the most rigid scientific methods to the details of human life as viewed (i.) under the law and sin ; (ii.) in imitation of Christ ; and (iii.) in connection with the society and Kingdom of God.

Martensen is a keen metaphysician, and possesses singular depth and acuteness of mind. His clear discriminations, his lucid affirmations, and his incisive criticisms are the result of long familiarity with his subject, while his fine Evangelical spirit and his high instincts of devotion prevent him from becoming a mere anatomist. In his most rigorous analyses he preserves the aroma and bloom of life.

He is emphatically a Christian ethicist. His central position is not unsimilar to Dr. Wardlaw's, although his methods are more purely scientific, and his generalisations more comprehensive. He displays a breadth of scientific knowledge, a force of philosophical insight, and a power of luminous expression to

which the Scotch divine could lay no claim. If the Christian revelation be a reality, our ethics must be Christian too. Morality is of little moment unless it is instinct with the life of God. Christ is the centre of all things, and there is no province of human thought or aspiration, no sphere of duty, in which His will is not supreme. The life of God, manifested in Christ for the recovery and perfecting of man, must be the ultimate standard of our judgment. In this second division of his *Special Part*, Martensen discusses questions which are too often separated from Christian principle—*e.g.*, family life in all its aspects; the State in its relations to individuals and communities—the division and defence of property, the labour question, public morality, public opinion, the press; the ideal tasks of culture; art, science, and education in the school and university; the Church, edification in worship, discipline, missions at home and abroad. Even agreement in fundamental principles cannot prevent the emergence of occasional differences, when these principles are applied to the actual relations of life. Thus we cannot endorse Martensen's criticisms of Alexander Vinet, whose plea for a free Church in a free State he has not rebutted. Nor do we agree with him in his view of the "Christian Sacraments," as he places greater stress on the ecclesiastical aspects of baptism and the Lord's Supper than the New Testament sanctions. These are the principal points on which we differ from him, and we can scarcely conceive of a work which, in the hands of a thoughtful reader, is likely to furnish more pleasant reading or to be more fruitful in suggestions. As an exposition of ethical science, it is luminous and forceful; as a vindication of Christian moral principles, it is courageous and conclusive; as a guide in the path of practical duty, it is wise and discriminating; and as an aid to the development of personality, under the varied conditions and complex relationships of life, it is invaluable. Martensen's three volumes are a noble monument of genius and research.

The "Biblical Theology" of Dr. Weiss (2) aims to give a scientific representation, unbiassed by patristic or other creeds, of the religious ideas and doctrines contained in the New Testament, and deals first with the teaching of Jesus; secondly, with the original apostolic type of doctrine previous to the time of Paul (the Acts of the Apostles, the first Epistle of Peter, James, &c.); and third, with Paulinism. The fourth division, reserved for the next volume, will discuss the theology of John. We cannot in our present notice do more than indicate thus briefly the contents of this able and scholarly book. The author has bestowed upon it the strength of an erudite and richly cultured mind. He is devout, reverent, and liberal, and frequently conducts his readers over unfamiliar tracks of truth. It is necessarily suggestive rather than exhaustive; its utterances are of the nature of seed-thoughts which, in the minds of others, will result in a rich harvest. As Baptists, we have been specially pleased to see how entirely Dr. Weiss supports our contention that baptism is immersion and presupposes faith. How infant baptism can flourish under such a position as he here assumes, we are at a loss to conceive. But we shall return to the volume on a subsequent occasion.

With the Handbooks on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and on the General Epistles of James and John (3), the Meyer Series of Commentaries in twenty

olumes is brought to a close, the publishers not having received sufficient encouragement to proceed with Düsterdieck on the Revelation. We regret this on several grounds, mainly because Düsterdieck is one of the ablest and most candid of the school of interpreters to which he belongs. His views of the authorship, the date, and purpose of the book are widely different from our own, but no one can fail to recognise the ability and candour with which he advocates them. Dr. Lünemann, though inferior to Meyer both as a critic and exegete, is a commentator of unusual power, even in the direction in which Meyer had no rival. Of all Meyer's coadjutors, Lünemann seems to us to have had the finest spiritual intuition. He regards the Epistle as the work of Apollos; and while it is, perhaps, too much to say that he has established his position beyond the possibility of dispute, he has proved how difficult it is to believe that either Paul, Barnabas, or Luke wrote it. The exposition is sober and practical—witness the remarks on chapter vi. 1-6—and here and there we come across touches of fine spiritual insight. On doctrinal grounds Lünemann is more satisfactory than Meyer. Dr. Huther's strong point is in his Introductions. The *prolegomena* to the Epistle of James are the result of resolute independent thought, patient research, and sound judgment. He believes the Epistle to have been written by James, the brother of the Lord, whom he does not identify with the son of Alphaeus. The whole question relating to our Lord's brethren is discussed fearlessly and with candour, and Huther shows his reverence for the New Testament by refusing to put into its assertions a meaning they do not naturally bear. The relation of the Pauline doctrine of faith and works to the teaching of James is also handled with great delicacy and firmness, and the commentary on James is in every view good. The *prolegomena* to John are good also; but the commentary is decidedly inferior to Haupt's, although it is not without its own excellences, and no student who goes through it with care would like to be without it. The Meyer Series of Commentaries form of themselves an invaluable library.

M. Janet (4) is much more widely known in England to-day than he was when the first edition of this translation was published, some four years ago. As a metaphysician, he stands in the foremost rank, with a minute knowledge of the history of speculative philosophy, a complete mastery of the problems it has to confront, a capacity for philosophical analysis, which is equalled by his fine powers of synthesis, and a style whose lucidity, grace, and vigour it would be vain to look for in any country except France. His work occupies a distinct place of its own. Although it moves in some respects on the lines of the Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law" and Professor Flint's "Theism," it differs from them both in this—that it discusses *de novo* the PRINCIPLE of final causes, dwelling less on the facts that illustrate the principle than on the interpretation we are bound, by the very structure of our minds, and under the teaching of experience, to give to them. The old design argument is shown to be indestructible. Although M. Janet does not regard "finality" as innate, he rightly contends that it is a law of nature. He admits that we gain our knowledge of it through induction. But given induction, sound, comprehensive, and adequate; and "finality" cannot be denied. We cannot ignore the fact that there is in the material universe the combination of means working towards ends; in other words, there is in nature

thought, foresight, design. The mechanical causes which we see at work around us constrain the belief that they are result of combination, and necessarily imply arrangement, order, system. The ends of which we thus obtain a knowledge are proved to be realities by analogy. Experience here comes to our aid, and, by a closely conducted and brilliantly illustrated argument, M. Janet shows that, as mind is implied in the very existence of ideas, we are driven to the conclusion that there is One Supreme mind, the Creator and Ruler of universal nature. By a chain of reasoning which seems to us irrefragable, he establishes the great fact of Theism, and leads us to the threshold of the Christian faith. Works of this class are generally so abstruse and difficult to follow that ordinary readers find little pleasure in their perusal. Janet's "Final Causes" is so lucid and felicitous in style, so rich in its illustrations, and so hopeful in its tone that it is a positive delight to read it. In its revised and amended form, it ought to command an extensive circulation.

Professor Smeaton's "Cunningham" Lectures (5) are a specially welcome addition to our theological literature. He discusses the doctrine of the Holy Spirit from the standpoint of a believer in the Divine revelation, and not as a metaphysician or scientist. The first division of his lectures is devoted to an examination of the Biblical testimony to the doctrine in the Old and New Testaments; in the second division he conducts an investigation into the Church's apprehension of the doctrine and the forms under which it has been maintained. This allows him to discuss the personality and procession of the Spirit; the work of the Spirit in the anointing of Christ; in connection with revelation and inspiration; in the regeneration of the individual; in the process of sanctification; and, finally, the work of the Spirit in the Church. In the third, and last, division of the book he subjoins a condensed history of the doctrine from the apostolic age to our own. Dr. Smeaton is a careful and well-equipped theologian, and has a reverent determination to discover the exact teaching of Scripture. The consensus of the writers of Scripture on this momentous theme has never been more clearly exhibited. The inductive method is employed throughout with most satisfying results, and we are constrained to listen to a voice which is of higher authority than man's. In view of the passages here collected, and of the meaning shown to belong to them by a simple, natural, and necessary exegesis, we do not see how it is possible for believers in the inspiration of the Bible to deny the doctrine of the Trinity. The argument of these lectures is rigorously logical, and moves to its conclusion with resistless force. The chain of reasoning is so lucid, so closely and firmly knit, and its sequences are so inevitable, that we see no way in which it can be refuted. When Professor Smeaton enters into the more purely metaphysical aspects of the question, we cannot as implicitly yield our assent. He has pointed out many errors in current apprehensions of the doctrine (such as the substitution of the Spirit for the Word, and *vice versa*), but we cannot by any means believe that the distinction between natural and moral ability as drawn by Jonathan Edwards and adopted by Fuller, Hinton, and others, is a capital mistake. It is based on indisputable phenomena, is illustrated by innumerable scriptures, and is in every view of practical moment. Very cordially do we commend these able and timely lectures to the notice of our readers. Every theological student should master them.

The "Handbooks for Bible-classes" (6) are an admirable series of manuals, and effectively represent the more liberal school of theologians in the Free Church of Scotland. Dr. Marcus Doda, one of the general editors, contributes the Notes on Genesis, and once more proves himself an accomplished Biblical scholar. He adopts all that is of worth in the speculations of such critics as Ewald, and is as candid and unfettered in his judgment as loyalty to the truth will allow. He accepts the distinction between the Elohist and Jehovist portions of the narrative, and shows its entire consistency with the inspired authority of the book. His position as to the relations of the Bible and science is, we think, the only permissible one, and his notes are the fruit of wide reading and earnest thought. They are pithy, scholarly, and suggestive—as weighty as they are brief. Professor Lindsay's small work on the Reformation is the best popular account we have yet seen of the causes, principles, aims, and results of this momentous movement, whose main incidents it graphically describes. As a handbook the work is complete.

ORATIONS ON TEMPERANCE. By John B. Gough. New Edition: In Two Series. London: National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand, W.C.

WE remember the delight with which we listened to several of these orations years ago. So long as men can appreciate impassioned and eloquent speech, Mr. Gough's masterly pleas for total abstinence will be read with sincere interest. The Temperance cause has had no nobler or more effective advocate. His vivid imagination, his powers of graphic description, his inexhaustible store of anecdotes, and his high moral purpose give to his words an almost unique power. This is an admirable reprint, issued at a price which ought to ensure its circulation by thousands, and its corresponding practical results in the moral elevation of the people.

GOD'S LIGHT ON DARK CLOUDS. By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

RARELY has Dr. Cuyler spoken more wisely, sympathetically, and earnestly

than in these short chapters, addressed to the various classes of sufferers. His strong Christian faith, his tender and generous sympathies, his fervent anticipations of the day of our redemption, qualify him for the task he has here undertaken. A truer "Son of Consolation" we do not know. The short chapters, based on some text of Scripture, are bright, cheery, and invigorating. The advantages of the Revised Version are shown in a very beautiful and practical form.

BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKBUYERS IN BYEWAYS AND HIGHWAYS. By C. H. Spurgeon; S. Manning, LL.D.; and G. Holden Pike. With Preface by the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. London: Passmore & Alabaster.

THIS little book is intended to show the advantages of colportage as a means of extending sound religious knowledge, and of resisting the moral and social evils by which we are everywhere surrounded. The speeches of the late Dr. Manning and of Mr. Spurgeon are sin-

gularly happy and effective, and the incidents selected by Mr. Pike, from a great mass of material, are woven into a concise and useful narrative. We commend the book alike for its intrinsic merits, and for the sake of the work it aims to promote.

A SHORT HISTORY OF "THE PEOPLE CALLED METHODISTS." By the Rev. W. H. Daniels, M.A. Revised, with Preface, by the Rev. Thornley Smith. Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS octavo volume of 454 pages purports to be a history of the Methodists from the days of the Wesleys to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference at City Road Chapel, London, in the September of 1881. It is compiled by Mr. Daniels, the biographer of Mr. Moody, and the author of several other publications. That this history is to be regarded as a work of some importance may be inferred from the fact that the Rev. Thornley Smith has given to it a careful revision, with some useful additional matter. The work is "an abridgment of a much larger volume by Dr. Stevens, entitled 'The Illustrated History of Methodism in Great Britain and America.'" The English editor of the abridgment very truly observes: "Mr. Daniels has studied the art of condensation, and, out of an immense stock of materials, has produced a work of considerable value to all students of ecclesiastical history." We should have been more satisfied with it if more fairness had been shown to some of Wesley's theological opponents. Some of the weaknesses of the great and good man are faithfully pointed out; but, on the other hand, there is very much in the volume which savours of "hero-worship." Such blemishes, however,

will not seriously diminish the interest with which it will be read; and it cannot be read without re-awakening the devoutest thankfulness for the profound and immensely extended spiritual work which God enabled the Wesleys and their coadjutors to accomplish, and which their followers of to-day are still carrying on, under greatly altered conditions, with exemplary zeal.

DROPS AND ROCKS, and other Talks with the Children. By Eustace R. Conder, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

THESE "Talks" are twenty-one in number. Nearly all of them have been printed before, "the longer ones as New Year's Addresses, the shorter ones in the *Congregationalist*." They have all, however, been revised, and some of them have been, in a measure, re-written. We rejoice that Dr. Conder has collected them together, and made of them so charming a little volume. Our readers know that their author is a profound and careful thinker and a scholarly and powerful writer on some of the deepest and most intricate questions which can occupy the human mind, and that he has thought and written on these questions in such a way as to promote, in no small degree, the interests of Evangelical truth. It might naturally be imagined that a man of such superior intellectual power, and of such enlarged intelligence, would experience considerable difficulty in adapting himself to young children when endeavouring to impart to them religious instruction. These delightful "Talks with the Children" show him to be as much at home in work of this kind as he is when grappling with profound problems in metaphysics and theology. He can interest children and philosophers alike.

One special excellence we mark in the volume before us which is not always observable in addresses to children—namely, an elevation of thought and a sobriety of style, neither of which precludes the most perfect simplicity of expression. The book, which is beautifully got up, closes with a short collection of hymns which children may well delight to learn and sing.

ANDREW FULLER. By his Son, Andrew G. Fuller. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE question if "the Truth as it is in Jesus" has ever had, at any rate in some important respects, a nobler champion than it found in Andrew Fuller. He was the main instrument employed by Divine Providence for purifying and liberalising the theology of the "orthodox" churches in England a century ago. He began to exercise his gifts as a preacher in 1773, when nineteen years of age, and few ministers of Christ have wielded a more commanding and wholesome pulpit influence than that which he maintained for the best part of forty years. His sermons were remarkable for their solidity, clearness, pungency, and unswerving fidelity to Scripture teaching, whilst his set expositions of some important portions of the Word of God were sound and lucid in the extreme. Much of his public life was spent in controversy, which he never coveted, but from which he never shrank when duty called him to it, and which he always conducted with Christian fairness and kindliness of spirit. As to his zeal for missions to the heathen, the prolonged and unremitting toil which he cheerfully underwent on their behalf, and the respect and devotion which his wise advocacy secured for them on

every hand—all this is a matter of well-known history. His life has, with more or less of detail, been frequently written—the two chief biographies being those of his son, Andrew Gunton Fuller (prefixed to his collected works), and his grandson, Thomas Fuller (for the "Bunyan Library"). To these should be added those of Dr. Ryland and the Rev. Mr. Morris. There remained a yet further possibility of doing justice to Mr. Fuller's memory, and of extending its usefulness; and a favourable opportunity of accomplishing this task occurred in the publication by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton of their admirable series under the general title of "Men Worth Remembering." They wisely entrusted this new biography of Mr. Fuller to his son, Andrew Gunton Fuller, who, though now in the later stages of a very long life, still retains his wonted mental vigour and literary skill. In his Preface he says:

"I have long felt that, if any further presentation of my father's life were made, a more special reference than has yet appeared to his *home life*, and its influence upon the various aspects of his public engagements, was desirable, and this could scarcely be supplied with so much advantage as by one who has been an actual sharer of its conditions."

This extract will give a sufficient clue to the character of the present work. The story is most admirably told. It abounds in telling anecdotes and charming reminiscences, and gives a greatly enhanced interest to our study of the man who was so devoted a servant of the Saviour, so affectionate a husband, so wise and tender a father, so faithful a friend, and so bright a light to our own denomination and to the Church and the world at large during the later years of the last century and

the earlier years of the present. The book is beautifully printed and firmly bound, and its price is so moderate that none need be deterred from a purchase.

OLIVER CROMWELL: his Life, Times, Battlefields, and Contemporaries. By Paxton Hood. Hodder & Stoughton.

ABOUT a year ago we had the privilege of reading and applauding Mr. Hood's new and elaborate work on Christmas Evans; and now we have from him a work of equal size on the great "Lord Protector," a volume which we have read with equal interest, and to which we can heartily give equal praise. In his first chapter Mr. Hood passes in review the leading biographers of Cromwell, and the more influential critics of his character and policy. We believe that his estimate of the views they have respectively taken of the man and his work is in the main correct; and, if so, it was certainly time for some new, more comprehensive, more discriminating, and, therefore, more trustworthy account to be attempted. Carlyle's great work is less of a biography than a vast storehouse of materials out of which an adequate biography may be constructed. Whether Mr. Hood has accomplished this great task may be doubtful, but he has certainly done something towards it, and something which no previous writer has done so well. It is singular that, simultaneously with the publication of the present work, another of similar dimensions on the same subject should have appeared from the pen of Mr. J. A. Picton. The two writers have but little in common as regards mental tendency and literary style, and many readers will probably prefer the less discursive and more calmly judicial

production with which Mr. Picton has favoured us. Nevertheless, Mr. Hood's book is at once thoroughly readable and well worth reading. Perhaps its chief fault lies in the fact that it pictures a hero who was too great and good to be (in the ordinary sense of the word) human. A just appreciation of the man scarcely demanded so high an estimate. We shall not be supposed, in making such a remark, to have the slightest sympathy with the disparaging views of the Protector which were formerly so common, and which Carlyle's stupendous work did so much to discredit. Cromwell's religion was not a cant, but a strong, real, healthy life; and we doubt not that, though he ruled sometimes with an iron hand, his power was invariably exerted for the establishment of true liberty, both civil and religious. We do not believe that he ever allowed himself to be actuated by low and unworthy ambitions. We are grateful to Mr. Hood for enabling us to discern these leading characteristics of the man with some measure of increased clearness. The book is further valuable for the vivid descriptions it contains of the more thrilling scenes in the great life it depicts, and for the accounts which are interwoven in it of the other prominent heroes of the time.

YENSIE WALTON. By S. R. Graham Clark.

NETTIE AND KATE; or, Onward to the Heights of Life. By F. L. M. Hodder & Stoughton.

YENSIE WALTON is a high-spirited girl, with superior abilities and some admirable qualities of disposition, who has the misfortune to be left motherless, and then to pass to the care of an aunt who treats her with irritating harsh-

ness. After a while, her uncle, in pity, sends her away to school, where she comes under the influence of an excellent Christian teacher, and is led to the Saviour, by whose grace her wayward spirit is subdued, and she gradually but speedily develops the more beautiful and winning features of the Christian character. There are several collateral elements in the story, which is well told, though it ends vaguely, and sorely needs a sequel.

"*Nettie and Kate*" is a story of somewhat intricate but well-managed arrangement. The plot is so elaborate that no epitome of it is possible in the space at our command. We have read the book, however, with unbroken interest and unmixed satisfaction. It is skilful, captivating, and healthy throughout, and all young men and maidens whose tastes are not hopelessly depraved would trace its varied developments of character and its multiform pictures of life both with pleasure and with profit.

THE TREASURY OF DAVID. Vol. VI.
Psalm cxix. to cxxiv. By C. H.
Spurgeon. Passmore & Alabaster, 4,
Faternoster Buildings.

AN adequate review of this wonderful volume—in many respects the most wonderful of the wonderful series—would occupy the whole of a single number of our Magazine. Happily, Mr. Spurgeon's transcendent and unrivalled popularity as a preacher, and his well-proven ability as a commentator, place him far beyond the need of such assistance, in securing a sale for the great expository work in which he is engaged as any sympathetic and appreciative reviewer would be glad to render. Our marvel is that, with frequently inter-

rupted health, he can accomplish such laborious tasks, and especially that he can accomplish them so well. They would be impossible even to him without efficient coadjutors—a fact which, of course, no one is more ready to own than himself. It is well that he has such coadjutors at his command, and that he displays so much sagacity in their selection. A graceful tribute to their help is found in the beautiful Preface to the present volume. It will soon be twenty years since Mr. Spurgeon commenced the stupendous work of laying open, in his own way, the treasures with which the Sacred Psalter so richly abounds; within that period we may hope that the work will be completed. Four years had to pass between the publication of this sixth instalment and the one which preceded it; and no wonder, for, says the author:—

"I have been all the longer over this portion of my task because I have been bewildered in the expanse of the One Hundredth and Nineteenth Psalm, which makes up the bulk of this volume. Its dimensions and its depth alike overcame me. It spread itself out before me like a vast rolling prairie, to which I could see no bound, and this alone created a feeling of dismay. Its expanse was unbroken by a bluff, or headland, and hence it threatened a monotonous task, although the fear has not been realised. This marvellous poem seemed to me a great sea of holy teaching, moving, in its many verses, wave upon wave; altogether without an island of special or remarkable statement to break it up. I confess I hesitated to launch upon it. Other Psalms have been mere lakes, but this is the main ocean. It is a continent of sacred thought, every inch of which is fertile as the garden of the Lord; it is an amazing level of abundance, a mighty stretch of harvest-fields. I have now crossed the great plain for myself, but not without

persevering, and, I will add, pleasurable, toil."

Mr. Spurgeon may be assured that if the toil was pleasurable to himself, the results of it will be equally if not more so to his multitudinous readers, and they will receive them with gratitude, as another opulent gift from his sanctified genius. He asserts, in a tone of strong conviction, the Davidic authorship of the 119th Psalm. We hope he will not suspect us of an impious rationalism, and regard us as having a dangerous sympathy with the "modern writers," who, as he says, have a "fashion of taking, as far as possible, every Psalm from David," if we venture to differ from him in this particular. He may, of course, be right in the opinion that this Psalm is "David's pocket-book"—"the royal diary written at various times throughout a long life;" but to us, while crowded with lofty thoughts and sentiments which are true enough to what we may term the Davidic spirit, it is too mechanical in form to have emanated from an inspired poet of nature such as David was. The question, however, is not one of capital importance, and may be safely left to the best judgment of individual students. In the construction of this volume, Mr. Spurgeon has followed the methods he has adopted from the commencement of the series; and its worth to students, preachers, and teachers of the Divine Word is incalculable.

THE MINISTER'S POCKET DIARY AND VISITING BOOK FOR 1883. Hodder & Stoughton.

We should hope that most Christian ministers of all denominations have discovered by experience the value of this annual publication, which we wel-

come again with all its varied information and admirable adaptations to the requirements of the New Year. If any have not used it heretofore, let them begin to use it now. It will facilitate their work in countless ways.

THE PARALLEL NEW TESTAMENT.

Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Henry Frowde, 7, Paternoster Row; C. J. Clay, M.A., & Son, 17, Paternoster Row.

We have here the Authorized Version of 1611 and the Revised Version of 1881 arranged in parallel columns. The usefulness of such an edition of the New Testament in English will be apparent to every reader.

DR. ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTARY.

Parts 19 and 20. Ward, Lock, & Co., Salisbury Square.

The two parts of the admirable edition before us reach to the commencement of the 11th chapter of Ezekiel. The work has often had our commendation, and we are glad to call the attention of our readers to it again.

THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE FOR THE YOUNG; with Questions and Explanations for Children. Complete in 15 Parts. Part I. Ward, Lock, & Co., Salisbury Square.

It must be understood that this publication is "an abridgment, not an alteration or dilution, of the Bible." There are, as all will admit, passages in the sacred volume which are scarcely suited to the child-mind, and such passages are to be omitted. In cases of lengthy omission, "the story is carried

on by brief summaries in italic type, between brackets." The work will contain "sixteen beautiful coloured pictures, and eighty pages of wood-engravings." Each part is published at sevenpence, and with the first we have an excellent steel engraving (20 in. by 27 in.) from the altar-piece in Magdalen College, Oxford, entitled "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow." The idea is a good one, and, as to execution, the first part promises well.

EDITION DE LUXE OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. *Ivanhoe*. By Sir Walter Scott. Illustrated with original high-class engravings. Ward, Lock, & Co.

THIS new edition of "The Waverley Novels" may be truthfully described as itself a high work of art. It is deliciously got up, and is marvellously cheap. "*Ivanhoe*" is to be completed in ten monthly parts at a shilling each, and its illustrations are to "form a complete archaeological study of the England of Richard I., its princes and nobles, its Saxon and Norman race, its architecture, costumes, armour, &c., the various accessories being depicted with strict fidelity from existing specimens." What more need we say to tempt our readers to purchase?

THE LEISURE HOUR. 1882. Religious Tract Society.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME. 1882. Religious Tract Society.

WE received these two superb volumes too late for a suitable notice this month, and must content ourselves with a mere announcement of their appearance. We will give some account of them in our February number.

THE CHILD'S INSTRUCTOR; or, Learning made Easy. Containing a Complete Course of Elementary Teaching, by Means of Toys, Pictures, and Stories. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings. Complete in 12 Parts. Part I. Ward, Lock & Co.

THE title of this publication, from so enterprising a firm as that of Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., speaks for itself. The plan of it is an admirable one, and we are assured that, in the working out of it, nothing will be left to be desired.

DR. DAVID LIVINGSTONE, the Missionary Traveller. By Samuel Mosseman, Author of "Our Australian Colonies," "China: its Inhabitants and their Institutions," "New Japan; the Land of the Rising Sun," &c. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

A CAPITAL little book of eighty-two pages, well written, and replete (as with such a subject and such a writer it was sure to be) with matter of the most thrilling interest.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. November and December. Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

THESE two numbers are quite up to the high mark of excellence which this magazine has from the first maintained. We have the usual quantity of homiletic and expository matter, and the quality does not deteriorate. The "Clerical Symposium on the Scripture Doctrine of Atonement" is not yet completed. We have here two contributions; one from the Rev. Edward White, which is in accordance with his well-known theory of "Life in Christ," and the other a paper of great ability and, in our judgment, of less excep-

tionable teaching, by Prof. C. Chapman, M.A., of the Western College, Plymouth.

THE DOOMED COMET AND THE WORLD'S END. By J. A. Westwood Oliver. London: Wyman and Sons, 74-76, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

A MOST interesting pamphlet on a subject which has given rise to much curious speculation, written from a scientific point of view, and well calculated to allay foolish alarms.

JUVENILE TEMPERANCE SERIES. Small Books by Various Authors. Packet 1. Sixpence. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

TWELVE interesting little stories, fitted not only to promote the cause of temperance, but to do good in various ways.

SELF-DECEIVED. By Philip Phillips, "the Singing Pilgrim." With Music and Illustrations. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337 Strand.

"The Singing Pilgrim" here depicts the several stages of degeneracy in the career of vast numbers of people, who

are "Self-Deceived" in relation to the use of intoxicating drinks. This is done by means of telling illustrations and appropriate songs. The little work will help the good cause of Temperance.

THE MAGAZINES.

OF these we have received, with hearty thanks, the usual number—**THE CHRISTIAN** (Morgan & Scott); **THE CHRISTIAN MONTHLY AND FAMILY TREASURY** (Nelson & Son); **THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH: A MONTHLY JOURNAL IN DEFENCE OF CHRISTIAN TRUTH**—a remarkably able periodical (S. W. Partridge & Co.); **THE SWORD AND TROWEL** (Passmore & Alabaster); **THE BAPTIST MESSENGER** (61, Paternoster Row); **THE SHIELD OF FAITH**—a vigorous antagonist of popular infidelity (Wade & Co.); **EVANGELICAL CHRISTENDOM**—the Record of the Transactions of the Evangelical Alliance (W. J. Johnson, 121, Fleet Street); **THE POSTMAN** (Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey).

We have also received, and read with much satisfaction, the monthly issues of **THE PREACHER'S ANALYST** (Elliot Stock), and take this opportunity of calling attention to **SPURGEON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK** for 1883 (Passmore & Alabaster).

. The Rev. W. Green, of Melbourne, near Derby, wishes us to state that he has for sale, at a very low price, fifty-one volumes of **THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE**. The series commences with the first volume (1809), and continues unbroken to the end of 1859. Each volume is in perfect condition, and contains all the portraits of deceased and living Baptist ministers which were issued during the period. The set would form a valuable present to a College Library.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

Memorials of the Late Rev. Edward Steane, D.D.

By E. B. UNDERHILL, Esq., LL.D.

(Continued from page 8).



N the 29th he finally departed from Edinburgh. "I have left my Edinburgh friends," he says, "with feelings of sincere and deep regret. No people could show me greater kindness than some of them have done; and the two winters I have spent among them have created, under the special blessing of the Holy Spirit, unions which will, I trust, never be dissolved. I have no doubt that I shall continue to live in their affections and their prayers." Camberwell was reached early in May; and on the 11th of that month, Mr. Steane commenced a ministry which, to its close, was greatly honoured and blessed.

"Camberwell was rustic then," says Dr. Stanford. "Leaving London, we came on a stage coach, along the white road, sometimes between hedgerows, elms, and hillocks green, past a certain windmill, and up to this retreat; where, amidst cedars, oaks, and blossoming flowers, charming nests of wealth and elegance were being made for merchants to retire into, with no prospect of anything coming to disturb its serene hush." (Memorial by Dr. Stanford, p. 22.) For some years a small and struggling congregation, under the ministry of Mr. Jonathan Carr, had endeavoured to establish itself, but at the time

of Mr. Steane's arrival, it was practically defunct. Mr. Joseph Gutteridge had a short time before purchased the little chapel. It was now occupied by Mr. Steane. He preached his first sermon to about 30 or 40 persons. Before the expiration of six weeks, the term for which he was invited, the chapel overflowed with hearers, and a strong and unanimous desire was expressed that he would remain. With this request Mr. Steane heartily complied. The people, the place, and the surrounding prospect, were in perfect coincidence with his own feelings; and after a brief holiday—spent in visits to friends in Bristol, Plymouth, and Worthing, for the confirmation of his health—in the month of September he fully entered on his work. Writing to his father on the 22nd, he says, "My work becomes increasingly pleasant, and I trust the Lord is working in the midst of us. I have a regular, very attentive, and, I think I may add, a devout audience. Preaching is, therefore, delightful. Yesterday, particularly, I have cause to bless God for much enjoyment in my own mind, and for earnestness of spirit in pleading His cause with men. I felt, too, an unusual spirit of serious, and I trust genuine, contrition in conducting the devotional parts of the services. Cease not to supplicate for me, that with great singleness of heart I may devote myself to the cause of the dear Redeemer."

Increasing evidences of usefulness speedily called for the formation of a church, and on the 21st of December twenty-one persons (including Mr. Steane), hitherto members of other churches, having received their dismissal from them, met for this purpose. They were organised as a Baptist church on the principle of free communion, but not without many protests on the part of several ministers of the denomination. The views of Mr. Steane in this respect, as in some others, differed from many of his brethren. The usual ordination service, with laying on of hands, was dispensed with. The gathering itself was of a more private character than was commonly the case on similar occasions. The service took the form of a mutual agreement between pastor and people to walk together in the truths of the Gospel, a pledge which needed neither the concurrence nor the approval of other ministers or churches; with whom, in other matters, the newly-formed community was in harmony, both in doctrine and discipline. By the unanimous vote of the members, Mr. Steane was chosen their pastor. "I then spoke," he says, "for about twenty minutes, accepting the office. I expressed my present feeling

and prospective desires in reference to it, and finished by giving the right hand of fellowship to each of the members ; declaring, as I did it, that the church was now completely formed. Every individual present," he continues, "felt it to be a very solemn meeting, and certainly I never attended one more characterized by devotional feeling, and what the Apostle Paul would have called 'the simplicity that is in Christ.' We proceeded, according to my most decided conviction, scripturally, and we consequently enjoyed the manifest presence of God in an extraordinary manner. We shall never experience such feelings again, or join in such a meeting on this side heaven."

It was, however, a satisfaction to Mr. Steane afterwards to learn that many of his brethren who had most strenuously blamed the course proposed to be taken on the occasion, gave in their hearty adhesion. Said one who was present, "*I think it was far more Scriptural than the common ordinations, and shall tell my brethren so.*"

The church thus constituted was soon enlarged by the addition of many who were called by the ministry of the Word, and the chapel became much too small for the congregation. In the spring of 1824 measures were taken for erecting a new one. No small difficulty was experienced in procuring an eligible site. Prejudice and bigotry interfered with the negotiations. A spot was at length found in Coldharbour-lane, and the present handsome and commodious structure was built. It was opened on the 29th June, 1825 ; the Rev. Robert Hall, M.A., preaching in the morning, and the Rev. A. Waugh, D.D., in the evening. "Many of the leading lights of society," says Dr. Stanford, "were there, among whom was Sir James Macintosh ; and after the service had commenced, the crowd being dense around the doors, Mr. Brougham and Mr. Plunkett, afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland, came in at a window."

Mr. Steane was now fairly launched on public life, and on a ministry which he maintained with unflagging earnestness and piety till disease laid him aside. There is no doubt that some of the main features of his ministry were deeply imbued with the spirit of Mr. Hinton, of whom he records that "he was his tutor, guide, and friend at that period of life when the first and most permanent impressions are made upon the expanding and recipient nature of youth." This was especially observable in the devoutness, the elevation of feeling and

sentiment, the solemnity and occasional awe, and the fervour in prayer with which not only the usual services of the sanctuary were conducted, but more especially at those sacred seasons when the soul of the penitent declares its faith in Christ in the ordinance of baptism, and seeks communion with the Lord in the eucharistic rite. These were seasons of deep impressiveness and sacred fellowship. A "joy unspeakable" was the not infrequent possession of the partakers of the feast of love, as His presence was realised who was at once the "Author" of the feast and the "Person" on whom the holiest affections of the communicants were set. Much may be said on the blessing that the due observance of these two rites might bring to every Christian, and which seems to be lost to our congregations in the present day. Where the two great ordinances of the Lord's house fail to enjoy that pre-eminence, that reverent preparation and regard, which they possessed in the days of our fathers, church fellowship loses thereby much of its attraction and felt necessity.

The ardour with which Mr. Steane entered on his pastoral duties, and the anxious care with which he prepared his discourses, soon told on a somewhat feeble frame. In the first months of the year 1826, he was seldom able to occupy his pulpit, and in May he was absolutely forbidden to attempt it. A voyage to Madeira was at first contemplated; but a visit to the West of England was at last decided upon, and for several months he slowly visited the leading localities of Devonshire, Cornwall, and the Isle of Wight—closing his long absence from Camberwell by a visit to Cheltenham.

In March, 1827, he was able to resume his ministry, to his own joy and the joy of his flock. "My dear people," he informs his father, "are delighted to see me again, and are, as they always have been, abundant in every expression of kindness." Mr. Birt assisted him in the services of the first Lord's-day, but "in the afternoon," he says, "I administered the ordinance. It was a solemn and affecting opportunity. We thought of our trials and our mercies, and how they have been mingled in the Divine dispensations towards us. We wept together and rejoiced together, and really experienced the communion of saints. Our prayer-meeting on Monday was thronged, and some of my friends, after it was over, proposed to give me a new denomination, and call me a revivalist. We all found it good to be there." His next letter, two months afterwards, tells of revived congregations numerous inquirers, and candidates for baptism, among whom were

some who became in after years eminent in the church and the world.

Mr. Steane's improved health enabled him to accept many of the numerous invitations he received to enter on wider service for the Gospel in connection with the various organisations of the denomination, as well as to take his share in the public movements of the day. In the year 1828 we find his name on the Committees of Mill Hill School and the College at Stepney. Of the latter institution he became the Secretary in the following year, and rendered important service in the reorganisation of its studies, and in the enlargement of the structure, which soon after was accomplished. He further took a leading part in the preparation of the "New Selection" hymn-book, and shared with the late Mr. Haddon and the Rev. Dr. Price the editorship of the *New Baptist Miscellany*, for which he wrote numerous papers and reviews. On a change taking place in the management of the old *Baptist Magazine* at the close of the year 1832, the *Miscellany* was incorporated with it, and thenceforward the one publication became the organ of all denominational interests. Our space forbids any special reference to the papers which, during these years, passed from Mr. Steane's pen; but many of them contain his matured opinions on a great variety of subjects of theological and public interest. Among the latter may be mentioned papers on "Catholic Emancipation," and the "Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts."

From the day of his entering on his ministry, Mr. Steane took an interest in the affairs of the Missionary Society. He had known some of its founders, and had been brought up in Oxford in a circle where the missionary enterprise was the constant theme of discourse. In 1829 he was elected on the General Committee, and in the following year his election on the Executive Committee placed him in direct connection with the internal conduct and management of the Society. As the years passed on, his voice was one of the most potent in the direction, and many of the members of his church and congregation shared with him the trials, the discouragements, and the successes which attended its course. None who were associated with him will ever forget the urbanity, the wisdom, the acuteness, and the firmness with which he expressed his views. His influence was always exerted to calm angry feelings and to promote the interests of peace.

In 1842 he was called to preach one of the sermons at the jubilee held at Kettering in that year. His text was that most suitable

passage taken from Isaiah xl. 31, "*They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.*" He preached in the tent which had been erected for the occasion. "It presented a fine, noble, and exhilarating spectacle. A deep and sacred pleasure seemed to be felt by the vast assembly. When all united together in praise, and their voices rose as one mighty, swelling, harmonious sound, the effect was overwhelming. The Rev. James Acworth, of Horton College, engaged in prayer, and the Rev. Edward Steane, of Camberwell, preached, whose clear and pleasant tones of voice were, we believe, distinctly heard by the whole of that vast multitude." Such is the record made by one who was present at that memorable service; and it may truly be said that the sermon was equal to the occasion.

Until his failure in health and removal from London, Dr. Steane continued to be one of the most constant in attendance of the members of the Missionary Committee, and, indeed, until entirely incapacitated by infirmity, he gave the Society the benefit of his counsel. It is not possible, in the brief space at our command, to detail the many services he rendered the Society during the more than fifty years of his connection with it, but in 1857 he was unanimously elected an honorary member of the Committee, and he continued in that honourable relation till his death.

Among the interesting and pleasing incidents of this period of his ministry, there was one to which in after years Mr. Steane not unfrequently alluded. It was the baptism and ordination as an evangelist of Mr. C. C. Tauchnitz, a member of the celebrated publishing firm of Leipsic, which event took place on the 15th July, 1830. In the address delivered on this occasion, Mr. Steane gave a striking sketch of the history and doctrines of the Mennonite churches of Germany, among whom Mr. Tauchnitz proposed to labour, with the more especial object of quickening among them the spirit of earnest and evangelical piety by which their forefathers were eminently distinguished. This movement, though not fulfilling all the expectations to which it gave rise, may nevertheless have prepared the ground for the widely successful labours of Pastor Oncken, the well-beloved apostle of the German Baptist churches.

Another subject of deep interest also at this time engaged the attention of Mr. Steane. The occurrence of large revivals among the Baptist churches of the United States, and the visit to this country of a few American revivalists, led to a wide curiosity as to the methods

and results of these important awakenings of spiritual life. Mr. Steane thought that the subject deserved "prolonged and intense consideration." He felt assured that the diffusion of a revival spirit would tend to a general "augmentation" of religion both at home and abroad. "The population," he says, "of our own country is yet to a most melancholy extent in an unchristianised, that is, an unconverted state. By what means is the desired change to be effected? The means are pre-eminently in *our* hands. We are fettered by no formulæ, and tied down by no authorised or exclusive modes of action. We can go in freedom and carry the Gospel to the great mass of the people—to the labourers in the manufactory, to the agriculturists in the villages, to the poor, to the outcast, to the vicious. Like the Master we serve, we can stand upon the mount, or by the sea-side, or on the banks of the river, or in the streets and lanes of the city, and discourse of the common salvation."

In pursuance of this important object, a numerous meeting of the ministers of the denomination in London assembled in Fen Court, on the 16th February, 1830, when it was resolved to invite the churches throughout the country to spend the ensuing Good Friday, April the 9th, in "humiliation and extraordinary prayer, more especially with a view to implore the pouring out of the Holy Spirit upon the Church and the world." Mr. Steane, at the request of the assembly, prepared a special letter to the pastors of the London churches. It was a modest but powerful appeal to those who occupy the high places of the sanctuary, and an earnest entreaty to use the opportunity to quicken the people of God, and to awaken the churches from their sloth and apathy.

Perhaps no one in the Baptist body contributed more largely to this object, whether by tongue or pen, or by direct personal endeavour, than the Rev. John Howard Hinton. In company with his brother, two years in succession, he traversed the towns and villages of Oxfordshire and Berkshire, reviving the old practice of preaching in the open air, day after day, for weeks together. In all this he received the warmest support from Mr. Steane, who only regretted that his feeble frame precluded him from this arduous method of evangelism. But they were of one mind. It was one of those almost innumerable instances in which these two great and good men laboured together as brothers for the promotion of the Kingdom of God. From boyhood they had been friends. They had been members of the same church.

and were both called within three or four years of each other by the same body into the ministry. Their friendship remained unbroken through all the long years in which they stood side by side as champions of truth and of religious and civil liberty. As co-secretaries, from a very early period of the existence of the Baptist Union, they were leaders in every good work, and laid the foundation of that widely extending usefulness the Union now enjoys. Notwithstanding the presence of some strongly contrasted personal qualities, they had lived and worked together in perfect harmony of affection and mutual confidence. The impetuosity of the one was often tempered by the gentleness of the other, and their many excellences gave additional strength to their united endeavours for the extension of piety and the prosperity of the body they adorned.

It is gratifying to know that Mr. Steane's own congregation was graciously blessed with increase and spiritual growth in connection with this revival movement. In 1831 he specially addressed them on the subject. "We have lately had," he says, writing on the 18th September, "some solemn and impressive seasons in the house of God. If I do not mistake appearances and misinterpret 'our signs,' I think the blessed Spirit is moving among us. He has been pleased to bless my pastoral letter, to the exciting and calling forth the love and zeal of the Church, far beyond anything I had anticipated. To Him I must ascribe it that the idea of writing it was put into my mind, and He is now most graciously making use of it to stir up my dear people to more affection towards one another, and more activity in His service."

On the 7th January, 1832, to the great grief of Mr. Steane, his father, in his sixty-first year, was called to the presence of the Saviour. "His life," says the son, "was uniformly holy, and his death delightfully tranquil." He long missed the frequent correspondence with his father, from which he had so often gathered wisdom and support in his ministry. In the July number of the *New Baptist Miscellany* he inserted a brief memoir of the beloved father whose memory he so deeply cherished.

Two years afterwards, in February, 1834, Mr. Steane entered upon the marriage state, his wife being a grand-daughter of the Rev. Abraham Booth. It was a union which not only added largely to Mr. Steane's domestic happiness, but contributed to his usefulness and success.

(To be continued.)

The Late Rev. W. M. Lewis, M.A.,
PRESIDENT OF PONTYPOOL COLLEGE

BY THE REV. T. WITTON DAVIES, B.A.

(Continued from page 15.)



R. LEWIS spent the next four years in prosecuting his studies, first in the preparatory school of Rev. D. Evans, M.A., Carmarthen, and afterwards as a private pupil of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd and Stevenson Huntur, M.A. After a successful educational course in the town, he entered as a student of Glasgow University. When he had been there two years he won Dr. Williams's scholarship. He remained in the University six years in all. During his Glasgow years he succeeded in gaining prizes in classics, in mental and moral philosophy, and in mathematics. Prof. Peter Alexander, M.A., Lecturer in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, says of him :—

"He showed high mathematical ability ; in fact, he was the best of his year, and one of the best students I have ever had in my classes."

Mr. W. Stewart, M.A., B.D., Glasgow examiner, says :—

"His papers in logic, moral philosophy, and English literature were extremely good : of those examined with him none stood higher."

There are similar testimonies from Professors Ramsay and Jebb as to his attainments in classics.

He was highly esteemed and deeply beloved by those fellow-students who knew him. One of them, now Professor Jones, M.A., of Carmarthen College, says :—

"He was a very good specimen of a Christian gentleman—unassuming, kind, true as steel, and genuine as gold."

Another, Rev. Albert Williams, Serampore College, writes :—

"I loved Mr. Lewis as a brother ; during a long period of the closest intimacy I never had occasion to exchange an unfriendly word. As a young man he was one of the truest and purest I have ever known, and the devotion to his studies which led him to overtask his strength at Pontypool, and the strong personal

attachment and love with which he inspired his students, were in exact accord with the expectations I had been led to form from my knowledge of his character."

I could increase the number of such witnesses easily, but I have no space.

In 1870 he took his Master's degree at Glasgow, and in the end of that year he went to Regent's Park College to continue the study of theology. His course here was very short, for in February, 1871, he accepted the post of classical and mathematical tutor at Pontypool College. Teaching was not the work to which he had, from the first, looked forward. It was an ardent desire to be wholly engaged in ministerial work that led him in the outset to quit business life, in which he had made so promising a start. He became a teacher, because the office opened up to him, and Providence seemed to say, "This is the way, walk ye in it." He was not the first to leave a course of life for which thought and feeling seemed all in burden. Carlyle abandoned his thoughts of the pulpit for the more genial walk of literature. Robertson, the great Brighton preacher, forsook a military life for the work of preaching, and in both cases we usually consider the change to have been for the benefit of the world. I believe it was so in the change that Mr. Lewis made; at all events, he could hardly have been more successful in any other position. He came to Pontypool, and at once engaged in his work there with the all-consuming zeal that was so characteristic of the man. He could hardly have taken to his new duties with more affection, if he had all his life through thought of them. His love for teaching grew with his experience; it grew to the last. When far off in Switzerland, only a few weeks before he passed away, he wrote to a friend:—"How I long to return to the work I love so well." Alas! he loved it too well.

In the month of July, 1873, he married Miss Davies, only daughter of David Davies, Esq., of Sheffield. The union was one of the happiest and most suitable. Never was there more sympathy, more oneness, more of that love which forgets self in remembering another. This came out with much clearness in the last years of Mr. Lewis's life. How his life-partner, during his illness, sought high and low for the means of health, sparing neither time, nor trouble, nor expense, is best known among their nearest friends. One well able to speak, says: "I never knew two lives that appeared to me more

beautiful than theirs." Some few months ago the sorrowing widow erected, in Crane Street Chapel, Pontypool, a chaste and beautiful tablet to the memory of her husband. On it are found these words:—"This tablet is erected by his widow, as a loving tribute to a pure and noble life, and in tender gratitude for years of great happiness." Till the summer of 1875, Mr. Lewis had no interruption in his work through sickness or any other cause. How completely he won the affection of his students, and the good name of all, will appear farther on. It should be stated that his work was not by any means confined to the college, or to the town in which he lived. Almost every Sunday, and often during the week, he would be serving some church or churches. There was one, at least, that I remember him to have been almost the pastor of for twelve months. His services were much sought after, greatly enjoyed, and very willingly rendered. I do not know of any extraordinary event that happened during these years. He was doing well, and there is, therefore, the less to write of. Is it not Macaulay who says that when a nation is most prosperous, there is the least to write about; history is the sufferer? It was so, I think, with Mr. Lewis. However, there is one thing more, in what I will call the first chapter of his Pontypool life—the chapter which closes with the Session of 1874-5—viz., the fact that he was busily engaged in preparing for the Glasgow B.D. Examination. Before the close of the above Session, he had finished the preparation, and was to present himself at the next examination. But in the month of June, 1875, after the hard work of the Session, he was struck down by a severe attack of low fever. He became worse and worse. In a short time he was so ill, that many of the doctors despaired of his life; while others had slender hopes of his recovery. Now begins another chapter, a somewhat long one for his short life, and, in many respects, a sad one.

He was alternately better and worse, but he was never again quite well till he went to that place where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick." Notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, at the end of two months he rallied sufficiently to return to his native Carmarthen air. Here he regained much of his old strength, and hopes of his convalescence revived. Fearing that the coming winter would be too much for his weakened constitution, his physician advised him to go to Mentone for the winter months; so, in the end of October, he left for that place. On his way he consulted three of

the most eminent medical authorities in London, who (to quote words which he afterwards wrote to me) took a very hopeful view of his case, and thought that by proper sthenic treatment and change of climate, he would get all right again. The doctors, no doubt, believed this, as did many others here and on the Continent. He himself believed it most firmly. He lived for six years after this ; but few, except those whose judgment was biased by affection, imagined it possible for him ever completely to master this illness, and subsequent events justified their fears. Yet how much in these five years did he plan and execute ! What influence he exercised in and out of the college ! What work he attempted and did—work, too, of the undying sort ! It would seem as if all the energy and warmth of his soul, all the powers of his varied mind, were gathered into these last years, to be exercised on a great scale, once for all. It was in these last years that he was made President of the College, and entered upon his duties with so much ardour. And what is very wonderful is, that he rarely, if ever, absented himself from College work. Never did I know such an illustration of the triumph of mind over body ; of will over external hindrances.

On his way out to Mentone he made a halt in the French metropolis, and he was strong enough to spend a few days sight-seeing. He was delighted with this charming city ; but, the cold winds and the rain setting in, he was compelled to move on to the more genial south. Mentone pleased him much. Naturally fond of the beautiful, his tastes were much gratified there. Above all, it was admirably suited to his weakened constitution. "Mentone," he wrote to me, "is a small Italian town of about six thousand inhabitants, built on a rock or hill which gently slopes down to the sea. Behind the town is a semi-circular range of mountains, towering several thousand feet in height, while beyond these are the Maritime Alps ; thus forming, on the one hand, a kind of double screen from the cold north winds and the desertating mistral, and, on the other, holding the place in its embrace, and presenting it to the warm sunshine of the south and the blue waves of the Mediterranean Sea. The air is dry, cool, and invigorating. We have blue skies, abundance of sunshine, no fogs, and but little rain. Invalids may safely take exercise in the open air almost every day throughout the year." His sojourn here till the late spring gave him much new strength—as much perhaps as, under the circumstances, he was capable of getting.

He came back to England about the end of the 1875-6 Session. Next August he entered upon his duties again, and with all the enthusiasm of the past. I can well remember how glad we students were to see him once more among us. His return to us was like the home-coming of a long absent father, much thought of, ardently anticipated till the real pleasure was ours! It was not deemed enough that our feelings should be expressed in words that would be spoken and then would die for ever away; they must be enshrined in permanent symbols that would speak the undivided sentiments of men who were soon to be scattered "the wide world over." We came to the conclusion to present him with an address, illuminated and framed in the best style. This address was prepared, and, as senior student at the time, it fell to my lot to read it. I accompanied the act of presentation with some words of my own, expressing my feelings—the feelings, too, I knew, of all the students, for all had in the readiest and most cordial way signed the address, which read as follows :—

"HIGHLY ESTEEMED TUTOR,—We, the students of the college, from a sincere appreciation of your valuable services as our tutor, feel it our duty to express our obligation to you for the benefit we have received under your tuition, and, at the same time, our profound sympathy with you in your illness, and our high estimate of your worth.

"Your temporary separation from us was an occasion of much grief, but we are exceedingly pleased that our prayers have been answered, and our earnest wishes for your return realised, and that the re-union we all anticipated with great joy has been effected.

"In preparing for the work of the Christian ministry we have been very materially assisted by you in the capacity of tutor; cheered also by you in times of emergency by your kindly sympathy; and we trust that the Christian influence you have exerted upon our characters may long be felt and cherished by us.

"This small tribute of respect arises from the affection which has been enkindled in our hearts by your disinterested devotion to us, and we have the assurance that these sentiments are heartily endorsed by those of our number who have not been favoured so long with your efficient tuition and fraternal sympathy. We humbly submit this as a sincere though imperfect expression of our united love and esteem for you, and we earnestly hope that your future connection with the institution will be a long one, and in every respect as successful and valuable as the past has been."

Mr. Lewis rose to reply, but failed to utter a word. For a moment he sat down. Again he struggled to his feet, and this time succeeded in saying something to us. His words were taken

down at the time, and reported in the local papers. They were as follows:—"My dear young friends, to say I am deeply thankful to you for the address you have now presented to me would but poorly express the sense of gratitude I feel for your kindness. I thank you very sincerely and very warmly for your words of welcome. You are aware that I have had a very serious illness, but I am glad to tell you that Dr. Bennet, under whose medical care I spent the winter in Mentone, said, after examining me, that the winter had been quite a success, that I had got over the rocks, but that time and care were needful for complete recovery. Since my arrival in this country I have been received with the utmost cordiality; the deepest sympathy has been manifested, the kindest expressions of good wishes have been uttered, and I am glad to find that the same kindly feeling and words of welcome that have greeted me elsewhere have also greeted me on my return to Pontypool, on my return to College amongst my own students, and in this room.

"I have also to thank you, my dear young friends, for your deep sympathy during my past illness, and for your continued sympathy in my present comparative weakness. Man's life is a strange mixture. It is not all sunshine—all uninterrupted prosperity. There are storms and seasons of adversity. Man is the meeting-place of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, of good and evil, and in every man's life there comes a day of sharpness, when God strikes home in earnest—when one is bereft of health and shorn of strength. Now, in the severe trials of life the substantial aid which one man can afford another is trifling, except that which is bestowed through the power of sympathy, and that sympathy you have extended to me with no grudging hand, and I thank you for it.

"I also feel much gratified at your high appreciation of my humble services in connection with the College. One of the senior students has just said, 'Those who know me best love and appreciate me most.' This is the highest compliment you can pay a tutor, and I regard it as such. 'Tis to me a source of unmingled pleasure to feel that my work has been so highly valued by those who ought to be the best judges—the students themselves—and that my absence has been felt as a loss, and my return hailed with joy."

Our old tutor has gone from us: two, at least, of the students who joined with us in welcoming him back have also "gone home." Some of our number are labouring for Christ in "lands far distant." Never

again in this world shall we meet together as we met on that 12th day of September, 1876 ; but the address remains, and for many a year to come it will tell of the loving relation that existed between tutor and taught.

(To be continued.)

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

NO. XIII.



URING one of my journeys in the North, I had occasion to travel from Elgin to Inverness. I stopped for a short time at FORRES, a pretty, quiet little town beautifully situated on the River Findhorn, which, in many respects, resembles the Spey. It is, however, neither so large nor so rapid. There was standing at the door of the hotel one of the finest men I ever beheld. He was superbly dressed in the full costume of a Highland Chieftain. In an ordinary dress he would be far above the common height, but his real height was greatly increased by his full-plumed bonnet. Even on a peasant, the Highland dress however plain, is most picturesque. It was doubly so in this instance, for to picturesqueness there was added great brilliancy. I asked of a servant, and, I dare say, with some expression of admiration and surprise,

"Whoever is that gentleman standing at the door?" His reply indicated quite as much surprise as my question.

"Dinna ye ken wha that is?"

"Certainly not, for I am a stranger from the far away South."

"That gentleman, sir, is Gordon Cumming."

The Cumming family is an ancient and influential one; influential, not only down in these parts, but in almost every colony of our empire; and Miss Gordon Cumming's recent book on Christianity in the South Sea Islands, a book which every friend of missions should read, has added new lustre to a distinguished family name.

Mr. Gordon Cumming acquired great notoriety by his African exploits, and added considerably to our knowledge of the fauna of some of its then almost unknown regions. Painful disagreements with his family, the nature of which I do not know—and if I did, this would not be the place to discuss them—led to his alienation from his ancestral home. And, some years after, I was greatly moved to see this gentleman at Fort Augustus, as proprietor of a museum there, in which were to be seen a large collection of curious specimens which he had brought from Africa, and to which passengers by the steamboats were admitted at a shilling each. He was greatly changed in dress and manners, and bore a very faint resemblance to his appearance when I saw him first at Forres.

Grantown, on the Highland Railway, is a small, quiet, and very unpretending little place, with no particular attractions in itself. But the surrounding district is full of scenery which is very varied and very beautiful. The Spey is here at its best. Earl Seafield has a splendid mansion, or rather castle, in the neighbourhood, and one of the finest avenues in the kingdom, lined with trees of splendid growth, leads up to it. There is fair accommodation for the numerous visitors who come to Grantown during the summer. And those who love quiet and the beauties of Nature, and need the invigorating influence of perfectly pure air, will find an abundance of these sources of healthy enjoyment.

The first pastor of the Baptist Church in Grantown was LACHLAN MACKINTOSH, whose praise is in all the Scottish churches, and in very many of England too. He began his itinerant labours under the auspices of the Messrs. Haldane, and when they heard that he had adopted our views of baptism, which they had not, they sent for him, to put him into the right way. The result of the conference was this—instead of their succeeding in showing him the error of his ways, he showed them the error of theirs, and they were ever after faithful and true witnesses to the doctrine and practice of believers' baptism.

His convert and successor was PETER GRANT, in all respects a most remarkable man. Though I never saw him, I have read and heard so much about him that I never think of him but as a personal acquaintance. His educational and religious disadvantages were such as would now be deemed extraordinary in any part of the Highlands. A deep impression was made on his mind in early life by a stranger, who spent a night with the family, singing some of the Gaelic poems of

Douglas Buchannan. This impression, produced on the lad amid surrounding darkness, though it took some time, ripened into conversion. At the same time, those poetical powers, which lay hid till then, were quickened into life, and afterwards produced most blessed results.

Having heard of a service to be held in Grantown by some itinerant preachers, he walked there after his duty as precentor in the parish church was over. After singing, a man of open face, of manly frame, and strong faith, rose and addressed the people, then meeting in a gravel pit, in strains of evangelical truth, every word of which sunk into the heart of the new hearer, and, as he went along home, he kept saying in his mind, "This is my rest. Here will I stay." That preacher was Lachlan Mackintosh; who from that day took the young Apollos by the hand, and expounded to him the way of God more perfectly. He soon after joined the little band of Baptists. It is a very singular coincidence, that he lived to see a comfortable kirk, seating nearly 400 adults, built on the very spot where he first found the few worshippers.

Peter Grant soon began to tell, in his own simple way, the story of the Cross. He went from house to house telling of Jesus' love. In a few years he became an acceptable preacher, and for sixty years he was very successful in attracting and arresting large audiences. To turn away the people from the habit of spending whole nights in singing immoral songs, he composed several poems which he sang to familiar airs, and he often did this after a week-night service. His hymns were afterwards published, and the *tenth* edition was issued in 1863. They are eagerly sought after in our colonies, as well as at home; indeed, wherever the roaming Highlander has penetrated. They soon supplanted the immoral ballads of the people, and "*Praduig Granud nan oran*"—Peter Grant of the song—was a household word in the Highlands for nearly fifty years.

On the removal of the first pastor, he yielded to the urgent request of the church to take the oversight of them, which he did for several years without any remuneration. He subsequently became connected with "The Baptist Home Mission," and laboured amidst privations which few could now credit, often travelling on foot extraordinary distances, preaching every night, often twice a day, away from home for six weeks at a time; and when at home, frequently sitting up for hours during the night committing to paper the verses composed during his

long, solitary midnight walks. On one of these occasions he was asked to take shelter with a family, who entered by the same door as the cattle. After eating some potatoes, he was shown some clean straw for his bed. He was soon asleep, but was startled during the night by the cow, which had broken loose, and was wanting to eat his bed !

During the latter years of his life, he was comfortably supported by the church, who were deeply attached to him. As his son was associated with him, he had no care, saving that of preaching when he was able. Whilst "the common people heard him gladly," and said they always understood and felt Peter Grant's sermons, his preaching was also acceptable to cultivated minds. He never became old either in taste or enjoyment, and his closing years were spent in the midst of an interesting work of grace among the young of his flock. In one month he saw a son and twelve grandchildren baptized and added to the Church. His end was peace, for he walked with God. Thus he lived, and for sixty years he preached Christ, and for forty-one years he filled the office of pastor. He finished his course, December 14th, 1867, in his eighty-fifth year. His departure was felt to be a public loss ; and, as a mark of respect to his memory, business was entirely suspended in Grantown for some hours on the day of his funeral. It is one of the privileges of travelling in connection with our missionary organisations, that though the work calls for some self-sacrifice, and is hard work—if one considers the preaching twice, sometimes thrice on Lord's-days, and speaking at a public meeting every night in the week except Saturday, and the social gatherings of friends afterwards—we thereby become acquainted with the lives and works of devoted servants of our Lord, of whom we should otherwise know nothing. Many such are comparatively unknown during their life, or beyond the immediate sphere of their honourable toil. It does us good to keep alive their memory, to hand it down to after-times, and to present it to the view of our enlarged circle of fellow-disciples. With this feeling we would, therefore, as it were, cast a fresh chaplet of admiration and love on the grave of **PETER GRANT !**

One may turn from contemplating the life and work of a brother gone to his rest, to think of one now living, who is prosecuting his labours in a sphere less known, and under conditions far less severe and more favourable to personal comfort. I refer to my honoured

friend Mr. Grant, of Tullymet, a hamlet on the high hills, overlooking Ballinburg and the beautiful valley where the waters of the Tammel and the Tay unite. I had the pleasure of spending a few days in his pretty manse, and the kindness I received from him and Mrs Grant I can never forget. Cultivating his garden with great skill and care, sometimes recreating himself in his photographic studio, doing all sorts of handy work for his neighbours in a room which he called his workshop; settling disputes between parties at variance, and thus preventing costly law suits; preaching there both in Gaelic and English, faithfully discharging his duties as pastor, and, by varied reading, keeping abreast of the times, he struck me, considering his surroundings, as a very remarkable man. His superior mental powers, genial temper, and enlarged knowledge, gave great zest to our intercourse.

Besides these varied duties and employments, his attention was directed to the study of anatomy, and he visited Edinburgh and Glasgow for the purpose of attaining more accurate knowledge. He has now the skill to reduce dislocations of every kind, and simply by the adroit use of his hands. While I was there, he replaced, in a few minutes, a man's shoulder, which had been out for some days. When I asked him why he had not called me in to help him pull the joint into its place, he said, "I don't do it by pulling. That is the common method, and it results in such a severe strain to the muscles that weeks are required to get them right again."

"How then do you manage?"

"Just this way. I see whether the dislocation is up or down—then place the limb in its proper position—just give it a *kink*, and in it goes."

I saw the severely dislocated ankle of a little girl, who was suffering excruciating pain, set to right in a very few minutes, and she was able, after a while, to walk to her home. Mr. Grant's fame has gone out into all the country around, and, on an average, he has ten cases a week, and he attends to them without fee or reward. In reply to my remonstrances that he was not doing justice to himself or his family, he told me that some time before the people had, of their own accord, made his wife a present of a silver service, and himself a handsome gold repeater and chain, as an expression of their gratitude and esteem. To see his fine face once more, to grasp his hand in renewed friendship, and to have rekindled around us, as it were, "the

light of other days," was not the least of the pure pleasures in the meetings of the Baptist Union at Glasgow. Long may he live and flourish as a preacher of the Gospel, a benefactor to the suffering far off and nigh, doing deeds of benevolence without fee or reward, standing out prominently among the honoured, self-denying, and devoted brethren and sustained by the Scottish Baptist Home Mission.

During a recent visit to Scotland on behalf of our Missionary Society, I had the renewed pleasure of a few days' visit to my honoured friend. I found him and his excellent wife hale and hearty, though, of course, showing signs of advancing age. I was very glad to see that two of his sons had opened a general store in the hamlet, to the great convenience of the inhabitants of the district, and evidently to their own advantage. I can only hope and pray that they may follow in the steps of their godly parents, and be useful in the Church. Our parting was somewhat saddened by the feeling that we should see each other's face on earth no more, but cheered by the sure and certain hope of a "joyful resurrection to life everlasting."

The Late Archbishop of Canterbury.



ARCHIBALD CAMBPELL TAIT, the ninety-second Archbishop of Canterbury, and the twenty-third since the Reformation, was the first Scotchman who had been raised to the primacy of the Established Church of England. In view of his brilliant career at Oxford and his conscientious Episcopalianism, the fact is scarcely to be regarded as remarkable. The locality of a man's birth, at any rate within the limits of the British portion of the Empire, ought not to be either a qualification or a disqualification for office of any kind, and to give it a special prominence is surely out of harmony with the genius of the nineteenth century. The occupancy of the Metropolitan See by a Scotchman was, however, until Dr. Tait's elevation an unknown event, and we may perhaps see in its occurrence some proof of the diminution of ecclesiastical prejudice, and the growth of a more liberal and healthy opinion than has heretofore prevailed. Presbyterian associations are not as, a rule, helpful to

a man in the ministry of the English Church; and the extent to which Dr. Tait overcame the suspicions to which, on this score, he was subjected, is an indication of his sterling integrity and robust strength. He could not have worked his way to a post of supreme responsibility and honour, had he not possessed intellectual and moral qualities of a very high order.

He was born in 1811, and educated as a boy in the High School, and afterwards in the Academy, of Edinburgh. He matriculated at Glasgow University when sixteen, and when nineteen proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, as a Snell exhibitioner. He took his B.A. with first-class honours in 1833, and obtained a fellowship in 1834, taking his M.A. in 1836, in which year also he was ordained deacon, and priest in 1838. He succeeded Dr. Arnold as headmaster at Rugby in 1842, was appointed to the deanery of Carlisle in 1849, became Bishop of London in 1856, and was raised to the primacy in 1868. His death took place on Sunday, December 3rd, when he was within a few weeks of having completed his seventy-first year.

No dignity of the English Church has been held in higher or more general esteem. By one party only—either in the Church or the State—was he treated with actual disrespect. The Ritualists—for reasons which can easily be discerned—displayed towards him a contempt as blind and reckless as it was unjust. By all others he was regarded with the confidence and affection which integrity, prudence, and high-souled honour never fail to inspire, and least of all when they are exemplified in so conspicuous a post.

We do not reckon the late Archbishop entitled to rank with the great men of the nineteenth century. He carried on, in a worthy spirit and with considerable efficiency, work inaugurated by the illustrious Arnold, but he could never have raised Rugby to the position it attained under the greatest of modern teachers. It was, as we can testify, a pleasure to listen to his sermons, but he was certainly not a great preacher, in the sense that Magee and Liddon, Caird and Maclaren are great preachers. Nor, in point of scholarship, could he compare with Lightfoot, Ellicott, or Westcott. It would be no less absurd to place him as a theologian side by side with Pusey, J. B. Mozley, or Harold Browne. But, even with these limitations, he was eminently fitted for his lofty position, and proved himself a judicious and successful ruler of the Church in a period of exceptional difficulty. He was a man of transparent sincerity. His

reality, his thoroughness, his Christian courtesy, were as conspicuous as his strong common sense, his clear judgment, and his cool Scotch caution. His kindliness and generosity of heart, his disinterested friendship, his domestic piety, and his remarkable simplicity and homeliness of life have been universally admired. If he had neither genius nor enthusiasm, he had principle, tact, and courage. He had strong and conscientious convictions, and pursued his course with a fidelity and perseverance which were perhaps as effective in their calm strength as if they had been more fiery and impetuous. He was precisely the kind of ruler needed by a complex institution like the English Church, in a time of controversy, commotion, and transition; and it is acknowledged, even by the Ritualistic organs, that he has left the English Primacy to his successor lifted to a pitch of influence unknown since, at least, a century before the Reformation. He is credited, and we believe truly, with having made Lambeth a centre and rallying point for the whole of Anglicanism, not only in England and Scotland, but in the colonies of America as well.

We do not, of course, believe in either the Scripturalness, or the righteousness, or the utility of a State Church. But such a Church at present exists, and, so long as it does, it must have a State-appointed hierarchy. Starting from this point, we do not see how it is possible to secure men of a worthier and more suitable type than Dr. Tait. The Primate must, from the very necessity of his position, be a sincere believer in the Church as by law established, as well as in the Episcopal form of Church government. As the nominee and, in a sense, the representative of the civil power, he has no right to affirm the Church's claim to independence. The Church, according to Christ's ideal, no doubt, ought to be independent, both of the sanction and of the control of the State. In its own sphere, as a spiritual power, it is supreme; but, if it accepts the support of the Legislature, it is absurd to imagine that the Legislature will yield everything and control nothing. The contention of the Ritualists on this point is so fallacious and impracticable, that we are a loss to conceive how sensible men can, for a moment, urge it. Teachers in our elementary schools might, with equal justice, resent the authority of Her Majesty's Inspectors, and officers in the army claim the right of working as they please. The State is responsible for the use of the power and prestige with which it surrounds the Established Church. It must see to the fulfilment of its own designs; and the Church being, by its Establish-

ment, placed on a high vantage-ground in relation to emoluments and honours, must submit to an abridgement of its freedom, and fulfil those conditions of the contract which the State sees fit to impose. The bishops are frequently censured for their eager and persistent Erastianism. We have not the remotest sympathy with Erastianism, but surely the censure comes with an ill grace from the recipients of State pay. A consistent advocate of the theory, or an upholder in practice of an Established Church, must be an Erastian. The moment the Church becomes an Establishment, it ceases, *ipso facto*, to be simply "a great spiritual organism, with a Divine sanction and supernatural claims."

That Dr. Tait was an Erastian of a very pronounced type it is impossible for his warmest admirers to deny, and it is equally evident that he proved himself abler as an ecclesiastical statesman than as a spiritual guide. He had to uphold the dignity of an institution, the validity of whose relations to the State are keenly canvassed. He had to strike the balance between contending parties, whose one bond of union is the status given them by the sanction of the civil power, and who display in their relations one to another a degree of bitterness and ill-will which no other community can rival. And in view of a prevalent and persistent determination to indulge in ritualistic excesses, and the claim of a large and influential party, not so much for liberty as for licence, he had to maintain the authority of the law. Making such allowance as we are in fairness bound to make for the difficulties with which he was surrounded, Dr. Tait fulfilled the duties of the Primacy with as fine a tact, and as marked a degree of success as his conditions would allow.

Dr. Tait's career was in most respects honourably consistent. His Scotch origin and training doubtless tended to accentuate his Protestantism, and to keep him true to the great principles of the Reformation. He joined, and probably originated, the protest of the four Oxford tutors against Tract XC., and thus inaugurated the movement which issued in the secession of John Henry Newman. The protest was manly and courageous, and proved effectively that in Mr. Tait's opinion there was a hopeless divergence between the Romish and Anglican doctrines, and this opinion he retained to the end. He was a man of broad sympathies, and hated all narrowness and bigotry, but there must, as he saw, be a limit to toleration. No church could be absolutely elastic and all-comprehensive; without dogma, law, or

order, or with a dogma that meant anything—even the things most opposed to its plain and necessary sense, and a law that allowed everything—even the practices which it was evidently framed to condemn. So far as he belonged to any of the three parties into which the Church of England is divided, Dr. Tait was a follower of Arnold, and might not unfairly be described as a Broad Churchman. He would have tolerated Ritualism more leniently, if he had not clearly discerned its own necessarily intolerant and aggressive character. The pseudo-Romanism which he felt himself constrained to resist is subversive of intellectual and spiritual freedom, inimical to all authority save such as is acceptable to its own partizans, and aspires to universal supremacy. To have watched its progress with indifference would have been unworthy, and though we cannot approve of all the Archbishop's methods for suppressing it, we honour his aim.

His introduction of the Public Worship Regulation Bill into the House of Lords was, in tactics if not in principle, a grave mistake. It was a tacit acknowledgment of the weakness and ambiguity of the Church's position, and of the inefficiency of its discipline. It was the result of popular agitation fostered by political partisanship, and used for political ends. Its provisions were crude and cumbersome. It implied that a movement which was supported by the learning, the piety, and enthusiasm of a large section of the Church could be "put down" by an Act of Parliament, and placed on the bishops a responsibility for which—as events have proved—they were not prepared, and which they are not competent to exercise. The measure has done some good, but much harm, and in view of its vaunted design—as declared by Mr. Disraeli, who made it a Government Bill—it is a pitiable and egregious failure. It has been powerless to put a check upon the chief offenders, and has brought the discipline of the Church, and, to some extent, the law of the land, into deeper contempt. The correspondence which passed between the Archbishop, on his death-bed, and Mr. Mackonochie, was honourable to his feelings, and indicated the urgency of his desire for peace; but a more deplorable or mischievous incident we cannot imagine. The Ritualistic organs are naturally jubilant at so unexpected a conclusion to this protracted controversy, and exult in the completeness of their triumph. The Evangelical papers not less naturally see in the whole business an unworthy compromise by which the interests of

Protestant truth are sacrificed, and the absurdities of Romanism are rendered legal. It may have the appearance of a clever manœuvre, and a piece of sharp practice; but it is worse than this. It is a direct encouragement to law-breakers, an insult to the judges, an evasion of difficulties, which ought to be manfully faced, and the outcome of a crooked policy. We cannot reconcile it with Dr. Tait's previous acts; and, for his own sake, we are sorry that in his last moments he became, in an unworthy and dangerous sense, an abettor of "peace at any price." We can only account for so strange and inconsistent an action on the supposition that he took an exaggerated view of the dangers which would be engendered by further litigation. Probably his physical weakness and depression are accountable for suggestions which, in themselves, demand the severest reprehension, and offer to law-breakers a dangerous and fatal encouragement.

It should not, perhaps, be matter for surprise that the most conspicuous weakness in Dr. Tait's character was his inability to see the necessary and inherent weakness of the very principle of an Established Church. He always took its legitimacy for granted, and argued on the foundation of things as they are. He was not alive to the fact, expressed in his unfortunate correspondence with Mr. Mackonochie, that the Church and the world are entering on new phases. It apparently never occurred to him that institutions such as that of which he was the head may become obsolete and superfluous, and that—

"God fulfils Himself in many ways
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

He was too apt to speak first and chiefly as a Churchman, and to look upon himself (we do not mean in any offensive sense) as the prime minister of a great and powerful department of the State. His inauguration of "The Bishop of London's Fund," by which he sought to raise one million sterling for Church extension and collateral purposes, was a bold and magnificent scheme. But it was remarked at the time that the good Bishop identified the success of his Church with the welfare of the nation. He described himself, in his primary charge, as the Parliamentary representative of his clergy, and seemed to think that his main duty as a lord spiritual was to watch over their interests. It was his proclamation of the need of maintaining the *status quo* which secured his elevation to the See of Canterbury. When Mr. Disraeli appealed to the country, in 1868, against the policy of

Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions on the Irish Church, he denounced the proposal as "monstrous" and "impossible." But after the election, which resulted in Mr. Gladstone's return to office, the Archbishop dexterously changed his tone, counselled the acceptance of the hated measure, and spent his strength in procuring the most favourable pecuniary bargain for the disestablished clergy. "The scramble for money," as witnessed in the House of Lords, was an utterly discreditable scene, and the beneficent effect of Mr. Gladstone's Act was thereby in a large measure impaired. Dr. Tait, in like manner, opposed the Compulsory Abolition of Church Rates, until he saw that his opposition was futile. He at last submitted to the inevitable, but it was not with a very good grace, nor without a fling at the visionary theorists who were in favour rather of a free than of an Established Church. In his eulogies of that Church no man could be more forgetful of inconvenient facts, both within and without the favoured fold. The assumptions from which he started dimmed and perverted his vision.

It is pleasant to turn from these aspects of the Archbishop's career to his manly and resolute support of the Bill for the Amendment of the Burial Laws. He saw that the claims of Nonconformists on this question were just, and could not honestly be withheld, and amid severe animadversions and reckless abuse, he advocated the wisdom and necessity of the concession. It is also pleasant to recall the fact that while he regarded the principle of a State Church in the light of an axiom, he endeavoured in various ways to promote kindly relations between Churchmen and Nonconformists. He affirmed that where was real love for the Lord Jesus Christ the differences were slight compared with the agreement, and that where no surrender of principle is involved, there should be a hearty spirit of Christian love, and no less hearty co-operation in good works. It was with this view that he arranged for a conference at Lambeth, to which he invited a number of bishops and Nonconformist ministers, for a discussion on the moral and religious condition of our country, and how best to meet its needs. The motive which prompted his action was frank and generous, and we believe that if he had been less fettered by official trammels, we should have witnessed more frequent and striking displays of his brotherly love.

We have dealt only with the public aspects of the late Archbishop's life, but we must add, in conclusion, that, as in the case of every

really good man, the best features of his character could be seen and appreciated only by those who came in contact with him in his private life. As a devout and lowly-minded Christian, a faithful and affectionate husband and father, a steadfast friend, a generous and considerate master, a chastened and purified sufferer, Dr. Tait stood on an eminence which few have reached, and when the full story of his life and work is written it will be known how true, how gentle, how noble a man was he whose removal we all—Churchmen and Dissenters alike—have occasion to mourn.

The New Primate.



It is too soon to speak authoritatively of the policy which the Archbishop-designate will pursue, but his "ecclesiastical leanings" are, unfortunately, sufficiently manifest. The appointment of a comparatively unknown man to the Archiepiscopal throne is itself a matter for surprise, and does not seem to us the best and most judicious appointment that could have been made. Apart from the Prelate who is understood to have declined the dignity, there are several names which would naturally have suggested themselves before that of Dr. Benson; and we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that the claims of Bishop Lightfoot—unquestionably the foremost scholar and divine of the English Church—should have been passed over. But after the recent injudicious disclosures, in the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," as to the process of "bishop-making," we ought, perhaps, to be surprised at nothing. We have no lack of confidence in Mr. Gladstone's judgment and integrity, but are assured that he would act with a sincere desire to promote the best interests of the Church and the nation. The fact that the appointment is his, leads us to hope that it may ultimately prove to be more beneficial than, judging from present appearances, we could anticipate. It seems inexplicable that a liberal Prime Minister should nominate for this high office a Prelate whose utterances have been so persistently unjust, and even ungenerous to Nonconformists, and whose policy, *if it be shaped on*

his old lines, can only lead to more bitter and hopeless estrangement.

Dr. Benson has many good qualities, but power to understand the position of opponents, and a spirit of conciliation, are not, we fear, among them. We gladly give insertion to the words which occur in his farewell address to the clergy of Truro:—"Little justice," he says, "should I do to my creed or my feelings if I did not yet again, as often in the past, acknowledge with love and gratitude that activity for Christ's sake, that open-handedness, that kindness towards all good works, that favour at beholding 'growing activities in the Church which have been shown by the Wesleyans, and by very many others who, nevertheless, have, and use energetically, organisations of their own.'"

But this love and gratitude are singularly one-sided, and do not prevent the writer from keeping up, in the most painful and offensive form, the spirit of sectarian strife. Cannot he imitate the open-handedness and kindness he so warmly commends? He insists on the division of cemeteries into "consecrated" and "unconsecrated" ground, and on fees for the privilege of burial in the consecrated ground beyond those which are prescribed by the Burial Board. Ignoring the fact that the Wesleyans and "many others" form a considerable majority of the people of Cornwall, and that even the majority of Churchmen are weary of this sickening strife, he has appealed to the Home Secretary to enforce a law whose existence is an anomaly, and threatens to prosecute the members of the Burial Board with the utmost rigour if they do not carry out his behests. Such high-handed, narrow-minded, unchristian action is painfully significant. The bigotry of the Bishop of Truro is a matter of comparatively little importance. The bigotry of the Archbishop of Canterbury is a national misfortune, unless, indeed, it defeats itself and hastens, as we believe it will hasten, the complete separation of Church and State.

It has been urged by "the leading journal" that Dr. Benson's recent assertions respecting the "crafty forgeries and miles of printed falsities which are rolled out and about by our self-appointed would-be deliverers," should be regarded as a single indiscreet slip. We cannot look upon them in this light, as they seem only too closely in harmony with his settled opinions. He has not, at any rate, withdrawn or modified the shameful charges, or expressed a single word of regret

that he should have misrepresented men who are every whit as upright and honourable as himself. And it cannot be forgotten that at his first Diocesan Conference in 1877 he proclaimed, in the most defiant manner, his antagonism to the work of Nonconformists, and his determination to treat it as *nil*. What can we make of words like these? "I shall lay it down as an axiom that, irrespective of every work of our own, and of every work done by every other body in Christ's name, it is the final and ultimate duty of this Church to provide Church worship and Church instruction wherever there is a group of our people out of reach of them. . . . *It is futile to forbid us to acquiesce in teaching which we know doctrinally to be unevangelical, philosophically to be mere food for modern critics, historically to be incapable of permanent independence, marked for either wider errancy in the future, or for gradual return.*"

If this be the spirit in which Dr. Benson addresses himself to the duties of the Primacy, the dreams of his predecessor as to an advent of peace and goodwill between all who love our Lord Jesus Christ will speedily be dispelled.

The Swallow at Craigenputtock.

[Carlyle's wife, delicately reared, accomplished, and much admired, was condemned to pass seven years childless and in bitter poverty with him,—morose, uncompanionable, exacting—at Craigenputtock, the dreariest, loneliest spot in Scotland. There she wrote and sent to Lord Jeffrey these lines.]

TO A SWALLOW BUILDING UNDER HER EAVES.



THOU, too, hast travelled, little fluttering thing—
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou, too, must rest ;
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou lik'st so well
To build thy nest.

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight ;
A world lay all beneath thee where to light ;
And strange thy taste,
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye—
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky—
To choose this waste.

The Memory of Childhood.

Did fortune try thee ? Was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt here secure ?

Ah, no ! thou need'st not gold, thou happy one !
Thou know'st it not. Of all God's creatures, man
Alone is poor !

What was it, then ? Some mystic turn of thought,
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,
Marring thine eye

For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,
Not knowing why ?

Nay, if thy mind be sound I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak ;
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and main,
No more need'st seek.

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
By instinct wise, much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether an Eden or a desert be
Thy home, so thou remain'st alive and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird ; may thy small nest
With little ones all in good time be blest.
I love thee much ;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I ! oh, ask not what I do with mine :
Would I were such.

*The Memory of Childhood.**

BY PROF. MAX MÜLLER.



CHILDHOOD has its secrets and its wonders—but who can tell them and who interpret them ? We have all strayed through this silent forest of wonders ; we have all once opened our eyes in blissful bewilderment, and the beautiful reality of life overflowed our soul. We knew not where

* From "German Love. From the Papers of a Stranger. Translated from the German."

we were, or who we were—the whole world was ours and we belonged to the whole world. It was an everlasting life—without beginning and without end ; without break, without pain. Bright as a spring sky were our hearts, fresh as the breath of violets, peaceful and holy as a Sabbath morning.

And what is it which disturbs this divine peace of the child ? How can this unconscious and innocent existence ever have an end ? What forces us from out of this blessedness of oneness and universality, and leaves us suddenly desolate amidst the darkness of life ? . . . changes the blossom into the flower, and the flower into fruit, and the fruit into dust ? . . . And what is dust ?

Say, rather, we know not, and must submit thereto.

Yet it is so pleasant to recall the springtime of life, to look back into one's self—to remember. Yes, even in the sultry summer, in the sad autumn, and in the chill winter of life there comes now and then a spring day, and the heart says : " I feel the spring-time in me." Such a day is to-day ; and I lay me down upon the soft moss in the fragrant forest, and stretch my weary limbs, and gaze upwards through the leafy green into the infinite blue, and think : How was it in my childhood ?

Then everything seems forgotten, and the first pages of memory are like an old family Bible. Its first pages are quite faded, somewhat used, and not unsoiled. Only as we continue to turn the leaves and come to the chapters where Adam and Eve are driven out of Paradise, does everything become clear and legible.

Yes, but the beginning—if there were only no beginning, for with the beginning does all thought and remembrance cease. And as we dream ourselves back into childhood, and from childhood into infinity, this beginning seems ever to recede from us, and our thoughts follow, but never reach it ; as a child seeks the spot where the blue sky lies upon the earth, and runs and runs, and still the sky recedes before it, and still it lies upon the earth—but the child grows weary and never reaches it.

But when once we have been there—at the beginning—what do we know then ? Memory shakes herself like a dog that comes out of the waves dripping with water, and looking very odd.

I believe, however, that I can remember when for the first time I saw the stars. They may often before have seen me, but one evening it seemed to me as if it were cold, although I lay in my mother's lap ;

and I was chilled, and shivered, or was afraid—in short, something went on in me which more than usually turned my attention to my little self. Then my mother showed me the bright stars, and I wondered, and thought that was very prettily done of my mother. And then I felt warm again, and may have fallen asleep.

And then I remember how once I lay in the grass, and everything about me waved and nodded and hummed and chirped. And there came a swarm of little many-footed, winged creatures, who settled on my forehead and eyes, and said Good-day. Then my eyes hurt me, and I called my mother, and she said, "Poor child, how they have stung him!" I could not open my eyes, and could see the blue sky no more. But my mother had a nosegay of fresh violets in her hand, and it seemed to me as if my head were steeped in a dark blue, fresh, spicy fragrance, and now when I see the first violets, I think of it, and I feel as if I must close my eyes, so that the old dark blue heaven of those days may rise over my soul again.

And then I remember how again a new world opened itself to me which was more beautiful than the world of stars and the fragrance of violets. It was on an Easter morning, and my mother waked me early. Before our window stood the old church. It was not handsome, but it had a high roof and a lofty spire, and on the spire a golden cross, and looked so much older and greyer than all the other houses. Once I wished to know who lived in it, and looked into it through the iron-grated door. But it was quite empty, and cold and gloomy—not a single soul in the whole building—and since then I always shuddered when I passed the door. Now on this Easter morning it had rained early, and then the sun had risen in full splendour; and the old church, with its grey slate-roof and high windows, and its spire with the golden cross, shone in wonderful glory. Suddenly the light that streamed through the windows began to wave and have life. It was much too dazzling to be borne; and as I closed my eyes, the light still seemed to flow into my soul, and fill it with brightness and fragrance and sweet melody. Then it seemed to me as if a new life began in me; yea, as if I had become another person;—and when I asked my mother what it was, she said it was an Easter hymn that was being sung in the church. What it was—the sweet, holy song that then penetrated my soul, I have never been able to find out. It must have been an old psalm, such as sometimes broke through the numbed soul of our Luther. I have never

heard it again. But now, when I hear an adagio of BEETHOVEN, or a psalm of MARCELLO, or a chorus of HANDEL; yes, sometimes, when in the Scottish Highlands, or in the Tyrol, I hear a simple melody, it seems to me as if the high church windows glistened again, the organ-tones penetrated the soul, and a new world opened itself—more beautiful than the world of stars and the fragrance of violets.

These are the recollections of my earliest childhood—and between them floats a mother's dear face, the mild, serious look of a father—and gardens, and creeping vines, and soft green turf, and an old, venerable picture-book—and that is all that is still legible on the first, faded pages of memory.

Then, however, it grows brighter and more distinct. Names and forms appear. Not only father and mother, but brothers and sisters, and many *strange people*. Ah, yes, of the *strange people* there is many a thing written in my memory!

*Elizabeth Prentiss.**

ANY of our readers are aware that Mrs. Prentiss was an industrious and exceedingly popular writer. Some five-and-twenty books of one size or another sprang from her pen—many, if not all, of them in the narrative style, containing somewhat of the element of fiction, which, however, in the majority of cases was only a thin veil for fact. Few writers have succeeded more completely in depicting, even to microscopic minuteness, the shades of human character and experience of the more common, every-day type. She dealt but scantily in the romantic, and was most at home in setting forth the aspirations of earnest souls after moral and religious excellence—their struggles, failures, disappointments, compunctions, fears, hopes, triumphs. To such useful tasks she was impelled by her own fine mental and moral idiosyncrasies, and by the peculiarities of the path along which her own life-journey had to be taken. "Stepping Heavenward" is the work by which she is most widely known, and which gives the fullest idea of her somewhat unique qualities as a writer. The form into which that work was thrown might be fairly considered as detracting from its chance of popularity.

* "THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ELIZABETH PRENTISS," Author of "Stepping Heavenward." By the Rev. G. L. Prentiss, D.D. With Steel Portrait and Five Illustrations. Hodder & Stoughton.

The frank, unreserved, and almost endlessly miscellaneous records of a daily diary, however rapidly written, and however suggestive, are apt, after the reader has had thirty or forty pages of them, to generate a sense of satiety and tedium. But the genius of Mrs. Prentiss was superior to that disadvantage, and "Stepping Heavenward" rapidly became one of the most popular and highly prized stories of the day, and is likely to hold its place of eminence for many years to come. It ought assuredly to do so, for a healthier and more helpful book it would be difficult for any spiritually aspiring soul to find.

The very large public affectionately interested in this fine woman and gifted authoress will be delighted with the ample, beautiful, and fascinating memoirs of her which her accomplished husband has supplied. He had materials in plenty at his command, besides those with which his own loving memory was crowded. Her journals were copious, and her letters innumerable; and both these sets of documents constitute a remarkably unreserved disclosure of all that influenced and marked both her inner and outer life. The volume comprises nearly 600 compact pages, and there is not an uninteresting paragraph in it. "Much of it," says the Preface,

"is in the nature of an autobiography. Her letters, which, with extracts from her journals, form the larger portion of its contents, begin when she was in her twentieth year, and continue almost to her last hour. They are full of details respecting herself, her home, her friends, and the books she wrote. A simple narrative, interspersed with personal reminiscences, and varied by a sketch of her father, and passing notices of others who exerted a moulding influence upon her character, complete the story. Whilst the work may fail to interest some readers, the hope is cherished that, like STEPPING HEAVENWARD, it will be welcomed into Christian homes, and prove a blessing to many hearts; thus realising the desire expressed in one of her last letters: *Much of my experience of life has cost me a great price, and I wish to use it for strengthening and encouraging other souls.*"

No doubt, there are, unhappily, readers in large numbers so utterly devoid of all spiritual aspiration as to be insensible to the attractions of a story like this; but there are thousands of others to whom it will come like the spring and summer sunshine, to quicken and ripen their own spiritual life.

Mrs. Prentiss was one of the daughters of the sainted Dr. Payson, of Portland, in the United States, and was born in 1818. "Her constitution was feeble, and she inherited from her father his high-strung nervous temperament. 'I never knew what it was to feel well,' she wrote in 1840. Severe pain in the side, fainting turns, the sick headache, and other ailments troubled her more or less from infancy. She had an eye wide open to the world about her, and quick to catch its varying aspects of light and beauty, whether on land or sea." Such sensitive natures usually have to suffer almost incessantly, and in almost constantly varying ways, in a world like ours; and this highly endowed lady was seldom exempt from physical uneasiness, and often had to endure intense physical agony, until she was released by death at sixty years of age. Yet a blither and more genial soul was never known. In sublime and blessed superiority to so much in her experience that naturally tended to gloom and melancholy, her life

almost continually glowed with love, and humour, and fun, and ecstasy, and all bright sentiments.

But for the sparkling elements in her nature, rendered still more effulgent by the Divine grace which shone upon them through the clear atmosphere of a perfectly unclouded and healthy religious faith, her piety would probably have taken the more questionable forms, and have sought the less wholesome indulgences, sometimes found amongst those saints to whom the title of "Mystics" has been given. Indeed, it is obvious that the leading representatives of the "Mystic" school were dear to her. One of her most intelligent and appreciative friends says :—

"She thought that Christian piety owes a debt of gratitude to such writers as Thomas Kempis, Madame Guyon, Fenelon, Leighton, Terzagoen, and others like them in ancient and later times, to whom 'the secret of the Lord' seemed in a peculiar manner to have been revealed, and who, with seraphic seal, trod as well as taught the paths of peace and holiness. When she was writing the chapter on the Mystics, I showed her Coleridge's tribute to them in his '*Biographia Literaria*,' which greatly pleased her. It is her own experience that she puts into the mouth of Urbane, where he says, after quoting Coleridge's tribute, 'I have no recollection of ever reading this passage till to-day, but had toiled out its truth for myself, and now set my hand and seal to it.'"

Of the Mystics, Mrs. Prentiss obviously makes Urbane to express her own views when she further represents him as saying :—

"They are the men and women, known to every age of the Church, who usually make their way through the world completely misunderstood by their fellow-men. Their very virtues sometimes appear to be vices. They are often the scorn and contempt of their time, and are even persecuted and thrown into prison by those who think they thus do our Lord service. But now and then one arises who sees, or thinks he sees, some clue to their lives and their speech. Though not of them, he feels a mysterious kinship to them that makes him shrink with pain when he hears them spoken of unjustly. Now I happen to be such a man. I have not built up any pet theory that I want to sustain; I am not in any way bound to fight for any school; but I should be most ungrateful to God and man if I did not acknowledge that I owe much of the sum and substance of the best part of my life to mystical writers—say, and mystical thinkers, whom I know in the flesh. . . . I use Christ as a magnet, and say to all who cleave to Him—even when I cannot perfectly agree with them on every point of doctrine—'You love Christ, and, therefore, I love you.'"

This passage is taken from her work entitled "*Urbane and his Friends*," which was published in 1874, only four years before her death, and when her ideas on the subject of religion had reached their fullest maturity. The views expressed, however, may be found here and there in her journal and letters even from the beginning. Yet her admiration for the Mystics did not develop into a sickly, sentimental pietism. Her fellowship with God, with Christ, and with the spiritual world was never dreamy. She did not sigh for the false repose against which Dr. Stanford so effectively warns certain feeble folk in the words : "Perhaps, after all, God does not mean what you mean by rest. He will not gratify a mere love of ease; a mere indolent wish to be quiet; a readiness to steal moments from duty, that you might give them to self-indulgence; a weak

desire to turn your piety into a contemplative dream and your 'experience' into a delicious haze of mystic meditation. Your life is not to be typified by the 'lake-bird, which seeks the stillest waters, lives but to compose its snowy plumage, floats in its solitary calm, is rapt in the reflection of its own beauty, and sings itself to death.' The piety of Elizabeth Prentiss found its regalements, not only in rapt contemplation, but in all practical, holy, Christian activities. Her school-room when she was a governess, her home as a daughter, sister, and wife, her nursery, her social circle, her husband's church, the poor, the afflicted, black people as well as white, the infantile and the aged, her drawings, poems, letters, books, all received warmth and brightness from the glow of her devotion to the Saviour. What could be healthier, or in any way fitter, than such words as the following, addressed to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward Payson, when that lady was near to death?—

"I have been so engrossed with sympathy for Edward and your children that I have but just begun to realize that you are about entering on a state of felicity which ought, for the time, to make me forget them. Dear Nelly, *I congratulate you with all my heart.* Do not let the thought of what those who love you must suffer in your loss diminish the peace and joy with which God calls you to think of Himself and the home He has prepared for you. Try to leave them to His kind, tender care. He loves them better than you do; He can be more to them than you have been; He will hear your prayers and all the prayers offered for them; and, as one whom his mother comforteth, so will He comfort them. We, who shall be left here without you, cannot conceive the joys on which you are to enter; but we know enough to go with you to the very gates of the city, longing to enter in with you, to go no more out. All your tears will soon be wiped away; you will see the King in His beauty; you will see Christ your Redeemer, and realise all He is and all He has done for you; and how many saints whom you have loved on earth will be standing ready to seize you by the hand, and welcome you among them. As I think of these things, my soul is in haste to be gone; I long to be set free from sin and self, and to go to the fellowship of those who have done with them for ever and are perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Dear Nelly, I pray that you may have as easy a journey homeward as your Father's love and compassion can make for you; but these sufferings at the worst cannot last long, and they are only the messengers sent to loosen your last tie on earth, and conduct you to the sweetest rest."

Such timely encouragements sprang from the heart of a saint to whom "dying" was uniformly "but going home." She herself lived in the enjoyment of the faith and peace she commended to others. Once, when apparently near to death, she "was much disappointed on finding that her sickness was not, after all, an 'invitation' from the Master. 'You don't get away *this time*,' said her husband to her half-playfully, half-exultingly, referring to her eagerness to go."

"Her feeling about dying seemed to me almost unique. In all my pastoral experience, at least, I do not recall another case quite like it. Her faith in a better world, that is, a heavenly, was quite as strong as her faith in God and Christ; she regarded it as the true home of the soul; and the tendency of a good deal of modern culture to put *this* world in its place as man's highest sphere and end struck her as a mockery of the holiest instincts at once of humanity and religion. Death was associated in her mind

with the instant realisation of all her sweetest and most precious hopes. She viewed it as an invitation from the King of Glory to come and be with Him. During the more than three and thirty years of our married life, I doubt if there ever was a time when the summons would have found her unwilling to go; rarely, if ever, a time when she would not have welcomed it with great joy. On putting to her the question, 'Would you be ready to go now?' she would answer, 'Why, yes,' in a tone of calm assurance, rather of visible delight, which I can never forget. And during all her later years her answer to such a question would imply a sort of astonishment that anybody could ask it. So strong, indeed, was her feeling about death as a boon to the Christian that she was scarcely able, I think, fully to sympathise with those who regarded it with misgiving or terror."

From what did this exulting joy in the thought of death spring? Not from the exhaustions occasioned by repeated affliction. She could say with Paul, "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened." But she did not want to "be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." She gave no sign of a cowardly dread of suffering; the "grace" of her God was "sufficient" for her, and His "strength" was "made perfect in weakness." Still less did she long to depart by reason of an incapacity, natural or acquired, to take pleasure in the pursuits, associations, and experiences of the present life. She had an almost boundless aptitude for all kinds of innocent enjoyment. She could be as merry as she was wise. When a mere girl she wrote the following lines:—

"What are little babies for?
Say! say! say!
Are they good-for-nothing things?
Nay! nay! nay!

"Can they speak a single word?
Say! say! say!
Can they help their mothers sew?
Nay! nay! nay!

"Can they walk upon their feet?
Say! say! say!
Can they even hold themselves?
Nay! nay! nay!

"What are little babies for?
Say! say! say!
Are they made for us to love?
Yea! yea! yea!"

At twenty-two years of age she became a teacher in Mr. Persico's school at Richmond. Soon after arriving there she had to pass through a severe illness, an event about which she wrote thus cheerfully:—

"It is dull music being sick away from one's mother, but I have a knack of submitting myself to my fate; so my spirit was a contented one, and I was not for a moment unhappy except for the trouble I gave those who had to nurse me. I thought of you at least two-thirds of the time. As my little pet, Lily L., said to me last night, when she had very nearly squeezed the breath out of my body, 'I love you a great deal harder than I hug you;' so I say to you—I love you harder than I tell, or can tell you. A happy new year to you, dear Anna. How much and how little in those few old words! Consider yourself kissed, and good-night."

We have ample details of her Richmond life, and they richly illustrate her vivacity, her beautiful playfulness, and her spiritual elevation. We must make room for an extract or two:—

"This Richmond is a queer sort of a place, and I should be as miserable as a fish-out-

of-water, only there is sunshine enough in my heart to make any hole bright. In the first place, this dowdy chamber is in one view a perfect den—no carpet, white-washed walls, loose windows that have the shaking palsy, fire-red hearth, blue paint instead of white, or rather a suspicion that there was once some blue paint here. But what do I care! I'm as merry as a grig from morning till night. The little witches downstairs love me dearly, everybody is kind, and—and—and—when everybody is locked out, and I am locked into this same room, this low attic, there's not a king on earth so rich, so happy as I. Here is my little pet desk, here are my books, my papers. I can write, and read, and study, and moralise, I don't pretend to say *think*—and then, besides, every morning and every night, within these four walls, heaven itself refuses not to enter in and dwell, and I may grow better and better, and happier and happier in blessedness with which nothing may intermeddle.

“What a pleasant walk I had this morning on Ambler's Hill. The sun rose while I was there, and I was so happy. The little valley, clothed with white houses, and completely encircled by hills, reminded me of the verse about the mountains round about Jerusalem. Nobody was awake so early, and I had all the great hill to myself, and it was so beautiful that I could have thrown myself down and kissed the earth itself. Oh, sweet and good and loving Mother Nature! I choose you for my own. I will be your little lady-love. I will hunt you out wherever you hide, and you shall comfort me when I am sad, and laugh with me when I'm merry, and take me by the hand and lead me onward and upward till the image of the heavenly forceth out that of the earthly from my whole heart and soul. Oh, how I prayed for a holy heart on that hill-side, and how sure I am that I shall grow better! and what companionable thoughts I've had all day for that blessed walk!

“Had a long talk with Mr. Persico about my style of governing. He seemed interested in what I had to say about appeals to the conscience, but said my *youthful enthusiasm* would get cooled down when I knew more of the world. I told him, very pertly, that I hoped I never should know the world then. He laughed, and asked, ‘You expect to make out of these stupid children such characters, such hearts as yours?’ ‘No, but better ones.’ He shook his head, and said I had put him into good humour. I don't know what he meant. I've been acting like Sancho to-day—rushing up stairs two at a time, frisking about, catching up Miss J—in all her maiden dignity, and tossing her right into the midst of our bed. Who's going to be ‘school-ma'am’ out of school! Not I. I mean to be as funny as I please, and, what's more, I'll make Miss — funny too, that I will! She'd have so much more health—Christian health, I mean—if she would leave off trying to get to heaven in such a dreadful bad ‘way.’ I can't think *religion* makes such a long, gloomy face. It must be that she's wrong, or else I am. I wonder which? Why, it is all sunshine to me, and all clouds to her. Poor Miss —, you might be so happy.

“We had a black wedding—a very black one—in my schoolroom the other night; our cook having decided to take to herself a lord and master. It was the funniest affair I ever saw. Such comical dresses! such heaps of cake, wine, coffee, and candy! such kissings and huggings! The man who performed the ceremony prayed that they might *obey each other*, wherein I think he showed his originality and good sense too.

Then he held a book upside down and pretended to read—dear knows what ! but the professor—that is to say, Mrs. P.—laughed so loud when he said, ‘Will you take this woman to be your wedded husband!’ that we all joined in full chorus, whereupon he poor priest (who was only the sexton of St. James’) was so confused that he married them over twice. I never saw a couple in their station in life provided with a tenth part of the luxuries with which they abounded. We worked all day Saturday in the kitchen, making and icing cake for them ; and a nice frolic we had of it, too.

• • • • •

‘Do you know what mischief I’ve just been at? There lay poor Miss —— (alias ‘Weaky,’ as we call her) taking her siesta in the most innocent manner imaginable, with a babe-in-the-wood kind of air, which proved so highly attractive that I could do no less than pick her up in my arms, and pop her (I don’t know but it was *head* first) right into the bathing-tub, which happened to be filled with fresh cold water. Poor, good little Weaky. There she sits shaking and shivering and laughing with such perfect sweet humour, that I am positively taking a vow never to do so again. Well, I had something quite sentimental to say to you when I began writing, but, as the spirit moved me to the above perpetration of nonsense, I’ve nothing left in me but fun, and for that you have no relish, have you?’

These are not the indulgences of a senseless frivolity ; they are the overflow of the bright, happy human feeling that dwells unmolested in a heart and conscience at peace with God. It was about the same time that she wrote :—

“I am very, very happy ; and yet it is hardly a happiness which I can describe. You know what it is to rejoice in the sweet consciousness that there is a Saviour—a near and present Saviour ; and thus I am now rejoicing, grateful to Him for His holy nature, for His power over me, for His dealings with me, for a thousand things which I can only try to express to Him. Oh, how excellent above all treasures does He now appear. One minute of nearness to the Lord Jesus contains more of delight than years spent in intercourse with any earthly friend. I could not but own to-night that God can make me happy without a right hand or a right eye. Lord, make me Thine, and I will cheerfully give Thee all.”

We have quoted enough to indicate what manner of woman Mrs. Prentiss was, and to suggest how well it would be if a larger number of Christian people were under the dominion of the same glowing, joyous—we might almost say, the same hilarious—faith in God their Father and in Christ their Saviour. Her appreciation of the religion of Jesus was as enlightened as it was hearty. She kept clear of all the more dangerous theological heresies—Antinomianism, Arminianism, Socinianism, Perfectionism, and the rest. She received the Kingdom of heaven as a little child, and found it to be righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Even the awe with which she surveyed and contemplated the mysteries of the Gospel was not without its peculiar rapture. There was nothing in it to appal ; rather everything in it to uplift. We thus think of her as a woman of genius and culture—a woman of bright, sparkling nature, of intense, pure, and lofty affections, and of generous, benevolent sympathies—best of all a woman of saintly beauty, whose life was opulent in lustrous attractions and holy influences.

Nature gave her a comely, but sensitive and suffering body, a strong, clear, nimble intellect, and a loving heart; Providence conducted her through many a pleasure and many a sore trial; Grace ennobled her into one of the purest and loveliest of God's children. The portrait which adorns her biography presents a face on which one delights to look, and from which a resistless incentive to all possibilities of goodness seems perennially to flow. This portrait should be studied in conjunction with the following vivid description of her from the pen of Mrs. Washburn, who speedily followed her friend to heaven at eighty years of age:—

"She was of medium height, yet stood and walked so erect as to appear taller than she really was: Her dress, always tasteful, with little or no ornament that one could remember, was ever suited to the time and place, and seemed the most becoming to her which could have been chosen. She was perfectly natural, and, though shy and reserved among strangers, had a quiet, easy grace of manner that showed at once deference for them and utter unconsciousness of self. Her head was very fine and admirably poised. She had a symmetrical figure, and her step to the last was as light and elastic as a girl's.

"When I first knew her, in the flush and bloom of young maternity, her face scarcely differed in its curving outlines from what it was more than a quarter of a century later, when the joys and sorrows of full-orbed womanhood had stamped upon it indelible marks of the perfection they had wrought. Her hair was then a dark brown; her forehead smooth and fair, her general complexion rich without much depth of colour except upon the lips. In silvering her clustering locks, time only added to her aspect a graver charm, and harmonised the still more delicate tints of cheek and brow. Her eyes were black, and, at times, wonderfully bright and full of spiritual power; but they were shaded by deep, smooth lids which gave them, when at rest, a most dove-like serenity. Her other features were equally striking; the lips and chin exquisitely moulded and marked by great strength as well as beauty. Her face, when in repose, wore the habitual expression of deep thought and a *soft earnestness*, like a thin veil of sadness, which I never saw in the same degree in any other. Yet, when animated by interchange of thought and feeling with congenial minds, it lighted up with a perfect radiance of love and intelligence, and a most beaming smile that no pen or pencil can describe—least of all in my hand, which trembles when I try to sketch the faintest outline."

The last recorded words she wrote were: "Two tongues are running like mill-clappers, so good-night." On Sunday, April 4th, 1878, she presided as usual at her Bible-reading, and returned home to die. The fatal illness was sudden and comparatively brief, but it comprised much agony, which had to be subdued by morphine. The chamber in which she died, says her husband, "was the chamber of peace, and a light not of earth shone down upon us all. He who was seen walking, unhurt, in the midst of the fire, and whose form was like the Son of God, seemed to overshadow us with His presence."

Reviews.

AN OLD TESTAMENT COMMENTARY FOR ENGLISH READERS. By Various Writers. Edited by C. J. Ellicott, D.D. Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. 1882.

AN Old Testament Commentary, at once scholarly and popular, has long been imperatively required by the existing conditions of religious thought and life. The transcendent interest which centres in the four Gospels and the Epistles has secured for us a variety of works on the New Testament, which, for profundity and breadth of scholarship, carefulness of criticism, and power of popular exposition, are altogether unrivalled, and meet the needs of English readers as fully as the most enthusiastic advocate of their claims can desire. But, with regard to the Old Testament, the case is strangely different, and, notwithstanding its importance as the precursor and foundation of the evangelical history, it has not received a tithe of the attention which it demands, and which, if our faith is to remain unshaken, it must receive. The "Speaker's Commentary" is the only work of recent years which aims to meet this need in anything like a full and comprehensive manner, and it is too purely technical, critical, and historical (as well as too expensive) to attain anything like popular circulation. Bishop Ellicott's "Commentary on the New Testament" has won for itself a place in the very foremost rank, and we are, therefore, thankful to receive the promise of a similar series of

volumes on the Old Testament. The contributors are men of well-proved ability and ripe learning, whose work cannot fail to interest and instruct all intelligent students. Dr. Payne Smith, Canon Rawlinson, Dr. Ginsburg, Canon Farrar, Professor Stanley Leathes, and Professor H. R. Reynolds, have already rendered such excellent service in this direction that we are warranted in expecting, from their combined wisdom, a Commentary of unique worth.

Their standpoint is, in most cases, identical with our own. They accept the Divine authority of the books of the Old Testament, and believe in their Divine inspiration. They see in its histories the working out of a Divine purpose, which was intended to prepare the way for, as it found its fulfilment in, the mission of our Lord. All records, institutions, laws, and prophecies, they ultimately view in the light of this fact, as being indispensable to the discernment of their full and absolute meaning. But, while their faith is thus clear and decisive, they have made a resolute endeavour to place themselves in the position of the earliest readers of the Scriptures, and to understand their immediate and primary signification; as, on the other hand, their minds are open to all valid and healthful influences of modern thought and criticism. Difficulties raised by recent scientific research, such as are connected with the creation of the world and of man, and historical and moral difficulties also, are honestly and fearlessly met; and,

though there are no elaborate philological or archaeological investigations, the Hebrew text is minutely and carefully explained, erroneous and defective renderings are corrected, and illustrations to elucidate the text are gathered from all sources, while special use has been made of the researches of Egyptologists and Oriental travellers. Such notes as we find here could not have been furnished a few years ago, nor are we aware of any similar Commentary which includes such varied, concise, and opportune information.

In this first volume, Dean Payne Smith writes on Genesis, Canon Rawlinson on Exodus, Dr. Ginsburg on Leviticus, and Canon Elliott on Numbers, Dean Plumptre supplying a General Introduction, which has the admirable quality of all his work. Dean Payne Smith is as well qualified as any man we know to deal with the purely critical aspects of the Pentateuch and the question of its Mosaic authorship. He does not scruple to accept much on which the rationalistic critics insist (as to the Jehovistic and Elohist narratives, and the *Toldoth* or Genealogies), but shows how different an explanation must be given of the facts, and how our faith is confirmed by that which is intended to impair it; and in an equally forcible manner does he prove that the authority and inspiration of the Mosaic account of the Creation are in no degree endangered by the discoveries of physical science. Dr. Ginsburg's notes are remarkable for their minute Hebrew learning; and he not only explains many things which to modern readers are obscure and difficult of apprehension, but places before us a picture of the Temple services which is as vivid, graphic, and memorable as such a picture can be.

But the whole work is admirably and faithfully executed, and so abounds in excellent points that we are baffled in our endeavours to make a selection for reference. It will prove a boon of incalculable worth to ministers and students, as well as to more general readers. Never have we received a Commentary with more sincere gratitude, or commended one with greater heartiness.

THE MOTHER'S FRIEND. Vol. XIV.
London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE MIRROR.
TRUE TO THE PLEDGE: a Temperance Story, with Song. Temperance Depot, 337, Strand.

SPURGEON'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC,
1883. Passmore.

THE CROFTERS' WEDDING JUBILEE.
By the Author of "The Clouds," &c.
Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER: a Service of Song. London: Elliot Stock.

THESE publications all deserve a word of hearty commendation. "The Mother's Friend" is a really useful serial, altogether true to its title. "The Temperance Mirror" is well adapted to answer the benevolent design of its promoters. Mr. Spurgeon's "Almanac" is, if possible, more lively and vigorous than ever. "The Crofters' Wedding Jubilee" is a short poem, which gives us a pleasing picture of the pure and healthy religious life of the Scotch peasantry. Many of its descriptions are worthy of Robert Burns. It ought to be exceedingly popular.

A LITTLE PILGRIM IN THE UNSEEN.

London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

A PREFATORY note tells us that these pages are "little more than a wistful attempt to follow a gentle soul which never knew doubt into the New World, and to catch a glimpse of something of its glory through her simple and child-like eyes." They are tenderly and gracefully written, and are the fruit of a clinging affection and refined spirituality. Critically, the *brochure* can scarcely be regarded as satisfactory. All attempts to pierce "behind the veil" are vain. The details of the other life are wisely and lovingly hidden from our view, and for an answer to many of the most urgent needs of our bereaved hearts we must patiently wait. It is, however, impossible to suppress those "strange thoughts" which "transcend our wonted themes and into glory peep." Every human heart must have felt the wish "that it were possible to see the souls we loved," and, to a greater or lesser extent, we form some definite idea of the heavenly world. Some of the conceptions here expressed are as true and abiding as they are beautiful and consoling. Heaven must be a place of service and of growth, as well as a place of realised ideals. Other conceptions are too palpably the outgrowth of what is called "the larger hope" to be universally acceptable. This apart, the essay cannot fail to gain a large circle of sympathetic readers. It is the work of a richly cultured imagination, a gentle and devout heart, and a strong faith in the Infinite Love, and many of its scenes will be gratefully remembered by readers of all classes.

THE PULPIT COMMENTARY. St. Mark.

In Two Volumes. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1, Paternoster Square.

THESE volumes are the first issue of the Pulpit Commentary on the New Testament under the able editorship of Canon Spence and the Rev. J. S. Exell, M.A. In this form they are much more convenient for use than they would have been if the example of some of the single-volume issues of the same great work on the Old Testament had been followed. Very big books are awkward for perusal and even for reference, and we are glad that the change has been made. The exposition of Mark's Gospel has been entrusted to Dr. E. Bickersteth, and, though not elaborate, it may be said to be sufficiently full, and has the advantage of being based on the latest and best results of textual criticism. The Introduction is briefer and more meagre than might have been expected, comparing somewhat unfavourably, in our judgment, with the much more comprehensive one prefixed to the admirable Commentary of Dr. Morison. Very many of the homilies, however, are on a complete scale, and of a very high order for their truthful treatment, their Evangelical tone, their freshness of thought, and their excellent pulpit adaptation. The leader in this department is Professor J. R. Thomson, M.A., and he is very efficiently supplemented and supported by the Revs. A. Rowland, B.A., LL.B.; N. F. Muir, M.A.; Prof. J. J. Given, M.A.; Prof. E. Johnson, M.A.; and R. Green.

**THE EVIDENCES OF NATURAL RELIGION,
AND THE TRUTHS ESTABLISHED
THEREBY.** By Charles McArthur.
Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. MCARTHUR has developed the

argument for natural religion, and for the truths which logically flow therefrom, in a style far surpassing that of any other work on this important subject within the range of our acquaintance. He proceeds upon facts and laws of reasoning which no one capable of earnest thought can mistake, and the relevancy of which it would be absurd to question. His method is strictly scientific throughout, and the unsophisticated reader is compelled to assent to each step as it is taken. He properly leaves all considerations drawn from supernatural sources out of the account, and deals with the "natural" only. He thus conducts us through a comprehensive study of the Being, Attributes, and Government of God; of the elements, characteristics, and condition of Human Nature; of the Origin of Evil; of the Historical, Physiological, and Psychological Evidence for the Immortality of the Soul; of the Necessity of Retribution in a Future State, and of the forms in which religion will be naturally and appropriately cultivated and manifested. The course of his argument supplies him with an opportunity for some remarkably clear and judicious observations on the moral necessity for an Atonement. We wish it were possible to condense the teaching of this admirable work; but it would be difficult to put it into smaller compass than that in which the author has presented it. We have the whole of it in 152 octavo pages, and every page is replete with thought. The book is pre-eminently timely, and would serve a high purpose as a text-book in our colleges.

OLD FRIENDS. *Sunday Afternoon Lectures to Working People, delivered in the Birmingham Town Hall.* By the Rev. Charles Leach, F.G.S. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

EIGHTEEN addresses in a remarkably homely and telling style by a Congregationalist minister in Birmingham, whose popularity with the working-classes has been well established for several years. They are colloquial without any vulgarity, familiar without any sacrifice of dignity, varied, yet not altogether disconnected, in their themes; short, pithy, pointed, generous and sympathetic in tone, yet faithful in their warnings, and urgent in their appeals; best of all, true to the simple Gospel of Salvation. The more widely they are read by the class for whom they are designed the more good they are likely to do.

A HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

By the Rev. Thomas Witherow, Professor of Church History in Magee College, Londonderry. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

WHOEVER wants a bird's-eye view of the great epoch known by the name of the Reformation should obtain this capital little work. It gives most of the salient facts in compact form, and would even be a useful guide to those who would be glad to study the larger histories. It belongs to the admirable series of "Bible Class Primers" edited by Professor Salmond.

TALKS WITH UNCLE MORRIS; or, the Friend of my Boyhood. By Old Humphrey. Religious Tract Society.

ALL our young people rejoice in an

acquaintance with shrewd, witty, bright-hearted, large-hearted, dear "Old Humphrey." Here is one of his prettiest and most charming little books.

THE SAFE COMPASS, and How it Points. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D.D. Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo & Co.

DR. NEWTON is the author of "Rills from the Fountain of Life," "The Best Things," "The King's Highway," "Giants, and how to Fight Them," and other works. The present work consists of ten addresses to the young, to whom he can speak in ways at once attractive and instructive. By the "Safe Compass," of course, he means the Bible, and his design is to "aid those who are setting out on the great journey of life to make a right use of the compass God has given us." The "aid" is skilfully administered. We hope that thousands of young readers will avail themselves of it.

WHOLENESS: Holiness and Health through Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. By E. Gardiner Fishbourne, Admiral. Elliot Stock.

ADMIRAL FISHBOURNE is a thorough and enthusiastic believer in Perfectionism, the Power of the Prayer of Faith to heal the Sick, and all that organically belongs to these theories. Those who want to read in the compass of a four-penny pamphlet what can be said on these subjects may find it in the essay published under the above title. We cannot profess ourselves to have been convinced by the arguments and testimonies adduced.

THE GALILEAN GOSPEL. By Alexander B. Bruce, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

WE have here another volume in the "Household Library of Exposition" to which Dr. Maclaren, Dr. Parker, Dr. Dodds, Dr. Fraser, and Dr. Lang have so ably contributed. Dr. Bruce's aim "has been to convey as vivid an idea as possible of the Gospel Christ preached, and above all of the evangelic spirit as reflected in His teaching and life." He is right in thinking that, "this will meet a want of our time, and will be welcomed by many," and that "while there is little in the actual Christianity of our day, or in the state of our churches, to awaken enthusiasm, it is rest-giving to go back to the beginning of the Christian era, and drink of the pure wells of truth opened in Galilee in the days of the Son of Man." In the accomplishment of his aim, the author writes eloquently and suggestively of "Beginning from Galilee" (Matt. iv. 15, 16), "The Beatitudes," "The Healer of Souls" (Matt. ix. 12), "Much Forgiveness, much Love" (Luke vii. 47), "The Joy of finding Things Lost" (Luke xv. 7), "The Sympathy of Christ" (Matt. viii. 17), "The Power of Faith" (Matt. viii. 10, xv. 28, xvii. 20; Luke vii. 50), "The Vicarious Virtue of Faith" (Matt. ix. 2), "Christ the Great Innovator" (Matt. ix. 16, 17; Luke xxii. 20), "The Joy of the Jesus-Circle" (Matt. ix. 15), "The Evangelic Spirit" (Matt. ix. 6). "This book," he tells us, "is not a miscellaneous collection of sermons, gleaned from a ministry of sixteen years, and strung together by a catching title. It is intended to serve a definite purpose, and the greater part of its contents has been written expressly for this volume." Dr. Bruce is regarded in some quarters as being

too strongly inclined towards a rationalistic view of the facts and doctrines of Christianity. Either we have read him very superficially, which we are not disposed to admit, or this estimate is a mistaken and scarcely just one. He certainly has something of the critical spirit, but not enough of it to put him into a position of antagonism to the inspired records and the main principles of the Gospel. Towards these he seems to us to exhibit not only an implicit trust, but even an enthusiastic appreciation. At any rate, the little volume before us is rich in Evangelical sentiment from beginning to end. No doubt the very narrow will think it too broad; but, on the other hand, the very broad will think it too narrow. To us it seems to be neither too narrow nor too broad to be in substantial agreement with the teaching of Him whose word is authoritative to every unsophisticated Christian believer.

SOMETHING ABOUT A WELL, WITH MORE OF OUR DOGS. By the late John Brown, M.D. Edinburgh: David Douglass.

A SIXPENNY reprint of two pieces from "*Horræ Subsecivæ*," and full of the wit, humour, and wisdom so richly characteristic of this charming writer.

THE GIRLS' OWN COOKERY BOOK. By Phillis Browne. The "Girls' Own Paper" Office, 56, Paternoster Row.

PHILLIS BROWNE is no stranger to the girls who read the leading periodicals of our time. They know her to be a wise counsellor in all matters which

pertain to the "economy" of the home, and in the little volume before us they will find a good deal of intelligent and available help in a department of home life in which few women can afford to be otherwise than fairly accomplished. We do not understand the art and mystery of cookery ourselves; but those about us do assure us that this is a capital book on the subject; and on their testimony we recommend our young lady friends to buy it, and to give to it a careful study.

THE ILLUSTRATED MISSIONARY NEWS:
Containing Missionary Intelligence
from all Parts of the World. 1882.
Elliot Stock.

A MOST useful publication, which all who are interested in the world-wide diffusion of the Gospel should take and carefully read. It can be had for two-pence per month. Its articles are short and pithy; its intelligence is varied, trustworthy, and interesting; it is profusely and tastefully illustrated; and its entire contents are well fitted to foster the missionary spirit among its readers. The volume for 1882 has many attractions, and only one drawback. It would certainly be improved as a work of reference if a good classified index had been added.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME. 1882.

THE LEISURE HOUR. 1882. Religious Tract Society.

WE announced the publication of these truly magnificent volumes in our last number, and promised to give some account of them in this. But, in attempting to do so, we are bewildered

by their bulk and by the prodigious variety of their contents. There is something about almost every topic that can interest an inquiring mind, and that something is invariably as pure and wholesome as it is entertaining. Probably each volume contains five or six hundred pieces of one kind or another, from all of which much that is good, useful, and pleasant may be extracted. What better books could our young people take in hand during a spare half-hour, or when they sit down at the fireside in the long winter evenings—when their minds want both occupation and recreation, and when severe reading would involve an injurious tax upon their powers? Here they can sip away at miscellaneous knowledge, and be abundantly refreshed thereby. They can regale themselves with bits of history, travel, science, biography, humour, explanations of Scripture, Christian teaching, social life, poetry, music, combined with odds and ends gathered from all lands and ages, and with literary flowers and fruits culled from hundreds of books. These volumes, moreover, are profusely illustrated and beautifully printed and bound. They should have a place in every Sunday-school library, and would grace any home. We could say very much more in their favour, but our limited space forbids.

FRIENDLY GREETINGS : Illustrated Readings for the People. With upwards of One Hundred Engravings by the best Artists. Religious Tract Society.

ANOTHER of the Religious Tract Society's serials, which are always wel-

come. The last year's volume is an eminently beautiful one in whatever light it may be viewed. All classes of readers may turn to it with interest, and may derive from it both pleasure and profit. The pieces are short, varied, bright, deeply Christian in tone, and fitted for moral and spiritual usefulness of the best kind. Many of the illustrations are executed with great skill.

SILVER WORDS—GOLDEN DEEDS: Practical and Personal Chapters for Professing and Non-Professing People. By E. Edward Fisk. Elliot Stock. Price Fourpence.

MR. FISK is one of our Liverpool ministers, and was trained at the Pastors' College. These chapters have in them something of the pith and point for which "John Ploughman" is so widely celebrated. His "words" are certainly "silvern," and we doubt not that his "deeds" are "golden." This being so, his words should have the greater value. His object is to show that Christians ought to profess their adhesion to Christ, and that, having made the profession, their conduct should fully harmonise therewith. There is remarkable freshness and vigour in the address, and the tendencies of the age in relation to the matter with which it deals render it very timely. We hope it will be widely read.

THE BIBLE IN PUBLIC WORSHIP ; with Tables of Selected Scripture Lessons for Sunday and Week-Evening Services. Elliot Stock.

THE compiler thinks that the method usually adopted by Nonconformist

ministers in selecting portions of Scripture to be read in the public service is a mistaken one, and gives his reasons for the opinion. Probably many persons will agree with him. Those who do will be glad of the guidance which this pamphlet supplies.

THE NEW SERIES OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESSES. To be completed in Twelve Numbers. Twopence each. Elliot Stock.

THE first number of this series sufficiently indicates the manner of the work, and fairly claims for it the attention of our Sunday-school friends. The addresses are given in little more than outline, but they are varied in theme and well suited to their purpose. Thus, we are to have Addresses for Special Occasions, for the Seasons of the Year, for the Infant Class, for Closing Afternoon School, for Separate Services, and for Missionary Meetings; also "Home Conversations with the Children," "Suggestions for Speeches at Teachers' Meetings, Prayer Meetings, &c., with Special Addresses to Members of Senior Classes." The idea is a good one, and we hope it will be well carried out.

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY. A Monthly Magazine. 1882. Elliot Stock.

THE eleventh volume of a very useful

serial, which fairly ranks amongst the better religious magazines of the day, and which it is pleasant to have at hand in the handsome form in which Mr. Elliot Stock has presented it.

BONE ET FIDELIS: a Poem. Elliot Stock.

THIS poem is an "In Memoriam" production. In saying this, we unfortunately provoke a comparison of it with another poem with which it certainly ought not to be compared. There is much truly beautiful sentiment in it; but it lacks originality, and many of the forms of expression are not only prosaic, but weak. We fancy that the unknown author might greatly improve it if he were to try.

THE BAPTIST HAND-BOOK FOR 1883. Alexander & Shephard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn.

OUR "Hand-Book" has come to hand too late for an adequate notice this month; but here it is, with its nearly 400 pages, crowded with information which every Baptist in the world should possess, and all for the amazingly small charge of two shillings. We give it a right hearty welcome, and hope to say a little more about it next month.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1883.

Memorials of the Late Rev. Edward Steane, D.D.

By E. B. UNDERHILL, ESQ., LL.D.

(Continued from page 56.)



IN 1833 Mr. Steane, as a member of the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, and afterwards as Secretary of the Baptist Union, was called upon to take a leading part in the controversy with the British and Foreign Bible Society, and which in 1840 brought about the formation of the Bible Translation Society, of which he became the first Secretary. This is not the place to enter on a discussion of the propriety of the action of the British and Foreign Bible Society in refusing the aid they had rendered from its origin to the translations of Baptist missionaries. To the pen of Mr. Steane the denomination is indebted for that able vindication of the practice of the missionary translators, which, in the form of a "memorial," was presented to the Committee of the Bible Society, setting forth all the facts and arguments of the case. It was the "last overture," to use Mr. Steane's words, "that could be made, which honour, integrity, or kind feeling and benevolent regard to those who had hitherto been helpers and coadjutors could require." This paper is a masterpiece of controversial skill, and is characterised as much by its Christian courtesy, its candour, and its fairness as by its powerful argumentation and logical

force.* It has never been answered, unless the confession of the Bible Society's eminent Secretary, Rev. Dr. Brandram, that the Bible Society's Committee were moved by "prudential considerations," can be regarded as a sufficient reply. That Mr. Steane and his colleagues were actuated by no unkindly feeling in forming the new Society may be clearly seen from his own words. "Some of his earliest and happiest recollections," he said, "were associated with the part which he took, when a mere youth, in aiding the operations of that noble institution. It was his privilege to be associated with his beloved friend the Rev. W. Pearce, now of Calcutta, and the eldest son of the Rev. Joseph Hughes, the originator of the Bible Society, as Secretary to the first Bible Association formed in the city of Oxford; and, before the Society could obtain any countenance either in the University or the city, his venerated father's house was the depository from which the publications of the Society were issued." There is a strange irony in the fact that the Bible Society, which owed its inception to a Baptist, and which in its early years gathered so large a reputation on the ground of its support of the translations of Baptist missionaries, should ultimately exclude them from its advantages. Let us hope that wiser and more Christian counsels will ere long prevail, and that the harmony so painfully and regretfully broken may be restored.

Towards the close of the year 1841 Mr. Steane was much gratified on receiving from his friend Dr. Babcock the information that the University of Waterville, in the United States, had conferred upon him the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity. It is, perhaps, a cause of regret that Dr. Steane, through the pressure of events, was not permitted to remain a sufficient length of time at Edinburgh to obtain those literary honours which his ability and diligence would unquestionably have secured to him.

In the year 1845 Dr. Steane was present at the Conference at Liverpool called by the late John Henderson, Esq., of Park, from which sprang the Evangelical Alliance, and to which he rendered the

* I may here introduce an anecdote related by Mr. Steane in a letter to Dr. Babcock, having reference to the views of Dr. Olinthus Gregory on baptism. "The late Dr. O. Gregory," writes Mr. Steane, "than whom no man was better entitled from his mental habits to make such an observation, has often said to me when conversing with him on the subject, 'Sir, this is the only subject in the whole range of Scriptural theology in which all the evidence is on one side.'"

most inestimable service. Referring to this period he writes, "It was about this time that I was drawn beyond what had hitherto been the immediate sphere of my life, into a wider circle of ministerial association, and a new line of Christian activities. I became acquainted with many men distinguished by eminence of character and position in the different Evangelical Churches of Christendom. With some this acquaintance ripened into fellowship. With still more it led to closer association in the councils and practical operations of Christian labour, and with all it elicited a coincidence of sentiment, and a desire for more open and manifested union in the fellowship of love and good works."

Out of these sentiments, which for some time had been fermenting in many Christian minds, arose the Evangelical Alliance, and to no one is the form that the institution assumed so much indebted as to Dr. Steane. To his indefatigable exertions, together with those of his intimate friend, Sir Culling Eardley, was the success of the great œcumenical assembly in London in August and September, 1846, chiefly due. He shaped its business; he guided its counsels; he seized the salient points of every discussion and reduced them to form. The most important of the resolutions of the assembly were drafted by his pen, while his deference to the views of others, and his gracious and devout spirit, secured attention and confidence. At the subsequent conference at Manchester, in November, 1846, he introduced in an able and elaborate speech the plan of the constitution of the Alliance, the work of himself and Sir Culling Eardley. It riveted the attention of the Assembly, and elicited the admiration and gratitude of all who listened to it.

Space forbids us to enlarge on the history and labours of the Alliance, of which, during the years of his health and strength, Dr. Steane was the moving spirit. He directed its influence to the subject of religious liberty on the Continent, and by his agency many cases of persecution were investigated, and a remedy found. We have only to mention the case of the Madaï, the persecutions in Sweden, Germany, Austria, and Spain, in the settlement of which he took a very prominent part. These events led him to make several visits to the Continent, and to seek interviews with men of the highest rank in order to plead before them the cause of the oppressed and the rights of conscience. To cite these labours in detail would be to write the history of the Evangelical Alliance, and to record the

progress of religious liberty throughout the Continent. The volumes that he edited, containing the proceedings and papers of the Conferences in London, Bristol, Glasgow, Liverpool, Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam, all of them more or less devoted to the subject of the "Religious Condition of Christendom," bear testimony to the activity of the Alliance under the general guidance and wise counsels of Dr. Steane.

Two or three brief extracts from his papers, written at the time of the formation of the Alliance, may, however, be permitted. Writing to Mrs. Steane, August 15th, 1846, he says, "We have had a toilsome week, and have the prospect of one, I fear, which is likely to be more toilsome still. But the meetings have been, nevertheless, very delightful, very prayerful, and very harmonious. Many of the most eminent servants of God, both in Europe and America, have either already come, or are on their way to the Conference." After requesting that his brother-in-law should be invited to be present, "Tell him," he says, "he will never in all probability again have the opportunity of attending such a meeting, or seeing such an assemblage of the servants of Christ, till he gets to heaven. The history of the Church through all past ages records nothing like it. Next to the infinite mercy of being made personally a partaker of the great salvation, I can conceive of no honour and no happiness greater than to be a member of that assembly, to take part in its counsels, and to co-operate in its most blessed and God-like design."

A few days later he writes, "Our meetings have been of the most deeply interesting nature, and all the deliberations hitherto have proceeded in a spirit of earnest devotion, fraternal love, and unbroken harmony. When we came to the resolution by which we formed the Evangelical Alliance, such a scene was witnessed as I should imagine was never seen before. After the discussion on the resolution was over, and we were prepared to vote, the whole assembly rose and stood in profound silence before God, every breath was hushed, and a thousand hearts sent up their unuttered prayers. Then, at the call of the chairman, all hands were uplifted in token of the adoption of the resolution, and at the same moment the Doxology, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,' &c., broke forth in thrilling harmony from the entire multitude. This sung, Dr. Raffles cried out, 'Now, brethren, let us all shake hands,' and immediately there were such brotherly greetings and congratulations, such interchanges of Christian love and courtesy, as will never be forgotten."

Another passage from a letter to Mrs. Nash in the following year will give a clear view of the amount of toil which thenceforth fell to the hands of Dr. Steane: "Nobody knows the amount of labour and responsibility which I have had to endure since last October twelve months, when they put upon me in so large a degree the management of the Evangelical Alliance. The demand upon my time, and the mental and literary toil which it has imposed, have been greater than you can conceive; while it has required incessant thoughtfulness and the most watchful care lest an indiscreet word spoken, or sentence written, should wound the sensitiveness or offend the prejudices of the curiously mixed and balanced parties of which our association is composed. I have had to occupy, and occupy still, in this respect, one of the most delicate positions in which a minister could be placed. My consolation has been that I did not seek it, but it sought me. All parties, Churchmen and Dissenters, Presbyterians and Methodists, establishmentarians and voluntaries, with one voice came and said, 'You are the instrument' (and I look upon myself as nothing more) 'by which this extraordinary and important movement must be conducted.' I confess, under these circumstances, it did appear to me like an indication of the will of God, and I dared not refuse. But the weight of anxiety involved in it, the multitude of things to be done, the deliberation and judgment necessary to do them in the way that might conciliate all and offend none, the extent of correspondence, both home and foreign, the preparation of documents and minutes, and the constant application of mind to the entire business of so large and so novel a confederation, have made demands on me, both intellectual and physical, under which I am most thankful to God that I have not broken down."

Thus Dr. Steane became the chief guide and power in the administration of the affairs of the Alliance. It was once said of him that, "had he been a diplomatist or a politician, his qualifications must have placed him very high in either vocation." But these fine gifts were all consecrated to a higher purpose, to the noble endeavour to bring into one recognised fellowship the children of God scattered abroad throughout the world, and to realise the prayer of the Redeemer, "That they all may be one; even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee."

(To be continued.)

The Late Rev. W. M. Lewis, M.A.,
PRESIDENT OF PONTYPOOL COLLEGE

BY THE REV. T. WITTON DAVIES, B.A.

(Concluded from page 63.)



HE winter was now coming on, and, though he was much stronger, Mr. Lewis was recommended to spend a few months in London under Dr. Churchill. This he did. He returned in the following spring, which was a time pregnant with great issues to himself and the college. The resignation of Dr. Thomas, who had been forty years at the head of its affairs, had been placed in the hands of the committee some two years before, but he had been induced to remain at the post he had adorned so long and so well till the end of the 1876-77 session. The committee had been long exercised as to who should be his successor. It was feared by many that Mr. Lewis's health was hardly equal to the arduous duties of the position. But his return with signs of increasing strength removed, or at all events modified, the fear.

Besides, his long and successful university career, his six years' experience in the work of teaching, and the way in which he had aroused the enthusiasm and won the affection of his students—all these pointed to him as THE man for the place.

In the end of May a very large number of the constituents of the college came together to the annual meetings, and with much cordiality Mr. Lewis was elected principal. I was a student in London during his principalship, but I had ample opportunities of observing the efficient manner in which he carried on affairs. He lived to discharge his new duties for three years and a-half, and it is surely enough to say that the credit and usefulness of the institution under its late revered principal were not impaired under the leadership of its younger chief. It may not seem much to say that he took a deep interest in the college library; that he succeeded in adding to it a considerable number of the best works in science, philosophy, and theology; that he had the college building

thoroughly repaired at no small expense, and yet got the whole debt removed by the end of the year; that he brought before the constituents of the college the necessity of building a new library, a scheme which was warmly approved by the committee, but which was left for his successor to carry out. But even these things show how anxious he was for the welfare of the place and the men. His interest in his students was, however, much deeper than could be gathered from these facts. He was greatly concerned about their health, as well as about their intellectual and spiritual progress. When he saw some working beyond their strength, he would not mercilessly urge them on, but he would kindly advise them to take rest, to relax in their ardour.

One of his most diligent students, who worked hard amid many and great infirmities, writes :—

"During all the time I was under Mr. Lewis, he never spoke unkindly to me; on the other hand, he often advised me to take care of my health, advice which he could well and feelingly give, and which I might have valued more highly."

This sympathy was indeed very great, not only in the college, but wherever he moved. Many a tale is told of the way in which he gave or got help for poor ministers and others. What is very wonderful is that, while he had so much sympathy for others who were struggling against heavy odds, he had little pity for himself; for rarely, if ever, could a more painstaking, energetic, and persistent worker be found who had *his* difficulties to cope with.

It is not too much to say that he was in delicate health all the time he was president, and yet, up to the last few months of his life, he was scarcely ever away from his work, in the class-room or elsewhere. Few, indeed, are the men who combine in their nature, as he did, strength and tenderness, stern resoluteness of will, with the gentlest sympathy towards all troubled spirits: it was as if the weeping willow could be seen growing out of the defiant granite. Strong, continuous, his sympathy was also wisely expressed, at the right time and in the right place. I could illustrate this by many instances, if space and propriety allowed.

Notwithstanding all I have said of his kindness, he was an uncompromising tutor, ever insistent upon careful preparation for his classes, and in all matters of discipline he was not to be conquered. I cannot better describe him than by saying that he was wisely kind and kindly resolute.

How successful he was as a teacher is shown by the address presented to him in 1876, and by the united voice of all who sat under him. Testimony to the same effect is borne by the following resolution passed unanimously and cordially by a college committee meeting at which the writer, then pastor at Merthyr, was present.

It was moved by the Rev. W. Rees, Blaenavon, and seconded by the Rev. J. W. Lance, Newport, Mon.—

“That this meeting, while bowing to the will of an Allwise Providence, desires to put upon record its deep sense of the loss the college has sustained by the apparently premature death of its much beloved and esteemed president, Rev. W. Mortimer Lewis, M.A., and also returns its thanks to Almighty God for the good accomplished through his instrumentality in former years as classical and mathematical tutor, and for the last three and a-half years as president of the college. His high scholastic attainments, unfailing integrity, and business-like habits, combined with an exquisitely sympathetic nature, were qualities which eminently fitted him for the discharge of the duties of the responsible and distinguished position which he held.”

In June, 1880, at the end of his last labours at college, he went to Davos Platz, in Switzerland, to recruit his health for the coming year's work. For some time he appeared to benefit much by the change. His old strength was coming back to him, and, ever hopeful, he was now especially so. In consequence of a severe attack of bronchitis he was urged to remove to the milder climate of Veytause, near the Lake of Geneva. On the 15th of October, accompanied by his physician and his brave and devoted wife, he drove down to Ragatz, intending to remain there a few days on the way to Veytause. As they descended the picturesque slopes of the Alps he expressed, for the first time, his belief that the end was near. He felt he was looking for the last time on that grand mountain scenery, with which he was so much enraptured. He said to his wife, “I wonder, Jeannie, if I am dying? If this be death, then it is not hard to die.” After reaching Ragatz, it became more and more evident that the time of his departure was at hand. The Sunday following, his brother Walter arrived from Carmarthen, and by the same train a celebrated professor of medicine from the University of Zürich also arrived. Mr. Lewis was cheered by the arrival of his brother, but his weakness became greater and greater, till his spirit returned to God who gave it. His mind was clear, his spirits buoyant, to the last. He passed away peacefully, trustfully, at the close of an earthly Sabbath—the midnight hour had hardly struck—to enter

upon another Sabbath and better—the heavenly. During the last day he lived, he was frequently heard repeating lines of poetry, and especially passages of Holy Writ. The following were taken down at the time :—

“ Oh, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne’er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of that sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

“ Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng,
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.”

Again, part of Newman’s beautiful hymn—

“ Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O’er moor and fen, o’er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.”

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name ; ” “ I will praise Him, for His mercy endureth for ever ; ” “ Simply to Thy Cross I cling,” he uttered over and over again. He was heard to say, “ If I die here, the ways of Providence are very mysterious to me, but blessed be God for all His loving-kindness to me.” A message of affectionate farewell was sent, at his request, to the students and committee of the College. This was the last thing he spoke of, and it was significant of his passionate interest—strong even in death—in the institution which for ten years he had served.

His remains were brought to Wales for burial, and were interred in the beautiful cemetery at Carmarthen on the 25th day of October, 1880. The immense crowd that gathered to his funeral from all parts, and that came to a by no means central town at the shortest notice, the deep feeling shown by all, the tears shed—all these testify to the large number of Mr. Lewis’s friends and admirers, and the very deep affection with which he was regarded. All the religious denominations of

Wales were represented, from the Unitarian to the High Churchman. Every class of Welsh society expressed, through representatives, their sorrow at the loss of a valued friend. All the shops in his native town were closed, and the blinds of most of the houses were drawn. The long procession was headed by the Corporation of Carmarthen, followed by the students of Pontypool College. The following took part in the funeral service:—Revs. Dr. Davies, Haverfordwest; Dr. Morgan, Llanelly; J. Owen, Swansea; T. Lewis, Risca; T. Witton Davies, B.A., Merthyr; J. Williams, Pontypool; A. J. Parry, Swansea; D. B. Jones, Caerllem; D. Davies, Newport.

It is to me a mystery that so young a man, one whose public career did not cover more than ten years, could gather around him such a troop of intelligent and discriminating friends; and yet it is not all mystery, for those who knew him well were able to see his transparent honesty, his hatred of all shams and shows, his warm, generous, and true nature. He was one of those friends whom we soon learn to "buckle to our souls with hooks of steel."

In his adherence to principles, religious, political, &c., he was firm and immovable. Though by no means obtrusive in bringing his own ideas to the front, he would never shirk from defending them if the occasion required it. Varying the words of one of our poets, he could well say, and in effect did say:—

"I could not love you, friends, so much,
Loved I not truth the more."

There is no one in recent years with whom, in his many and much devoted friendships, Mr. Lewis can be so well compared as the late Lord Beaconsfield. Both liked society and were well fitted to shine in it. Both formed hard-and-fast attachments which became particularly apparent in the end—and after. The friends of both were of no one way of thinking, but they remained friends through all the differences—partly, perhaps, because of them. I have before me letters in reference to Mr. Lewis, written by men of very various opinions. I am only able to give extracts from one or two of these, in addition to those already drawn upon. Rev. W. M. Thomas, Blaina, one of the first students Mr. Lewis had, writes:—

"He was a kind, sincere, and altogether genuine friend, and I am much indebted to him."

Rev. Frank Johnson, Lydbrook, one of the latest students, says :—

“Mr. Lewis's memory will always be reverently cherished by those who knew him, and especially by those who were under his tuition, for, in truth, he won the hearts of us all.”

Rev. Geo. Watson, Presbyterian minister at Pontypool, writes as follows :—

“His friendship I esteemed at no common price, and the loss of it I most deeply deplore. Never shall I know a friend whom I can love and esteem with greater sincerity and affection. His rare moral qualities, and his naturally refined temper and disposition, as well as his radiant intellect, his cultured mind, his ripe scholarship, rendered his friendship worthy of being acquired and cultivated.”

Rev. R. C. Page, of Beckenham, Dr. Thomas's ministerial successor at Pontypool, sends the following :—

“From the first hour of knowing Mr. Lewis I have never held him but in the very highest esteem. One could not help appreciating the deep generous nature with which God had endowed him. Above and beyond his mental powers, which carried him over difficulties to which others would have succumbed, were his loving soul, his large-heartedness, his unceasing spirit of kindness and charity. From my close personal intimacy with him I can confidently say I never heard him speak a harsh word of any one. Whether he or I had reason to be aggrieved with any, he would be sure to end the conversation thus, ‘Ah, well, Page, we must make this excuse for him or that,’ as the case might be. He was truly possessed of that ‘charity’ which ‘covers a multitude of sins.’ His very smile was an index to this spiritual side of his character. He was no mere conventional friend, but truly a brother, and as such I deeply deplore his early death.”

Mrs. Lord, wife of Mr. J. W. Lord, M.A., Senior Wrangler, Cambridge, who, with her husband, was staying at the same hotel at Davos Platz, says :—

“I think so often of Mr. Lewis's gentle patience and sweet temper, and feel it is a lesson to be remembered.”

The following was written by Mr. A. H. Baynes, our Mission Secretary :—

“I am quite sure that all who knew him must have loved him ; my intercourse with him was extremely pleasant and profitable.”

Mr. W. Thomas, Llanelly, speaks of him thus :—

“A very beautiful trait of his character was the absence of animosity ; during a close intimacy of many years I never heard him utter an unkind or uncharitable remark about any one.”

Rev. T. Lewis, B.A., Principal of Bala Congregational College, bears testimony as follows :—

"I lost in him one of the best friends I ever had. I was always impressed by his sympathy with any one in trouble, his thorough disinterestedness, his desire to promote any one's good, even at his own expense."

Rev. Albert Williams, from whose letter a quotation has already been made, further wrote :—

"What he was permitted to do he did right nobly, and in the eye of Heaven his work is done ; and his life, though, like the Master's, a short, is, like His, a completed one. It has been my good fortune to know many Pontypool men of late, and to admire the lofty tone and consecration of their lives. I thought they were catching something of the spirit of their teacher."

Among his students, he was not only admired for his extensive knowledge and his well-cultivated powers, but he was loved as a father, and consulted as a never-weary friend, whose chief pleasure it was to aid and guide them in the many difficulties incident to student life. His was a character which was the more intensely loved the more deeply it was known. Though his sun went down while it was yet day—though he scarcely fringed what promised to be a career of much usefulness and success, yet he lived long enough to accomplish a great and abiding work.

He has sent forth into the world numbers of able and successful ministers of the Gospel, who ascribe much of their usefulness and prosperity to his wise words and noble life. By his students in all parts of the world, by all who knew him enough to appreciate him, ministers and laymen of all religions and political opinions, of all classes and social positions, by these Mr. Lewis will not soon, if at all, be forgotten.

The determined and yet kindly cast of his countenance—for these qualities were to be seen in his face as well as in his character—the sweet melody of his voice, the erect and firm manner of his gait, these will remain in our memory. Above all will his pure, beautiful, and self-denying life be remembered, and it will exercise a permanent and elevating influence upon all who knew him.

Winter and Spring.

“On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect.”—TENNYSON.



O love God is also to love whatever bears the impress of His mind. It is to love His works. And whoever loves His works will find that they teem with illustrations of those living words of inspiration which are the utterance of His heart. To the man of spiritual insight, who lives in companionship with Christ, Nature is the incarnation of a Divine thought; it is an unending parable of God—the God of Revelation. He will find

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

The very fickleness of the weather, the changes of the atmosphere in the transition of the seasons, may sometimes work out into his view a striking picture of what is going on in the unseen life of the Christian man. How often has such a picture presented itself to us in the early months of the year. When—after weeks of comparatively warm weather which has begun to open the buds and to wake the flowers—frost and snow have set in once more, every tree of the field furnishes us with such a picture. In it we see signs of the two seasons; in its opening buds, signs of the Spring; in the snowflakes hanging from the branches, signs of the Winter. And in this meeting together, at one and the same time, of the Spring and the Winter in the life of one and the same tree, we have before us a visible and instructive parable of the meeting together, within one and the same human soul, waking up into a new life, of two mighty opposing forces. Moral Winter and moral Spring are there face to face.

The two colours on the same tree—the white snowflakes and the green leaf—are the outward and visible signs of a *deep inward conflict*. Spring and Winter, clad in their two liveries, are there, if I may so speak, in a kind of direct personal encounter. Within the tree a duel is being fought. And who does not know that there is a conflict analogous to that going on within and around the soul of every true disciple of Christ? There is in him a divine germ, full of hidden life and vigour; but, as yet, it is tender as the opening bud at the

first touch of Spring. It is liable to be nipped. Winter snows may fall upon it, and may wrap themselves round it like a white sheet covering the dead. But it lives notwithstanding. The power of the young Spring is in it, struggling effectually against all the force of the Winter. We must not, however, push the analogy too far, and say, "Well, if it be so that within my soul evil and good, flesh and spirit, Satan and Christ, are at war, just as natural Winter and natural Spring are at war in the life of the tree, I have nothing to do but to remain passive, as the tree does." That would be bad reasoning. You are more than a passive agent; more than a tree. You are a man, with powers of thought and will and action, akin to those of God Himself, "who works in you to will and to do." The tree grows by necessity; man, in his spiritual life, grows only by his own choice. Obedience is growth. "Grow" is, in the spiritual sphere, a word of Divine command—a great central word—a word of duty. It is binding on our spirits for ever. "*Grow* in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

The parable of the trees, in the early spring, is a parable, not merely of conflict, but also of the *severity of the conflict in its first stages*. The severest struggle of tree-life often follows its first tender outburst. The Winter that nips the early buds which opened in sheltered nooks in the month of January is, as a rule, sharper, severer than the winter which re-appears farther on to fight against the leafage and the bloom of the months of the later Spring. The first conflict is the most trying. And so it is—not always, I admit, but frequently—in the spiritual life. Youthful piety, while in the act of opening, has not seldom to do battle with a severer, more cutting Winter than ever comes to it afterwards. Sometimes professing Christians themselves, by their callous indifference, constitute a Winter which cuts the fresh life of youthful religion to the very quick. It is sad in the extreme when their words, their looks, their deeds, as alas! they often do, fall like a heavy snow-storm upon the tender plants in the Lord's vineyard. You touch the apple of God's eye, if you nip one of those plants which are of His own right-hand planting. Be to them, in the first tender stages of their growth, like the soft, warm wind from the south, quickening all the pulses of the world's life, and bringing in the Spring and the Summer; never be to them the cold, biting, deadening Winter. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones," said Christ, "for I say unto you that in

heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."

The issue of the conflict now going on in the fields is certain ; *the Spring will triumph*. In a recent walk in the country, my attention was arrested by a natural picture of three out of the four seasons of the year. I saw it in the hedgeside as I passed. I stopped to examine it. It lay in a crevice in the hedge, within a space not larger than the palm of my hand. The Autumn was there in the form of a dead leaf ; the Winter was there in a layer of hoar frost ; and there, too, peeping out from its sheltered nook, in which it seemed, by a law and secret of its own, to be drinking light from the sun, was one solitary little flower—the flower of a wild strawberry plant—representing the Spring. Was not that a parable with a prophecy in it ? Was it not a prophecy of the great spiritual truth that, side by side with decay and death, there is the promise—the sure promise—of oncoming life, and beauty, and fruit ? The little wild strawberry flower, unlike the dead leaf and the hoar frost, had life in its stem—young life—the life of the oncoming Spring, in the fulness and glory of which every trace of the Autumn and Winter will at length be lost. Yes, the battle between the old Winter and the young Spring is in no sense doubtful ; it must end in the victory of the latter over the former. Through the weeks now passing this victory is being silently achieved before our eyes. It is out there in the change, the marvellous beauty, coming over the gardens, the fields, the woods. Look at it. It is God's own symbol in Nature of the glorious truth revealed in His Word, that the deep struggle now going on in the heart of Christian men will at length issue in a complete and eternal triumph—the triumph of good over evil, and of life over death.

Some years ago I watched a favourite tree in my garden during a heavy snow-storm in the early Spring. It seemed as if the deep, broad sky was full of snow from end to end, and was heaving to empty itself upon the earth. Down fell the snow thicker and faster, and the only thing I saw indicating life in the tree was a scarcely perceptible bud just peeping through the snow-flakes. But the power behind that bit of opening green in the tender bud was immeasurably mightier than the forces which were driving the broad snow-storm through the darkened sky. It was the life-producing power, gathering the wild antagonist forces under its control, and

using them as its ministers, that shielded the opening bud, and caused it to unfold into leaf, and bloom, and fruit. So it is with real godliness in the soul. It is born of God, whose sovereignty is over it every moment. It is born to conflict, but to conflict which is to issue in victory. "In the world," saith Christ, "ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." "Nothing," said Paul, "shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." The Holy Spirit, who is the Author of sincere, faithful devotedness to the Saviour, animating it, inspiring it, carrying it forward into higher and more luminous regions, is, in the feeblest among us, mightier than the combined powers with which we have to wrestle. In overthrowing them, we gather fresh strength for our onward march. Heaven is our home; nor will we pause till, within that home, we stand crowned victors in the light of God.

The Spring is really advanced at times by the very force which seemingly keeps it back. The Winter lays its cold hand upon the Spring, not so much to check it, as to hold it for a time in a state of rest, in order that—collecting its energies, renewing its strength, increasing its vitality—it may ultimately burst forth with greater vigour, and fill the world with richer fruit. So the Winter of trial and bereavement often lays its cold hand upon us and holds us back, not to retard, but to quicken, our progress in the Divine life—not to check, but to advance, our moral growth and to brace us up for holier and nobler deeds. "*Afterwards* it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them who are exercised thereby." "*Afterwards.*" Word of great import in the new Economy of which the Cross of the now ascended Christ is the centre! Read in the light of His ascension, the word "*afterwards*" contains far-reaching and glorious meanings. It points steadily onwards to an infinity of good which yet awaits us *after* all the evils of earthly disappointment, and loss, and death have done upon us their worst. *After* the restless fever of the present life is past, those who are now moulding and governing their lives in the spirit of the sin-atoning, heart-purifying Cross will enter upon a future of perfect blessedness in fellowship with God.

Would that we could habitually realise this. We should then see in all present things new and truer meanings. When our minds and hearts are in harmony with Christ, we shall, in our measure, resemble Him in seeing parables of spiritual truth in the outer world through which we pass. We shall then, perchance, find that Nature will

sometimes become to us Christ's minister, and will talk to our hearts of Him in unexpected ways, filling us with glad surprise. It has often reminded us, and will often remind us again, of the truth we are so prone to forget—namely, that we are on every hand escorted by His Spirit, and that everywhere along our pilgrimage "a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us." Mungo Park, when he was tempted in despair to lie down and die in the African desert, saw that "beneficent purpose lying in wait" for *him*, in a little flower that grew out of a tuft of grass in the sands. "God," he said to himself, "who has taken care to make that flower bloom here in the desert, can surely take care of me." It was to him, in his utter need, a parable of Providence. It checked despair; it inspired hope; it gave fortitude and courage.

Let us listen to the manifold voices by which God is speaking to us through the world within and the world without. Especially let us listen to His voice through the present season of the year. Even aged men will then feel that

"Spring still makes Spring in the mind
When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old."

Voluntarily do in the spirit what the earth in Nature is doing involuntarily. Lift yourselves out of your Winter sleep, and put on fresh robes of light and beauty. Awake; grow; work. Let your life henceforth be an ascent, a continuation of Spring-times, an unbroken succession of fresh awakenings. Rise daily from the lower to the higher, from the old to the new. Rise from the old ignorance to the new knowledge, from the old idleness to the new work, from the old sin to the new purity, from the old hatred to the new love. So, at last, death will only be the transition from the old earth, furrowed over with the graves of the dead, into the Heaven of Immortality, the presence of the living God who createth all things new. "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness. I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

Coventry.

W. T. ROSEVEAR.

Death in Life, and Life in Death.

"Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—COL. iii. 3.

"Thou hast a name to live, and art dead."—REV. iii. 1.



HERE is life from the dead when the tardy Spring
Comes in with a pause in the year ;
It is Nature's new birth, and the joyous Earth
Bursts forth in its loveliest gear.

Their bridal songs the blythe birds sing,
And through the groves their wild notes ring ;
Sweetly and loudly,
Gaily and proudly,
With a love that casts out fear.

There is life in those flowers so gaily array'd
In delicate petal and feather,
Of every hue—red, yellow, and blue—
There is life in the sunny weather.
But the Autumn-leaf, not quite decayed,
Is mixed with the green of the tender blade ;
In a nook in the hill
The snow lingers still ;
There is life and death together.

There is buoyant life in that festal throng,
Whither young men and maidens have sped ;
As they dance to the measure they thrill with pleasure
From the foot to the crown of the head.
They think not of sin in dance or in song :
Yet God's Book says, which never says wrong,
"Who no good hath known,
Save pleasure alone,
Are living, and yet they are dead."

Is it life or death in that chamber by night,
In that closely curtain'd bed ?
Sadly and slowly, lightly and lowly,
They move with a noiseless tread.
With the hand one shades the dim lamp-light,
Lest, dim as it is, it should be too bright
For her who is lying there,
Sick, and dying there,
Sick unto death, if not dead.

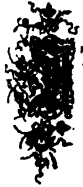
There is death in life in that sunken cheek,
In that glassy, half-shut eye ;
In the fluttering pulse so languid and weak,
In the tremulous, deep-drawn sigh
In the shrunken lip, with its livid hue,
On that pallid brow, with its cold, damp dew,
Is a message Death sends
To the weeping friends—
“I have sealed her as mine, she must die.”

But those glazed eyes have rekindled awhile
With a loving look and bright ;
And about the mouth plays a languid smile—
The last ere she takes her flight !
The lips have murmured one parting word,
The farewell whisper of peace is heard ;
Loosen the silver cord,
Be her soul with the Lord
In His eternal light.

REV. J. STREATHFIELD, M.A.

*The Relict of the Reverend Eliakim Twig.**

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHILIPS.



IT is fifty-seven years since Eliakim Twig received from the Congregational Council then holding at Hatfield, Conn., his licence to preach. The first person to whom he showed it was Miss Obedience Binney. She received it with awed and trembling fingers. She had always had faith in him—the kind of faith that a thin woman, with delicate features and a Connecticut Valley bonnet, gives to a man with loud voice and broad shoulders, who has lived in New York City and once preached near Boston. She addressed a letter to him the next week, when he went to East Hartford, as the Reverend E. Twig, for which the recipient rebuked her with some decision, reminding her that the sacred ceremony of ordination must precede a man's claim to the title which

* From the *New York Independent*.

she so ignorantly handled. Miss Binney blushed for shame, and wrote no more, till at least two of his letters had lain unanswered for some days.

In course of time, however, Eliakim Twig passed through the mysterious process which converted him from a plain Mister into a Reverend expounder of the Word of God to the less highly endowed or presumably less highly sanctified of his fellow-worms. Miss Obedience Binney wondered that he did not immediately receive that urgent call to a prosperous and important parish which she had been led to suppose (she really could not remember exactly how), as a matter of course, awaited the remarkable man who had honoured her with what he called his "affection and esteem," and with the proposition that she should eventually share the privileges and minister to the needs of his important life. Obedience Binney (though she had never said so, which would not have struck her as maidenly) was ready to get upon the knees of her soul to "minister" to this loud, long man. Of her own life, as an integer in their mutual problem, the Reverend Mr. Twig had thought little and she less. So both were satisfied. Obedience, by-the-way, was rather pretty when she was young and happy. Most of us, to be sure, can be as much as that, under those two conditions. She, however, had a good complexion (the fair one, with the delicate flush, that loud men fancy) and excellent features, as I said, besides a fine hand.

The Reverend Mr. Twig was born upon a Connecticut tobacco-farm, and, having a soft-hearted, though loud-voiced father, had received that high-school education which, for reasons never fully revealed to an inquiring public, comes to a pause at the end of the second year. The young man turned from the cultivation of his intellect to that of the parental tobacco, which he pursued with indifferent animation for an uncertain number of years. While at school, he had, unfortunately, developed what was understood in Hatfield to be elocutionary talent, and had been the star of the anniversary exercises upon several occasions, still well preserved in the Hatfield memory. A popular ballad (delivered a good deal on one foot) beginning "Aroint thee, knave!" was his masterpiece, unless we except Byron in the "Coliseum," in which, especially upon the line embodying the "Owl's lo-ong cry," he was said to excel himself.

Haunted during the obscure tobacco period by the recollection of

these intellectual triumphs, as well as by the stinging consciousness of unusual and unemployed lung-power, young Mr. Twig was not without those restless surgings of the spirit toward higher things which when we find them in superior natures we respect and stimulate, while in the commoner types, where they are infinitely more pathetic and in vastly more need of our delicate handling, we gain from them chiefly food for our sense of the ludicrous, which is apt to be the most cruel of our faculties; like other cruel facts in the economy of the universe, perhaps one of the most necessary.

Influenced possibly by these unfulfilled aspirations, and by the depression which aspiration may produce even in people with big voices, Eliakim Twig, after two or three years of tobacco, in one of the annual winter revivals which chronically visited the Hatfield church, became converted. Unfortunately, he developed in the daily meetings, which were the chief moral and social excitement of Hatfield for several weeks, what was known as a "gift in prayer." His voice was fatal to him, if not to the Gospel ministry, which he immediately decided to enter. He went to New York, where he chanced to have a forbearing relative, who boarded him at cost, and entered, or attempted to enter, the Theological Seminary in that city. His stay was short, and was understood in Hatfield to be detrimental to his health. He abandoned New York theology as he had abandoned Hatfield tobacco, and, after an interval vaguely supposed to be spent in private study, drifted into a rural seminary in Maine, which provided what was known as an "extra course" for students of superabundant zeal and deficient education. It is easy to speak of these things lightly; easier than to remember what hard and heavy facts they represent.

At the end of two years the young man was "graduated" in the profound and sacred science with which his profession deals, and turned over to the Hatfield Council, as we said, for his licence to carry the message of the Eternal God to blind and busy men. It might have been worse. The embryo preacher was not a hypocrite; he was only an honest, healthy, vain young man, with a taste for declamations. We all know such cases, and we know now and then one where there has existed a personal surrender to the service of the modest and self-subduing Galilean whom these youth dare to represent which has made of a half-taught but wholly consecrated man a Christian priest of whom the world and the glory of it are not worthy.

One person, at least, believed Eliakim Twig to be such a man, and that was Obedience Binney the day he married her, in her step-mother's parlour, in the presence of a large number of Hatfield church-members in good and regular standing, and of family friends, including the New York relative, who kept his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the bride, and his thoughts to himself. Obedience wore a white muslin gown, shirred at the waist, with full sleeves and a white satin ribbon. She looked exceedingly pretty, in spite of the artificial orange blossom in her hair. Her young face had the rapturous and fatal feminine trust. Mr. Twig looked as if he were about to offer prayer.

It was in December, and there was a great fire in the air-tight stove during the entire ceremony. Mrs. Binney said afterwards she hoped nobody took cold.

They married upon faith, an income commonly supposed sixty years ago to be both suitable and sufficient for members of Mr. Twig's profession, and they proceeded to live upon their income. The Reverend Eliakim Twig did not as yet receive that pressing call to that important church for which his wife, in common with himself, still pathetically supposed him to be destined. He preached at odd times and in odd places. Now and then he "supplied" for a few months. More often than now and then he "candidated" in empty and critical pulpits. Mrs. Twig acquired a sad familiarity with these professional terms, and could no longer be accused of any technical ignorance. She corrected her mother for saying that Mr. Twig had "castigated" several Connecticut churches.

The young couple were understood to be temporarily boarding at the bride's mother's, a phrase which contained no reflection upon the present and much promise for the future, and was adopted with a readiness creditable to Hatfield society. For the brief and blessed interval that fate allows to many not joyous lives Obedience had happiness. Her gentle, unassertant nature was not critical of comfort. She passed through her first illusions brightly, and met her first disenchantments in silence. When her husband lost his temper because his boots were muddy, she said: "I'll black them, dear." (*De mortuis nil*—history does not compel me to state whether he let her do it.) Perhaps the most astonishing discovery of her married life was that Mr. Twig found it so hard to bear a toothache. His ability to take all the cream without asking her if she had had any did not shock

her; she considered cream one of his marital rights. The first time he was cross to her, she cried a little; but she shut herself into her own room to do it, and carefully removed all traces of the tears before she went to supper. The second time she did not even cry. Mr. Twig had just returned from candidating (she had begun to experience nervous chills at the sound of the word, especially when it was distinctly pronounced and the second syllable not slurred over. There seemed to be degrees of moral emphasis in the use of it). Mr. Twig had been candidating in East Hartford, and she said: "Poor fellow!"

East Hartford did not want him. That important place "near Boston" did not invite him. There was a vacant pulpit in Massachusetts which had been for five years unable to agree upon a pastor, and, it was estimated, had pronounced against one hundred and seventeen presumptuous young men. It was a parish of about fifty families, and offered a salary of six hundred dollars to the fortunate applicant. Theological seminaries and clerical exchanges had grown shy of that pulpit, and it was thought that Mr. Twig would have received a call. He did, indeed, make the impression of being a man of talent, and the vote in his favour was considerable, it being urged by an influential deacon that "we might go further and far'wus;" and especially suggested that for a gift at reading funeral hymns, more especially "Why do we mourn?" and "Sister, thou wast," it would not be easy to find his superior. The women of the parish were largely, though not unanimously, in his interest; but, as they had no votes, constituted three-fourths of the church members, and had paid off the society's debt by laborious doughnuts and persistent pin-cushions, their opinions were not consulted. Mr. Twig was invited to supply for six Sundays, and even the gentle Obedience wondered at the result, and went the daring length in scepticism of admitting to herself that the ways of Providence were mysterious. But to her husband she only said, "Never mind, dear. They are a people who could not appreciate you," and timidly stroked his coarse black hair with her fine hand. When his gloomy features relaxed, and he took her face upon those big shoulders, and said she was a good wife, she could not have been much happier if he had candidated successfully in the Golden City, and she had sat in the front pew of the Church Triumphant, watching the enraptured faces of the influential arch-angels who were to pronounce upon the celestial call.

The Reverend Mr. Twig had that spark of unintelligent pride and

obstinacy which often characterises people who have nothing to live on, and he refused the Massachusetts supply. Preaching was scarce just then, and it went rather hard with them, especially as the young clergyman's step-mother-in-law happened to die about that time and threw them out of a boarding-place. Old Mr. Twig offered them a home for an uncertain time, to be sure; but he had a shrewd Yankee mortification in his son, which he found it difficult to conceal, and he offended Eliakim by suggesting that he turn to at the tobacco again.

"I don't see what it is about 'Likim," the old man said to Obedience. "I've taken some pains to find out why he ain't successful in his trade. I spent a sight on his learnin', and Mis' Binney, she's boarded him now two year. He's got learnin' and he's got lungs. What more does a man want to run a pulpit? I inquired of a man that knew another man that come from East Hartford, and he said that the East Hartford folks hadn't no sort of objections to 'Likim. He was pious and he read the impertory psalms as never was by no minister in that pulpit; but he said their old deacon said all the young man wanted was a *few ideas*. I told 'Likim that, for I thought, if that was all, he'd ought to know it and lay in a supply ekal to the demand. It's common business sense. Just lay in a supply ekal to the demand. I allers did with my tobacco."

But old Mr. Twig, in the evening of a life severely consecrated to that elevating vegetable, had secretly slipped into one of those fatal lapses to which long-sustained virtue is pitiably liable, and, unknown to his family or his deacons, had speculated in the then popular stock of the Consolidated Dare and Doubtful and Widows' Mite Railways. Hence, when he likewise was soon afterwards removed, on a calm autumn morning, from the garnering of tobacco to that of amaranth and asphodel, whatever may have been said by the angels in heaven, it was forced upon the executors on earth to announce that the Dare and Doubtful and the Widows' Mite had swallowed and digested the estate, and that there remained to the only son and heir three hundred and twelve dollars and a set of "Barnes's Notes."

"Never mind, dear," said Obedience. "He was a kind father, and he educated you for the Christian ministry."

Now the current swerved a little soon after this, as it will with the most unlucky of us, and the Reverend Mr. Twig, after nearly three years of that kind of probation which quenches the light out of women's eyes and wrings the good temper out of men's hearts, received

a call to become the pastor of a parish of uncertain geographical location and limited historical importance in the State of Maine.

He was inclined, at first, to refuse the invitation, on the ground of the insufficient importance of the position; he had of late been in correspondence with a seminary classmate, who had declined five calls, in the belief that the Lord intended him for a larger type of usefulness; but the plain good sense of Mrs. Twig, for once in her gentle life, uprose and claimed a hearing. She carried her point and settled her minister. They had four hundred dollars and a parsonage; and ah, they had, at last, a parish, a position, and a justification for existence. Obedience went the length in extravagance of new gray bonnet-strings (satin, with a pink sprig) at the installation, and, at the first Sunday-morning service in their own church, hid beneath her beaver poke those tears of tenderness and tremulous hope which a sweet-hearted woman can wring out of the most barren contingencies of life. She held up her head with a beautiful motion when she waited for her husband to lead her down the aisle to introduce her to the president of the sewing society. To the end of her days she spoke with a pathetic pride of "our people." Mr. Twig remained in that parish (East Economy was the name of it) for three years and a-half.

(To be continued.)

Faith.

To thy heart take Faith,
Soft beacon-light upon a stormy sea;
A mantle for the pure in heart to pass
Through a dim world, untouched by living death;
A cheerful watcher through the spirit's night,
Soothing the grief from which she may not flee;
A herald of glad news; a seraph bright
Pointing to sheltering heavens yet to be!

LUCY HOOPER.

Recent Utterances on Baptism.



It is impossible for those who are interested in the progress of our denomination to be altogether indifferent to the attitude assumed by other Churches towards our principles and practices. Our first and supreme duty is to enunciate and uphold what we believe to be the truth, and to be faithful to our trust. The path we have to pursue is clear, "whether men will bear or forbear;" and, in view of the approval of our Lord, it should be with us a very small thing to be judged of man's judgment. We must stand at our post whether the world applauds or censures. At the same time, as our witness has to be borne to others, and our work can only succeed as it wins their assent, we ought not to be indifferent to the estimate which our brethren outside our own community form of our principles. It is our simple and sincere desire to maintain the will of our Lord, and we should therefore carefully consider all that is said either in favour of or against our interpretation of Scripture. "The Bible, and the Bible only," is our religion. To ascertain and extend its teachings is our highest aim; and, if we can be shown to be in error, most willingly shall we recede from our position, and prove loyal to our clearer conceptions of the truth. We propose from time to time to lay before our readers extracts from expository and doctrinal works published by the most prominent Pædobaptist authors, with the view of enabling them to judge of the light in which our principles are regarded by the most candid and competent judges.

We begin with Professor Plumpton, Dean of Wells, author of the Notes on the Synoptic Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and 2nd Corinthians in Bishop Ellicott's "Commentary on the New Testament."

On Mark i. 4.

The symbolism of ablution as the outward sign of inward purification was, of course, derived from the Mosaic ritual. It was ordered for the consecration of the priests (Exod. xxix. 4; Lev. viii. 6), for the purification of the leper and other unclean persons (Lev. xiv. 8, xv. 31, 32). It had received a fresh prominence from the language of Isa. i. 16, of Ezek. xxxvi. 25, of Zech. xiii. 1, and probably (though the date of the practice—which we find among the Jews in the second

century after Christ, and which was not likely to have been adopted by them from the Christian Church—cannot be fixed with certainty) from its being used on the admission of proselytes, male or female, from heathenism. The question asked by the priests and Levites in John i. 25 implies that it was expected as one of the signs of the coming of the Messiah, probably as the result of the prophecies just referred to. That which distinguished the baptism of John from all previous forms of the same symbolism was that it was not for those only who were affected by a special uncleanness, nor for heathen only, but for all. All were alike unclean, and needed purification; and their coming to baptism was in itself a confession that they were so. The baptism was, as the name implied, an immersion, and commonly, though not necessarily, in running water. The neuter form (*baptisma*), it may be noted, is used, throughout the New Testament, of the special rite; the masculine (*baptismos*), as in chap. vii. 4, 8, Heb. vi. 2, ix. 10, for the less significant “ablutions” or “washings” of the Mosaic code. The special phrase “baptism of repentance”—i.e., the sign of repentance, that which was connected with it, and pre-supposed it—meets us in Luke iii. 3, and Acts xix. 4. In the former passage we find also “forgiveness of sins” as the result of the baptism; and we cannot doubt, therefore, that then, as evermore, repentance was followed by forgiveness, even though the blood which availed for that forgiveness (Matt. xxvi. 28) had not as yet been shed.

On Mark i. 8.

As heard and understood at the time, the baptism with the Holy Ghost would imply that the soul thus baptized would be plunged, as it were, in that creative and informing spirit which was the source of life and holiness and wisdom, and which should bring with it a more than ceremonial purity. The words received a fulfilment in the Pentecostal gift of Acts ii. 4, but that gift was but the pledge and earnest of the new birth by water and the Spirit (John iii. 5), which was to be the perpetual inheritance of the Church.

On Acts i. 5.

See Matt. iii. 2. The words threw the disciples back upon their recollection of their first admission to the Kingdom. Some of them, at least, must have remembered also the teaching which had told them of the new birth of water and of the Spirit (John iii. 3-5) and how they were told that their spirits were to be as fully baptized—i.e., plunged—into the power of the Divine Spirit as their bodies had been plunged into the waters of the Jordan. And this was to be “not many days hence.” The time was to be left undefined, as a discipline to their faith and patience. They were told it would not be long, lest faith and patience should fail.

On Acts ii. 38.

The work of the Apostles is in one sense a continuation, in another a development, of that of the Baptist. There is the same indispensable condition of “repentance”—i.e., a change of heart and will—the same outward rite as the symbol of purification, the same promise of forgiveness which that change in-

volved. But the baptism is now, as it had not been before, in the name of Jesus Christ, and it is connected more directly with the gift of the Holy Spirit.

On Acts ii. 41.

The largeness of the number has been urged as rendering it probable that the baptism was by affusion, not immersion. On the other hand, (1) immersion had clearly been practised by John, and was involved in the original meaning of the word, and it is not likely that the rite should have been curtailed of its full proportions at the very outset; (2) the symbolic meaning of the act required immersion in order that it might be clearly manifested, and Rom. vi. 4 and 1 Pet. iii. 21 seem almost of necessity to imply the more complete mode. The pools of Bethesda and Siloam (see John v. 7, ix. 7), or the so-called Fountain of the Virgin, near the Temple enclosure, or the bathing-places within the Tower of Anthony (Jos., "Wars," v. 5, § 8), may well have helped to make the process easy. The sequel shows (1) that many converts were made from the Hellenistic Jews who were present at the Feast (chap. vi. 1), and (2) that few, if any, of the converts were of the ruling class (chap. iv. 1). It is obvious that some of the converts may have gone back to the cities whence they came, and may have been the unknown founders of the Church at Damascus, or Alexandria, or Rome itself.

On Acts viii. 37.

The verse is a striking illustration of the tendency which showed itself at a very early period to improve the text of Scripture, with a view to greater edification. It existed in the time of Irenæus, who quotes it (chap. iii. 12), but is wanting in all the best MSS., including the Sinaitic, and many versions. The motive for the interpolation lies on the surface. The abruptness of the unanswered question, and the absence of the confession of faith which was required in the Church's practice on the baptism of every convert, seemed likely to be stumbling-blocks, and the narrative was completed according to the received type of the prevailing order for baptism. Even with the insertion, the shortness of the confession points to a very early stage of liturgical development, as also does the reference to it in Irenæus.

On Acts viii. 38.

The Greek preposition might mean simply "unto the water," but the universality of immersion in the practice of the early Christian Church supports the English version. The eunuch would lay aside his garments and descend chest-deep into the water, and be plunged under it "in the name of the Lord Jesus;" the only formula recognised in the Acts (see note on chap. ii. 38). So it was, in the half-playful language in which many of the Fathers delighted, that "the Ethiopian changed his skin" (Jer. xiii. 23).

On Acts xvi. 15.

It does not follow from St. Luke's condensed narrative that all this took place on the same day. The statement that "her household" were baptized has often been urged as evidence that infant baptism was the practice of the Apostolic age. It must be admitted, however, that this is to read a great deal between the lines,

and the utmost that can be said is that the language of the writer does not exclude infants. The practice itself rests on firmer grounds than a precarious induction from a few ambiguous passages. (See Matt. xix. 13-15.) In this instance, moreover, there is no evidence that she had children, or even that she was married. The "household" may well have consisted of female slaves and freed-women whom she employed, and who made up her *familia*. It follows, almost as a necessary inference, that many of these also were previously proselytes. For such as these, Judaism has been a "schoolmaster," leading them to Christ. (See Gal. ii. 24.) We may think of Euodia and Syntyche, and the other women who "laboured in the Gospel" (Phil. iv. 2, 3) as having been, probably, among them. The names of the first two occur frequently in the inscriptions of the *Columbaria* of this period, now in the Vatican and Lateran Museums, the Borghese Gardens, and elsewhere, as belonging to women of the slave or *libertinæ* class.

On Acts xvi. 33.

The twofold washings, that which testified of the repentance of the gaoler and his kindly reverence for his prisoners, and that which they administered to him as the washing of regeneration, are placed in suggestive juxtaposition. He, too, was cleansed from wounds which were worse than those inflicted by the rods of the Roman lictors. No certain answer can be given to the question whether the baptism was by immersion or affusion. A public prison was likely enough to contain a bath or pool of some kind, where the former would be feasible. What has been said above (see note on verse 15) as to the bearing of these narratives on the question of infant baptism applies here also, with the additional fact that those who are said to have been baptized are obviously identical with those whom St. Paul addressed (the word "all" is used in each case), and must, therefore, have been of an age to receive instruction together with the gaoler himself.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, are now issuing a series of "Handbooks for Bible Classes," which have attracted the attention of all Biblical students for their solid worth. Dr. James Macgregor, Professor of Systematic Theology in the New College, writes the Notes on the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians. In his comment on chap. iii. 27, he says:—

(The English version may suggest that only some of those addressed by Paul had been baptized. No such suggestion is warranted by the Greek, which is consistent with the statement, "Ye, when baptized, put on Christ.") The **WERE BAPTIZED** with **DID PUT ON CHRIST** bids us look back and see what took place at the moment of baptism. *Into Christ*: manifestly a very deep expression, as if they had lost themselves in Him in order to be truly found in Him. It is not necessary to raise any question here about baptismal regeneration; for to reason upon the fact that the baptism which regenerates (Matt. iii. 11) is antecedent to faith, while the baptism received by adult converts (Acts xvi. 14, 15, and 31-34) is consequent on faith, would be to go into a controversy not fairly raised by this text. Nor need we here raise any debate about the legitimacy of infant baptism.

Paul is here speaking only of the normal case of an adult believer, and taking baptism as a symbol of the meaning of being in the faith. In that normal case the believer, in the act of receiving baptism, formally and solemnly declares his acceptance of Christ as Redeemer and King; and the man who has received Christ as Redeemer and King is in the condition not only of a child of God's house, but of a *son* of God, who has attained to completed emancipation from even the kindly tutelage of the law.

There are few abler theologians in Germany than Dr. Bernhard Weiss, Counsellor of the Consistory and Professor of Theology in Berlin. In the third and revised edition of his "Biblical Theology," a translation of which is now in course of publication, he writes (vol. i., chap. vii.):—

Baptism into the name of Christ, which presupposes faith in Him, and binds the believer to belong to Him exclusively, can be regarded primarily as a washing away of the stain of guilt; in it, however, the Holy Spirit of God, which is the principle of the new life in the believer, is also bestowed. (b) Through this Spirit, which is the Spirit of Christ, the believer enters into a living fellowship with Christ, in virtue of which Christ lives in him and he in Christ. (c) In this living fellowship with the Christ who died and rose again, the believer dies as to his old nature and begins a new life. (d) Thus in baptism there is accomplished in him a new creation, through which holiness and righteousness are, in principle, realised in him.

In the Pauline Churches, as well as in the Mother Church, reception into the Christian Church took place through baptism into the name of Christ (1 Cor. i. 13-16). Baptism, therefore, presupposes faith in Him as the One whom the Christian Church designates with the name of their Lord, and also binds to an adherence in Him (v. 12), which excludes every dependence upon any other (cf. iii. 23; *ὑμεῖς χριστοῦ*), inasmuch as He has acquired a claim upon their devotion by the saving deed of His self-surrender on the Cross. Now, seeing that the death of Christ has rendered forgiveness of sin possible, baptism can be regarded as a washing away of the stain of guilt (1 Cor. vi. 11: *ἀπελούσασθε*; cf. Acts xxii. 16, Eph. v. 26). Inasmuch as he who has attained to faith confesses it by the reception of baptism, he receives in the latter the symbolical pledge of the forgiveness of sins or the justification which is conditioned by faith.

In Rom. vi. 3 Paul plainly takes the formula *βαπτίζεσθαι εἰς χριστόν*, not in its original sense of a being baptized unto Christ (= *εἰς ὄνομα χριστοῦ*), but in conformity with the strict meaning of *εἰς* in the sense of a being baptized into Him, whereby one is put into a real fellowship of life with Him. As many as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ (Gal. iii. 27). As one is in a garment, which one has put on, so the consequence of their having put on Christ is that they are now in Him (v. 28: *πάντες ὑμεῖς εἰς ὅτι ἐν χριστῷ ἦσθε*). Here, too, the condition of belonging to Christ which is established in baptism (v. 29: *εἰ δε ὑμεῖς χριστοῦ*) appears as synonymous with this state of being in Christ (cf., also, the *ὁ τοῦ χριστοῦ* of 1 Cor. xv. 23, referring to the *ἐν χριστῷ* of verse 22); and

if it is said of baptism in xii. 13 : *ἐν ἐνὶ πνεύματι ἡμεῖς πάντες εἰς τὸ σῶμα ἐβαπτίσθημεν*, yet Christians have attained to this unity of the body by their being all in the same manner *ἐν χριστῷ* (Rom. xii. 5 : *οἱ πολλοὶ ἐν σῶμα ἕσμεν ἐν χριστῷ*). And as baptism presupposes faith, so the communication of the Spirit which puts men into the living fellowship with Christ is expressly made dependent upon faith. It is only on occasion of the message of faith (accepted and obeyed in the faith, which it demands) that the Christian has received the Spirit with its gifts (Gal. iii. 2, 5); it is only through faith that he receives the promised Spirit *τὴν ἐπαγγελίαν τοῦ πνεύματος*, verse 14.

To the Christian, Christ is primarily necessarily the one that died ; for, as such, He is to Him the Mediator of Salvation. If, therefore, the Christian feels himself in a real fellowship with this Christ, he has been crucified with Him (Gal. ii. 2) ; cf. vi. 14 ; Rom. vi. 6), and has died with Him (verse 8). Baptism, which has translated him into this fellowship, is, accordingly, not only a being baptized into Him (*βαπτίζεσθαι εἰς χριστόν*), but, in particular, a being baptized into His death (*βάπτισμα εἰς τὸν θάνατον αὐτοῦ*) ; and as the certainty of the death of Christ is sealed by His burial, so the submersion of the person who is baptized is, as it were, a being buried, by means of which the fact that he has died with Christ is also sealed (Rom. vi. 4 ; cf. Col. ii. 12). Thus Paul now first altogether reaches that symbolical idea of the rite of baptism, according to which it represents *μετένοια* ; for the dying with Christ, which is symbolically sealed in it, is a dying of the old man, a destroying of the body (in so far as it was previously a body ruled by sin, ver. 6), whereby man dies unto sin (vers. 2-11), is made free from its dominion (vers. 6, 18, 22), and, therefore, puts away his whole previous disposition and direction of life. But this naturally involves the positive renewal of these ; and this renewal is also now accomplished by this, that in baptism man is put into real fellowship with Christ. If we have become united with Him (*τάφηνται γυνόμεναι*) — i.e., have entered into a real fellowship with Him, by this likeness of His death—i.e., by this death of His being copied in our inner life, this fellowship must also show itself in respect of the resurrection (ver. 5), which immediately followed the death of Christ, and without which He would not have been the Mediator of our salvation. It can only be owing to accident that the term *συνεγείρεσθαι* (Col. ii. 12, iii. 1 ; Eph. ii. 6) does not occur in our Epistles, and that the obvious analogy of this resurrection with the rising up out of the grave of the baptismal water is not drawn. In substance, it is implied in the statements : that, according to a logical necessity, living with Christ follows upon dying with Him (Rom. vi. 8), and that the end of being buried with Him in baptism is newness of life (ver. 4), which henceforth does not belong to sin, to which we have died, but to God (vers. 11-13).

The following quotation from the Rev. Joseph Agar Beet's recent "Commentary on the Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians" will speak for itself. Mr. Beet is a popular Wesleyan minister, and the author of a well-known "Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans," which

has deservedly called forth the warmest eulogies from critics of every school. In his note on 1 Cor. i. 16, Mr. Beet remarks

that Paul is said to have baptized the three households of Lydia and the gaoler (Acts xvi. 15-33), and Stephanas has been appealed to in proof that he baptized infants, on the ground that these three families probably contained infants, and that when Paul baptized the household he must have baptized the infants. But that these three persons, one a woman in business, of whose husband nothing is said, had infant children is far from certain, and is a very unsafe basis for argument. Nor does the phrase "baptized the house" make it certain that the infants, if there were any, were baptized. For we are told (John iv. 54) that the courtier of Capernaum "believed, himself and his whole house;" so did (Acts xviii. 8) Crispus, and probably (xvi. 34) the gaoler; Cornelius (x. 2) "feared God with all his house;" the house of Stephanas was (1 Cor. xvi. 15) "a first-fruit of Achaia." But this by no means implies that in these five homes there were no infants, or that the infants believed the Gospel or feared God; but simply that those capable of understanding the Gospel believed it. Just so in reference to baptism. Paul's readers knew whether he was accustomed to baptize infants. If he was, they would infer that he baptized the infants, if there were any. If he was not, they would interpret his words to mean that he baptized all who were of suitable age. We are told expressly that three entire households, one (John iv. 53), probably containing servants, believed the Gospel. Even now it sometimes happens that a whole family seeks admission to the Church. And such cases must have been far more frequent when the Gospel was first preached. No doubt other families besides that of Cornelius were groping their way towards the light, and were ready to hail its appearance. Consequently, those passages render no aid to determine whether the apostles baptized infants.

Dr. Whedon, under Acts xvi. 34, supposes that all the gaoler's household were infants (!!!) and that their faith was implied in his. Under Acts xvi. 15, he quotes approvingly Dr. Schaff, who asserts five cases of baptized households, and in proof quotes passages, of which two are seen in a moment to be actually against him. Dr. Schaff adds, "It is hardly conceivable that all the adult sons and daughters in these five [he ought to have said three] cases so quickly determined on going over with their parents to a despised and persecuted religious society." I understand him to mean that the fact that the household was baptized makes it inconceivable that it contained adult children. But we are told that three men believed with "all" their houses; and we cannot conceive this to mean that the faith of infants was implied in their father's faith. Schaff and Whedon say that the baptized households are "given merely as examples," but of this they give no proof whatever.

Patience.

“Let patience have her perfect work.”—JAMES i. 4.



THE Apostle wishes the Christian people to whom he is writing to rise to the high level of sentiment and character on which they shall “count it all joy when they fall into divers trials.” To reach that level is a sublime achievement of the Christian life. Trials go so decidedly against the grain of our natural feeling that there is real greatness in the endurance of them without restiveness and discontent, and greatness of a still higher order in a cheerful acquiescence generated and sustained by the thought of the beneficence of the Divine purpose which runs through them and conducts them to fine and noble issues. “The trying of your faith worketh patience”—the divinest heroism of the soul. When faith is put to the test by disappointment, affliction, or perplexity, we discover the nature of the stuff it is made of. If it can *stand* the test, it is *made stronger* by the test, and other graces flourish in the sunshine of its prosperity. “Let patience,” then, “have her perfect work.” Let her have free scope. Be patient always up to the full measure of trial. It is this which gives *finish* to the Christian character. The power of cheerful endurance includes the power of growth in all that is holy, and good, and beautiful, which the grace of God has implanted in the man. “That ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.”

Many considerations commend to us the cultivation of this noble virtue of patience. The following are some of them.

I. PATIENCE IS NECESSARY TO THE RIGHT ACTION OF OUR NATURE. How prone we are to let the meaner elements within us domineer over the nobler! Impatience is often the effect of the perverted action of our best attributes. If we had no capacity for desire, no sense of order, no consciousness of moral authority, we should accept what we called annoyances and troubles as being in the natural course of things. But we are great creatures, and these annoyances and troubles have an appearance of disorder, and impropriety, and wrong; and so they vex us. But our truest greatness in these conditions consists in not yielding to the vexation. If we yield, we are compromised and degraded. We ought to be superior to all petulance of spirit.

II. PATIENCE IS NECESSARY TO THE RIGHT USE AND DEVELOPMENT

OUR ORDINARY LIFE. This is a world one of the most remarkable features of which is that nobody in it can always have his own way. How many objects there are that we love, but cannot keep; how many things that we long for, but cannot have! To a vain, selfish, undisciplined soul, life is one prolonged temptation to discontent; to the humble, patient, well-disciplined soul, it is one unbroken opportunity of moral triumph. The only strength possessed by the one is that which wastes itself in fretfulness; the meek submissiveness of the other, so easily mistaken by superficial observers for weakness, is, to those who look deeper, the sign of a strength like unto that which is Divine.

III. PATIENCE IS NECESSARY TO A HEALTHY SELF-RESPECT. There are some people who are always contrasting their own hard lot with the good fortune of others. All that is good in their nature is eaten up by a voracious, insatiable envy. Never was anybody so troubled as they are! It may be presumed that nobody *deserves* to be troubled as they are. At any rate, for very much of their trouble they have only themselves to blame; for they make it, to a great extent, what it is by their eternal discontent, for which the sooner they despise themselves the better. These mean comparisons are the offspring of a vanity that is impotent to reach its own aim, and of a jealousy that is too rabid for self-concealment. There is an infinite difference between self-conceit and self-respect. Fretfulness is a sign of the one; patience is an evidence of the other.

IV. PATIENCE IS NECESSARY TO SOCIAL HARMONY. The impatient are always unloving and unlovely. They get on comfortably with nobody; nobody gets on comfortably with them. One fretful spirit can make any number of people unhappy. If all were fretful together, what a noisy menagerie this world would be! It is a torture to have to live with a soul given up to moaning and groaning and grumbling. The impatient get no sympathy. You may pity them for a while, and may try to put up with them, under the impression that they are, as they say, very much tried; but by-and-by you grow weary of the incessant worry, and you feel that it must be put down, if it can be, at any cost. On the contrary, the patient draw to themselves all kindly hearts. Those around them are proud to help them. They are not pitied; they are felt to be too noble, too graceful, too heroic for pity, and they are honoured and loved. They carry with them a sweet, subduing, soothing influence wherever they go.

V. PATIENCE IS NECESSARY TO PIETY. Piety is that mood or state of the soul in which everything is regarded in its relation to God. We never, in judgment—whatever we may do in our more unguarded feelings—ascribe wrong-doing to Him. Reverence leads us to recognise fitness, wisdom, utility in all His arrangements and permissions. We may not be able sometimes to trace the working of His beneficent purpose; but, if we think of Him aright, we are sure of the purpose itself, and sure, moreover, that it will not fail. That is the solemn conviction of the judgment; and, when that conviction descends, in all its reconciling force, into the heart, it comes out grandly in the life, and the tossed and troubled soul does not break away from its moorings to drift helplessly over an ocean made fierce by calamity and dark by unbelief, but calmly suffers on, saying: “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” Fretfulness hides the sublime attributes of Providence. It distorts the “graver smile” of God into a frown. It mistakes the grandeur of love for the meanness of an arbitrary severity. It forestalls resignation. It immolates faith. It is an outbreak of impiety. Let us rather look up into the Divine Face, even through our tears, if we *must* weep, and say—

“As Thou wilt, O Lord! I ask no more.

With the promise, Faith pursues her way.

Patience can endure through Sorrow's night;

Hope can look beyond to Heaven's own day;

Love can wait, and trust, and labour still;—

Life and death shall be according to Thy will.”

VI. PATIENCE IS NECESSARY TO THE ENJOYMENT OF THE CONSOLATIONS WHICH THE PROVIDENCE AND GRACE OF GOD HAVE STORED UP FOR US. Some great trouble comes upon you—the loss of health, or property, or of one tenderly beloved. You are not asked to be a stoic in such an experience. You have sensitive nerves, and they are not to be petrified into strings of steel. You have an affectionate heart, and it is not to be hardened into stone. But, however acutely you may feel your loss, faith, memory, hope, imagination are still left to you—yes, even in close and inviolable relation to the precious thing which has been taken away; and out of these there may flow into your soul innumerable soothing and comforting influences. It will be so if patience has her perfect work. But let trouble shatter patience, and it will shatter a great deal besides. In the glooms and confusion and unrest of fretfulness, none of the beautiful things of the soul can grow. When a great trouble comes, what a blessing to be able to

remember a gracious past, to calculate blessed issues, to fall back upon the fundamental principles of the spiritual life, and to sun yourself in the warm and holy light of the truth, that, while "change and decay in all around you see," love, and God, and Christ, and heaven are all "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Yield to impatience, and all these sustaining convictions are torn out of the soul with rude and reckless hand. A soul firm in its patience, because calm in its reliance on God, cannot be crushed by misfortune. The angels of consolation will lovingly minister to its needs, and it will know "the peace which passeth all understanding."

VII. PATIENCE IS NECESSARY TO THE DISCHARGE OF DUTY. Man has to work as well as to suffer and to enjoy—to work for bread, for knowledge, for the support and training of his family, for the public good. He has to "work out his own salvation," and to work also for the salvation of others. He has to work for time, and also for eternity. This life of work is a life of blessedness so long as his motives are pure and he is conscious of adequate strength. But I know of no quality or tendency of the mind more destructive of the spirit of duty than that of fretfulness. The impatient soul is never at the right post at the right moment—is always stumbling over somebody or something—always out of the way when wanted, or else in the way when not wanted—always giving off valuable energy in complainings, energy which would be more healthily and honourably occupied in addressing itself manfully to the duty nearest to hand. With the work of life before us we cannot afford to spend time and strength in bemoaning our disappointments and troubles. We must toil to live; we must fight to conquer; and if the postponement of the reward and the victory makes us peevish, and thus draws off our moral energies from the struggles in which they are so indispensable, what a melancholy doom is ours!

Brethren, this patience is one of the divinest virtues of the spiritual life—one of the comeliest fruits of godliness. In its calmness, its purity, its majesty, its gladness, what elements of divine power and beauty are congregated together in loveliest accord! Behold the fair grace, "seated on her monument and smiling at grief," until you are changed into the same image. I know how stern this human life is to many of us. Though I have spoken of fretfulness in words which seem devoid of sympathy, I mean them only for those who, in their fretfulness, resent any attempt to show them a more excellent way.

"Let us cast our burdens on the Lord," who "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust," and who will welcome the first signs of holy submission to His will. Let our fellowship with the suffering Christ be so close, so trustful, and so loving that His peace shall flow into our souls. For with His peace there will also be His patience; and His patience will give to us something of a hallowed resemblance to His loveliness.

"O Father! not My will, but Thine be done!"

So spake the Son.

Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise

Of griefs and joys;

That we may cling for ever to Thy breast,

In perfect rest."

Love Shall Lead Me.

A LITTLE STORY FOR THE YOUNG.



HATE it all, and I won't give up," exclaimed a lad of fifteen, bursting into a pleasant sitting-room, one winter's morning. "Why not?" asked his sister Lucy, lifting her eyes to his face. "Because—because I don't like," answered the boy impetuously. Lucy smiled and gently shook her head. "Now, Lucy, I know what you mean, you think that is no reason at all, but *I* think it is a very good one indeed—I *don't like* it, and I don't see why I should give up going, that's all." "You *like* the thought of the party, and you *love* your mother, dear Charlie," replied his sister, quietly resuming her work. "What has loving mamma to do with it?" asked he, knowing what Lucy would say, but not wishing to be convinced. "If you say 'I will go, because I like,' you are led by selfishness; if, instead, you say, 'I will give it up because I love mamma,' you are led by love. Which shall lead you, dear?" and Lucy looked tenderly into the boy's flushed face. He stood silent, with down-cast eyes for some minutes, but the gentle word had found its way, and at length he raised his eyes to Lucy's, kissed her earnestly, and bounded from the room, saying, "Love shall lead me, Lucy."

Mrs. Leonard was anxious; this party was a long anticipated pleasure, and only the day before this struggle and self-conquest on Charlie's part had she become aware of the fact that some boys

whose acquaintance for him she strongly disapproved would be at the party. Charles Leonard was too old to be treated *as a child* in such a matter, and his mother was too wise to exercise her authority by forbidding him to go; she explained the case fully to him, and her wishes in regard to it, and *left him to choose*. But she was anxious; she felt it was a turning-point in the boy's life, and prayed that God's Spirit might guide him in the decision. He came, and putting his hand on her shoulder, said: "I have chosen; love shall lead me, mamma;" that was all, but her bright, thankful look as she said: "You have made my heart glad, my child, and you will never regret love's leading," made his heart throb with joy.

Charlie's principles were to have fuller training yet, however, and to take still deeper root. Very soon after this time, Lucy, whom he loved devotedly—as we all love those who have helped us in self-conquest—was struck by a piece of broken glass, which injured one of her eyes seriously. After much suffering it was found that the sight could not be restored, and sympathy so affected the other eye as greatly to impair, though not absolutely destroy, its power. Months of suffering and suspense resulted in an indistinct recognition of the most familiar objects, but that was all. Even gentle Lucy found patient submission to this great and unexpected trial very difficult. She strove hard to accept it as "God's will concerning her," for she was a Christian in deed and truth; but one day she caught herself saying, "*I do not like* this darkness and helplessness," when the words recalled to her Charlie's decision about the party. "No," she thought, "truly I do not *like* it, but I do *love* God who has sent it—*love shall lead me*, as dear Charlie said." So she was herself helped by the help she had given.

Lucy's accident, and its consequences, were a terrible distress to her brother, but were the means of deepening, as few things could have done, the effect of his last victory over himself: and "*Love shall lead me*" became from this time his ruling principle. The boy's devotion to his sister was untiring, and it was lovely to see his readiness to give up *anything* for her comfort, hushing his voice if she were in pain, restraining his quick step to suit hers; hosts of little acts of thoughtful love testified to the self-forgetfulness that ruled him. Often Lucy would remonstrate against his giving himself up so entirely to her and would suggest companions and favourite amusements to tempt him to leave her side. But his answer was always

ready, "I like them, but I love you—love shall lead me!" and what could she say to her own argument?

Lucy learned in time to thank God for the accident, which she found led by rough ways to many blessings, and she is ever Charlie's dearest care, while Love Divine leads them both towards the Heavenly Home.

L.

"The Mackonochie Manœuvre."



IN an article which appeared in our last number on the late Archbishop of Canterbury, there were a few sentences concerning what then appeared, and what still appears, to have been an unworthy, if not treacherous, device by which an exchange of "livings" was brought about between the Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, of St. Alban's, Holborn, and the Rev. Mr. Suckling, of St. Peter's, London Docks. It was impossible, at the time, to touch that subject in such an article without reflecting in terms of deep regret upon the part which his Grace was understood to have performed in the shameful transaction. The paragraph, in so far as it related to the deceased Prelate, was dictated by a feeling of perplexity and sorrow rather than by one of anger. "We can only account," it was observed, "for so strange and inconsistent an action on the supposition that he took an aggravated view of the dangers which would be engendered by further litigation. Probably his physical weakness and depression are accountable for suggestions which, in themselves, demand the severest reprehension, and offer to law-breakers a dangerous and fatal encouragement."

An attempt has since been made, apparently with some slight success, to relieve the Archbishop's procedure in this extraordinary business from the stigma which it so clearly seemed to deserve. The plea is that he did not suggest the exchange of benefices, that he was not even aware of the suggestion, and that consequently it did not receive his sanction. The proof adduced is as follows:—The Archbishop, pained by the scandal to the Church which had arisen out of the St. Alban's and the Miles Platting cases, and anxious for peace, wrote to Mr. Mackonochie, begging him to resign his living, without any "hint as to his being provided for elsewhere." After a fortnight's delay, Mr. Mackonochie acceded to the request, but at the same time expressed the hope that he might rely on his Grace's good offices with the Bishop of London with a view to his being appointed to whatever work in the diocese might offer itself to him. This led his Grace to write to the Bishop of London in the following terms:—

"I enclose to you a copy of a correspondence which has passed between Mr. Mackonochie and myself. I have, of course, in no way committed you to the action I have thought well to take in the interests of peace.

"It appears to me a great blessing that a gate of reconciliation should have been

opened by Mr. Mackonochie's willingness to resign. He has, of course, in coming to this decision, had serious difficulties to contend with from the advice of some of his friends, and it seems to me that he has in this case shown his consideration for the highest interests of the Church by sacrificing his individual feelings in deference to my appeal."

This letter was written on the 25th of November, and it was not till the 1st of December, when the Archbishop was *in articulo mortis*, that Mr. Mackonochie communicated to him the announcement that he was likely to be nominated to St. Peter's, London Docks, and that Mr. Suckling, of St. Peter's, London Docks—a Ritualistic clergyman in every respect after Mr. Mackonochie's own heart—was likely to be nominated to St. Alban's, Holborn! Unhappily, at that time the poor Archbishop was unable to take any further action in the matter.

This representation unquestionably lightens, to some little extent, the burden which has weighed so heavily upon the Archbishop's good name in connection with these very objectionable proceedings. We cannot, however, even now profess ourselves to be entirely satisfied. In the letter in which Mr. Mackonochie expressed his willingness to resign, he not only mentioned his hope of being permitted to work on as a clergyman elsewhere (which was in itself an audacious thing to do, as the Archbishop, one would think, must have felt), but he frankly stated that his views of clerical duty—views which had involved him in prolonged and painful litigation, and which had brought a heavy disgrace upon the Church of which he is a minister (as the Archbishop must also have felt)—were totally unchanged, and that the policy founded upon them would be persisted in so far as opportunity might serve; and yet, in the face of these intimations, the Archbishop referred him to the Bishop of London, the wisdom of whose action in such a matter he had plenty of reason for distrusting. This was a parleying with the spirit of compromise for which no adequate excuse can be pleaded, and which was certain to end badly. The Archbishop and the Bishop thus became jointly, though not perhaps equally, responsible for the melancholy result. His Grace may not have foreseen the precise form which that result at length assumed; but he ought to have acted on the reflection that Mr. Mackonochie, though deferentially yielding to the request that he would resign, was just as intent on mischief as ever, and that to send him to the Bishop of London was as likely a method as any to furnish him with the coveted opportunity. This is the aspect of the Archbishop's conduct in the case by which we are so sorely puzzled and grieved.

The Church Association has now some fresh and by no means pleasant work to hand. The "Evangelical" laity are already on the move. A large meeting of them was held in London on the 5th ult., at which a comprehensive and vigorous protest against the offensive arrangement was adopted; and to that protest a large number of influential signatures is being appended. The Bishop of London is most to blame; and he must see by this time that, by what he has chosen to do, the prospects of Church tranquillity are even more darkly overshadowed than they were before, and that, as the *Rock* remarks, "he has excited through the length and breadth of the land a feeling which will be satisfied with nothing short of a re-established, clearly defined Protestantism in the national Church, or the disestablishment of a community which exists only to defy the law and to protect law-breakers."

St. Mary's Chapel, Norwich.

THE pulpit in this important place of worship has found a successor to the late Rev. George Gould. An invitation has been given to the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, of Regent's Park College, and Mr. Shakespeare has accepted the call, and will enter on his labours on the 25th inst. He has the advantage not only of good scholarship, as a successful student at the College, and a Master of Arts of the London University, but also of special powers as a preacher, and we heartily wish for him a prolonged, happy, and prosperous ministry in our chief Eastern city.

Reviews.

A RELIGIOUS ENCYCLOPÆDIA; or, Dictionary of Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology. Based on the Real-Encyclopædie of Herzog, Plitt, and Hauck. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1883.

THE object of this Encyclopædia, which is to extend to three volumes, is "to give in alphabetical order a summary of the most important information on all branches of theological learning—exegetical, historical, biographical, doctrinal, and practical—for the use of ministers, students, and intelligent laymen of all denominations." As is stated on the title-page, it is based on Herzog's great work, which was originally published in twenty-two volumes. It is, of course, impossible to compress into three volumes more than the bare substance of twenty-two. Condensations and abridgments are never thoroughly satisfactory, and students of Herzog will here miss much that is of undoubted value. Some compensation may be found in the numerous original articles contributed by American, and in some instances by British, authors, but it is inevitable that in reading the condensed articles we should occasionally wish for more. Several of the articles are as minute and detailed as in such a work we can desire, and will amply satisfy the demands not only of a general reader, but even of a professional student when he wishes to obtain a clear bird's-eye view of a subject. Thus, we can refer with pleasure to Dr. Schaff's succinct and masterly discussion of Arianism, and to his very full and admirable treatment of all questions relating to Christology, both in its theological and historical aspects. The *text* of the Bible, in the Old and New Testaments, is also discussed with adequate thoroughness. Dr. Ezra Abbott's careful revision of Tischendorf's "Dissertation on the Greek Text" is especially good, and his own *addenda* on the principles and results of textual

criticism give an accurate idea of the present *status questionæ*. Controverted topics are in all cases treated with fairness, both sides being allowed a hearing. This is a wise and sound principle. The employment of scholars of different denominations to write the summary of their special views and practices is the best possible guarantee of the rigid impartiality of the work. As a thesaurus of doctrinal and ecclesiastical knowledge, the Encyclopædia has throughout very great value. We have compared it carefully with several similar works, and consider that, in view of its extensive scope and its moderate price, it possesses marked advantages over most of them. No one will, of course, expect it to take the place of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" or of the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," nor are its discussions of great theological and ecclesiastical questions always so comprehensive and scholarly as can be found even in "Chambers' Encyclopædia;" but its range is wider, especially in the biographical department, and in the explanation of technical words and phrases which have played an important part in the history of doctrine and the conflicts of churches, such as Beatific Vision, Church and State, Conversion, *communicatio idiomatum*, *consilia evangelica*—phrases which frequently occur in our literature, and of which it is necessary to have a concise explanation at hand. Although specialists will require other and more elaborate treatises to aid their researches, ordinary readers will find in this Encyclopædia, in a convenient and easily understood form, the salient points of a subject, and will thankfully avail themselves of its aid. To ministers and students it will be particularly serviceable for general reference, and it will soon win an honoured place in our libraries.

THE FRANKLINS; or, the Story of a Convict. In Three Parts. By G. E. Sargent. Religious Tract Society. As this is the last, so we take it to be the best, of the author's stories, so far as we are acquainted with them. We detect here, as we have detected in other works from the same pen, certain literary negligences—imperfections of style—which might easily have been avoided. But, on the whole, the writing is good, while in many cases it rises into positive excellence. Mr. Sargent can put together an elaborate and interesting story, and can relate it in such a way as to secure and retain the attention of the reader. To this element of power we have to add the superior and quite unexceptionable moral tone by which his works are pervaded. He is evidently imbued

with the Christian spirit, and that spirit he is chiefly anxious to promote. He aims at this object, however, not by formal disquisitions and occasional sermonising, but by infusing the elements of the Christian life into the exemplary characters whose features he has to describe, and whose experiences he has to depict. Putting these facts together, our readers will very properly infer that he is a novelist to whose influence they may commit themselves without misgiving.

We have ventured on this expression of opinion because we gather from the Preface to the present work that Mr. Sargent has now retired from the kind of literary labour in which he has long been engaged. He says: "The publication of the following narrative almost certainly brings to a close the

literary efforts of the present writer in connection with the productions of the Religious Tract Society. These efforts commenced, about forty years ago." He further informs us that the volumes issued by him during that period are more than fifty in number. The fact that in such a mass of literary production he has had the countenance of the Religious Tract Society bespeaks full confidence in his literary ability and in the tendency of his writings. He states that his "efforts were directed at first, as they ever afterwards continued to be, mainly, though not by any means exclusively, to works of amusement, blended with Evangelical teaching, especially intended for that numerous class of readers who are better pleased with history told in a lively and graphic form than when placed before them in dry detail." Mr. Sargent's popularity as a writer sufficiently proves that in the accomplishment of this worthy aim he has not failed. His pen may not even now, perhaps, be quite laid aside. At any rate, he has the comfort of being able to look back upon a long and busy literary career of which he has not, either on intellectual or moral grounds, any reason to be ashamed. His last story is specially good. It has to do with the later years of the last century and the earlier ones of the present; with various grades of society at that time; with bad laws and inhuman punishments; with election corruptions, "when polling for county members of Parliament could be dragged through a course of fourteen days of drunkenness, demoralisation, and rioting;" with the cruelties associated with convict life; and with "the iniquity of supplying the British Navy service by means of press-gangs." These miscellaneous matters are skil-

fully woven into an elaborate and fascinating story, which contains some thrilling incidents, which leads on to an appropriate and, in many respects, happy conclusion, and which is pervaded throughout by such sentiments as a devout Christian is glad to recognise. We have given to Mr. Sargent this measure of praise because we sincerely believe him to deserve it.

THE LIFE OF HANNAH MORE. A Lady of Two Centuries. By Anna J. Buckland. Religious Tract Society.

HANNAH MORE was a considerable celebrity in her day. We cannot ascribe to her any very exalted genius; but she was a woman of strong mind, clear preceptions, refined and elevated tastes, and wide and careful culture. She wrote much, and always wrote well. In the first half of her life she moved largely and freely in first-class society. From childhood she was more or less under the influence of religious sentiment, which never lost its hold upon her even in the relaxing social atmosphere in which a considerable portion of her time had to be passed, and which, contrary to what might have been expected under the circumstances, ultimately became the dominant principle in her character. She developed into a Christian of exceptional excellence, and the last thirty years of her very long life were steadily consecrated to the service of the Saviour, in heroic and self-denying works of usefulness amongst the poorest, most ignorant, and most morally debased, at a period when those words had an intensity of meaning which they can scarcely have now, even in the most

benighted districts of our land. Such a life as hers ought not to be forgotten. We have an account of it in the little work before us, intelligently and sympathetically written, full without redundancy, solid without being heavy and tedious, interesting by reason of the glimpses it gives us of many celebrities of the time, and specially useful as showing how an honest mind and an affectionate heart failed to find true repose and adequate, satisfactory occupation until the Saviour had been accepted as "All in all." Many of our readers to whom Hannah More is little more than a name will be glad of the opportunity, afforded by this condensed but pleasant biography, of tracing her somewhat remarkable course, and of familiarising themselves with the features of her noble character.

ELISHA THE PROPHET: the Lessons of his History and his Times. By Alfred Edersheim, M.A. (Oxon.), D.D., Vicar of Lodona. Religious Tract Society.

THAT such a book as this ought to be welcome may be readily inferred both from its subject and from the known ability of its author. It is not a new work, but a revised edition of one which was published about fifteen years ago, and which has for nearly the whole of that time (as the Preface informs us) been out of print. It is expository and practical rather than critical. "But still," (as the author observes),

"a doctrinal and, to a certain extent, a critical inference is forced upon us at the outset. For a record so full of the miraculous, which yet can be analysed in all its parts, taken in its literality, and made, portion by portion, the basis of practical lessons, must be capable of

rational and scientific defence; a life many centuries ago and under so different circumstances, that speaks to the men of all generations, and more especially to us, the same lessons of God, of His reign, and of His grace, of faith, hope, and duty, must have been real; God-sent and God-missioned; prophetic. For this is the characteristic of the Prophet: not merely that he foretold the future, nor yet that he admonished as from God in regard to the present, nor even that he combined these two; but that he foretold the future in its bearing on the present, and spoke of the present as viewing it in the light of the future, and that he did both as commissioned of God, inspired by God, and working for God. And this, indeed, is the inmost character and the outmost vindication of Revelation itself. Thus, the practical application of the history of Elisha is, in this view of it, also its best critical defence and historical evidence."

This extract will show the spirit in which Dr. Edersheim has prosecuted his work. In our perusal of it we are not interrupted and harassed by formal statements of, and formal replies to, rationalistic criticism. The moral grandeur of the subject has inspired the author, and suffices also to captivate the reader. And though in the course of it we have often to confront the supernatural, yet we are not left to feel that, in doing so, a shock has been administered to our reason; on the contrary, we have uniformly the feeling that the supernatural was, under the circumstances, most emphatically natural, and that the natural would have been so much of a failure as to be even unnatural without it. This aspect of the history is not systematically reasoned out or formally vindicated; but it is constantly present, so as to make the impression that without it the history

would either become hopelessly inexplicable or else irreparably poor. Dr. Ederasheim has told us the meaning of this history in words of deep insight and of impressive eloquence. Dr. Krummacher's "Elijah the Tishbite" is a good book which the religious world "will not willingly let die." In our judgment, Dr. Ederasheim's "Elisha the Prophet" is, in some respects, even a better book still.

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING :
an Illustrated Diary. (Genesis ii. 9; i. 15.) Designed by J. H. Hipaley. Engraved and Printed in Colours by Edmund Evans. Religious Tract Society.

THE only fault we find in this exquisitely beautiful production respects the space given for each day's record. It is much too small fairly to answer the purpose of a diary. The work would, of course, have been much larger if this fault had been avoided, and it could not have been produced at the same very moderate cost. However, even with this defect it is a thing of beauty, and, with care, can be made very serviceable. Each month has two pages, and at the head and foot of each page a well-selected passage of Scripture. The floral illustrations are lovely. We have some blank pages at the end for miscellaneous memoranda.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES (xv.—xxvii.). With Introduction and Notes. By J. Rawson Lumby, D.D. London : C. J. Clay, M.A., & Son, 17, Paternoster Row.

THIS completes Dr. Lumby's notes on the Acts in "The Cambridge Bible for

Schools." The Introduction prefixed to the earlier part is here considerably enlarged, and presupposes a study of the entire book. The section on the authorship is particularly full and exhaustive—decidedly the most complete we have met with in any work of this class. It is based upon a very thorough and searching examination of the criticisms of Baur, Zeller, and Ziegler, and furnishes as conclusive a refutation as in such small compass it would be possible to give. Having recently had occasion to go through the entire literature on this subject, we can testify to the efficiency of Prof. Lumby's treatment of it. The notes are brief, concise, and scholarly—admirably adapted to youthful readers of intelligent and thoughtful mind. The baptismal passages are treated with candour, as where we are told "that we are not justified in concluding from Acts xvi. 15, 33 (comp. xi. 14), that infants were baptized. Household might mean slaves and freed-women." The work is in every view excellent.

MR. ISAACS : a Tale of Modern India.
By E. Marion Crawford. London : Macmillan & Co.

"MR. ISAACS" is a much more able and interesting work than its somewhat prosaic and unpretentious title would lead us to expect. For many of our readers its main charm will lie in its accurate and graphic description of European life in India, especially among the official classes. It is the work of an American author, keen-sighted, intelligent, and critical, with a dash of anti-English feeling, for which we have doubtless furnished some excuse. Mr. Isaacs is a Persian millionaire, whose real name—Abdul

Hafiz-ben-Isák—had been shortened for convenience. His life was a romantic one, but the part of it which is detailed here is his love for a young English lady of pure and elevated character, who returns his affection, and is removed from him by an almost sudden death. The story, however, is subordinated to an exposition of the higher doctrines of Buddhism and a representation of the progress of its devotees from the carnal, selfish, and merely earthly life to the spiritual, unselfish, and perfect. Isaacs himself is, to our thinking, a very unreal character, and the author requires our acceptance of a good many impossibilities. His views of Buddhism are a modified form of the teaching of Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," and, however beautiful and etherealised, are too vague to give light, comfort, and strength to sinful, suffering, dying men. If this is the best that can be offered to them, we may be assured that Christianity has before it in the East a career of increasing success, and that all religions must find their culmination in it. The book is bold in conception, and its details are skilfully arranged. It abounds in fine and delicate criticism, and, apart from its slightly cynical tone and an anti-Evangelical bias, it would possess exceptional value. It is cleverly and powerfully written, and, save where the writer dons his heavy armour, is graceful and attractive.

"THE WORLD IN PICTURES" Series; including THE EASTERN WONDERLAND (Japan), PEEPS INTO CHINA, GLIMPSES OF SOUTH AMERICA, ROUND AFRICA, THE LAND OF TEMPLES (India); and THE ISLES OF THE PACIFIC. Illustrated. London: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. 1882.

We are, of course, bound to respect the

Divine command, "Thou shalt not envy," but it is sometimes difficult to place on ourselves a sufficiently strong restraint. When we see the innumerable advantages possessed by the children of to-day as compared with those enjoyed a few years ago, we cannot, at any rate, repress the wish that such advantages had been ours. Many of us would like to be young again that we might be able to enter the race of life from a more favourable starting-point, and with the invaluable aids which are now within reach of all. A series of books like this—beautifully printed, beautifully illustrated, and beautifully bound—could not have been produced in any earlier part of even the nineteenth century. Much as Messrs. Cassell have done for the interest of our little folks, we question whether they have ever rendered a more useful service than this. The books are written with care and exactness, as well as with ease, simplicity, and brightness. They are not primarily missionary stories, but are rather books of travel, describing the physical and geographical features, the people, the religions, the manners, and customs of the various countries to which they relate. The information is brought up to the latest date, and is put into a form which will prove not less attractive than instructive to the youngest readers. While the deeper and more complicated problems connected with race, language, and religion are necessarily avoided, we find in the books a very vivid account of all that children would care to know or be capable of understanding. We have read many elaborate works on India, for example, but know of none which will give to young readers a more graphic idea of its mountains and rivers and jungles; its religions,

temples, and idols ; its tribes and their history, than this. The wood-cuts, too, are a great help to the letterpress, and the result is a series of volumes which, as school prizes and as aids to missionary zeal, are unrivalled. If the limits of our space did not sternly forbid it, we could prove, by illustrative extracts, the great excellence of this admirable endeavour to present "the world in pictures." Those who note our commendation and act on it will heartily endorse our judgment, and repeat it to those of their friends who are in search of the best juvenile books.

THE STATE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY (the Church): an Exposition of Church Reform. By T. B. Woodward. London: Edward Stanford.

THE RELATIONS WHICH AT PRESENT EXIST BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND. By Thomas W. Mossman, B.A., D.D., Rector of Torrington, Lincolnshire. London: John Hodges, 13, Soho Square.

WE class these pamphlets together because they each discuss the great politico-ecclesiastical subject of the day. Their position in relation to it, however, is radically diverse. Mr. Woodward advocates church reform, and has apparently no idea of the previous question. He takes for granted the legitimacy of the Church as a State institution, and has never conceived the possibility of his position being disputed alike on Scriptural and on political grounds. *The will of Christ is ignored*, nor does he see how fallacious his plea for a State Church (on the latitudinarian principle) must be when he allows that with differences of opinion the State cannot interfere. It is not on such lines as he lays down that the controversy can be ended.

Dr. Mossman is at once abler, more fearless, and more consistent. He contends that "a spirit of quiet determination is springing up that the Church of England must and shall be free upon the only conditions that are possible—Disestablishment and Disendowment." He believes, in opposition to the Erastians, that the Church *ought not to be* subject to secular control ; and, in opposition to the Ritualists, he proves that, as at present constituted, and by virtue of its alliance with the State, it is subject to such control. "The Royal Supremacy" is bound up with the very idea of a State Church, and the conduct of the clergy who, for the sake of their status and emoluments, are willing to allow it, Dr. Mossman censures with well-merited severity. "The gilded links of our chains have" (he writes) "stifled and strangled the last breath of freedom amongst us." His vigorous, manly words (addressed in the form of a letter to Mr. Gladstone) ought to be widely read, and cannot fail to aid the movement in which, as friends of religious liberty and equality, we are so deeply interested.

"IMMORTALITY: Whence, and for Whom?" by the Rev. W. Ker, Vicar of Tipton. Examined and Confuted by G. Burford, Author of "The Mission of Alcohol in its Relation to Nerve Prostration, Dissipated Genius, &c." Price Sixpence. Published by John Heywood, 11, Paternoster Buildings, London, and John Dalton Street, Manchester ; and by J. W. C. Knight, Waterloo Street, Leicester.

MR. BURFORD is a Leicester layman, and the little book before us proves that he can think with clearness and write with power. We had read Mr. Ker's work before this refutation of it came

to our hands, and had judged it to be full of fallacies, misstatements, and misinterpretations of Scripture. Nevertheless, its boldness gives it a certain power with unwary readers, and we are glad that Mr. Burford has shown so conclusively that, as an argument, it is totally devoid of worth. The exposure seems to us to be complete.

C. SONNETS BY C. AUTHORS. Edited by Henry J. Nicoll. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

SUCH a collection of Sonnets, taken from our English writers from Wyatt to the present day, and judiciously selected (as it unquestionably is), must be its own recommendation. The Sonnet has always been dear to our best poets, and some of their best utterances have taken the Sonnet form. It is not easy to give the necessary completeness and rhythm to a Sonnet, and the collection before us is not, of course, of equal merit throughout. But we find in it not a few of our favourites, together with some other very good ones with which we

were not previously familiar. The little volume is uniform with "Songs of Rest," edited by the Rev. W. R. Nicoll, M.A., which we noticed about a year ago, and is neatly printed and prettily got up.

THE YOUNG REFUGEE. By Annie Beale. London: Religious Tract Society.

MISS BEALE has illustrated, in a very pleasant style, the strange and unlikely methods in which God exercises over us, in our suffering and trial, a wise and watchful providence. Marie Altmann, a young French girl who fled to England during the terrible war of 1870-71, was subjected to many vicissitudes, as were her parents, of whom she was in search; but the path of all of them was, nevertheless, marked out by Divine wisdom and love. The story is well told, and its incidents are none the less welcome because they give us an insight into the mission work which is being so effectively carried on in London for the benefit of foreigners.

Death of Mr. James Harvey.



HIS very mournful event took place almost suddenly on Friday, the 9th of February, and it has deprived not only the Baptist denomination, but also the cause of our common Christianity, of an invaluable friend and helper. Although Mr. Harvey was not an aged man, being at the time of his death some years short of "threescore years and ten," yet he had held for many years a conspicuous place among the worthier members of our body in London. He was the chief founder of the influential church at Hampstead under the pastoral care of the Rev. W. Brock, and his services as Treasurer of the London Baptist Association cannot be adequately estimated. He was a man of large views and of high character, and delighted in the consecration of his excellent business qualities and his wealth to the honour of his Divine Master. Many a religious and philanthropic society will miss his liberal gifts and his sound administrative advice, and many a private friend to whom he was unostentatiously generous will mourn his loss.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1883.

Memorials of the Late Rev. Edward Steane, D.D.

By E. B. UNDERHILL, Esq., LL.D.

(Concluded from page 101.)



HE severity of these labours, to which must be added the claims of his own congregation, at length told on a constitution never strong, and for the two years following January, 1856, he could, when at home, preach only once on a Sunday. In 1858 the Rev. Charles Stanford, then of Devizes, was invited to join him in the pastorate. It was a union that fulfilled his anticipations, and he ever regarded his younger colleague with the warmest affection and esteem. In the summer of 1861 his weakness put on a more serious form, and he went for some months to Hastings, placing himself under the able medical care of Dr. Moore. His recovery, however, was but slow, and he was very seldom able to take any part in the services of the sanctuary. A visit paid to Chipperfield, at the commencement of the year, determined him to seek in that pleasant and salubrious district a settled home; and this he found at New House Park, a retired house and grounds lying nearly midway between Rickmansworth and Chipperfield. In September his arrangements for removal thither were almost complete, when he was called to suffer the loss of his beloved wife, who died on the 30th of that month, leaving him with two children to sorrow

together over the sore bereavement. He had arranged to bid farewell to his attached people, at the table of the Lord, on the 5th October; but it was not to be so. "Not as I had hoped, my beloved flock," he says, in a letter he sent to them, "do I address you to-day. To our honoured brethren, the deacons, I had intimated my intention of saying a few words at the Table, where we have so often sat together in loving fellowship with one another and the Lord. But, oh! how little did I think in what manner this intention would be frustrated. 'The Lord's hand hath sore broken me; I am troubled; I am bowed down greatly.' Yet I desire to record it, to the honour of His sustaining grace, that, although in this day of my great bereavement, 'I am troubled on every side, I am not distressed; I am perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed.'" After appealing to them for sympathy in his deep affliction, he then, in the following grateful words, speaks of his ministry among them, and his hope for the future:—

"Very inadequately at all times, and of late with many interruptions, and in much weakness, have I fulfilled the part of an under shepherd. But I have loved you sincerely, and counted it my happiness to serve you, for now well-nigh forty years. Great peace, peace unbroken, in the church and congregation, and, let it be added, not boastingly but with thankfulness, no small measure of prosperity, have marked all this long period of time. We shall, none of us, seek for the cause of this in anything else but rich and undeserved mercy. It has been the Lord's doing, and our grateful hearts shall give Him all the praise. Yet, I must acknowledge that such a state of things is, under God, highly honourable to you, and affords striking proof of the loving confidence and harmony which have always obtained between us. Oh, that the same abundant grace may still be experienced by you and by my beloved colleague, now that the pastoral rule is almost wholly transferred to him! I beseech you, strengthen his hands in the Lord; and give to his instructions the same deference, and to himself the same affection, that you have ever given me."

Of those living at the formation of the church, three or four only remained to recall the bright hopes with which Dr. Steane's ministry commenced, or to rejoice in their fulfilment. More than a thousand persons, in that forty years, had been received into the fellowship of the church, either on their own profession of Christ, accompanied by

baptism, or by "letters of commendation" from other churches. Many had ascended to the skies; many had gone to enrich other churches; some had been removed to the colonies and other countries; some had become ministers, pastors, or pastors' wives; and some were missionaries, in far-off lands, among the heathen. But, to quote the striking language of Dr. Stanford, in his memorial sermon: "The full story of spiritual life and service is only written in heaven. The burning moments, the surprises, the keen pangs and pleasures of young and fervent ministerial life; what intensities of prayer and preaching have been felt in this place; how many hard hearts have been broken, and broken hearts have been healed; and how many have been the transactions here, causing joy in the presence of the angels, are mysteries only known to the 'Master of Assemblies.' At last he himself is gone, but his work lives; and the seed he used to sow still springs and germinates, not only here, but in India, America, Australia, and on the Continent—not only in other countries, but in other worlds; and in the lives of multitudes who, perhaps, have never even heard his name."

The change of residence so far benefited the health of Dr. Steane that he was able to resume his attendance at the meetings of the Council of the Evangelical Alliance, and, in May, 1863, to act as one of the members of the deputation to the Government of Spain, to plead on behalf of religious liberty, trampled upon by that Roman Catholic Power in the persons of Matamoras and his companions. Their mission was crowned with a certain measure of success. These confessors of Christ were released from their lengthened and cruel imprisonment, and their sentence was commuted for one of exile for as many years as they had been condemned to hard labour and incarceration in a gaol.

On the 3rd November, 1864, the happiness of his new home was greatly enhanced by his marriage with Miss Pigeon, of Clapham Common, by whom his closing years were tended with loving assiduity, and who remains to mourn a married life all too short for its precious union of spirit and domestic bliss.

In 1867, Dr. Steane was able to be present and take part in the religious services which accompanied the opening of the Salle Evangelique at the Paris Exhibition of that year. He also took his full share in the arrangements for the Conference held in Amsterdam in the month of August. He was present at that most interesting

and successful gathering, and among the numerous papers read on that occasion was one written by him on "Religious Liberty." It would seem as if, by common consent, that subject was always remitted to his pen. By no one could the true principles of Christian freedom, under all circumstances, be more lucidly stated or more logically enforced. It was the more difficult to treat on this subject, that it had to be dealt with in the presence of men from many countries, professing many forms of the Protestant faith; of men who were members of State Churches, as well as of others who belonged to free and unestablished communities. He knew that unanimity could not be looked for in an assembly in which were found upholders of persecuting laws, and men most reluctant to admit to civil privileges those who had seceded from their ranks. But nowhere could the true principles of religious liberty be with greater propriety upheld than in Holland, the child of glorious struggles for these truths in centuries gone. Nowhere was the fact more true, as expressed by Dr. Steane, "that national liberties are built on the ruins of religious despotism." It was a paper as remarkable for its outspokenness as for its candour and Christian spirit. It closed with the re-affirmation of the principle so powerfully formulated by the immortal Locke—"Absolute liberty, just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty, is the thing that we stand in need of."

This was the last of the great Conferences of the Alliance that Dr. Steane was able to attend. His increasing infirmities, to his deep regret, forbade the attempt to cross the Atlantic to be present at the memorable Conference held in New York in October, 1873.*

During his active life, Dr. Steane published a considerable number of sermons, most of them preached on special occasions, and printed by request. But his leisure hours were now partly devoted to the preparation of a more important work, which issued from the press in 1872, as an 8vo volume, under the title of "The Doctrine of Christ developed by the Apostles: a Treatise on the Offices of the Redeemer, and the Doxology of the Redeemed." The loving hand of his Master, he said, had led him to a quiet resting-place, and in some measure had repaired his decayed vigour. He could not more fitly devote the

* The church and congregation at Chipperfield have a grateful recollection of the many kind services rendered to them by Dr. Steane during his residence at New House Park. Through his influence, the chapel underwent enlargement and a complete renovation.

time and strength thus secured to him from the toils and anxieties of a busy ministerial life than by recalling some of the abandoned purposes of former years, and putting into a more permanent form than that of pulpit exposition his matured views on the great themes of his ministry. "Neither the intention nor the spirit of the volume," he says, "is polemical, but it is nevertheless designed to exhibit and maintain Evangelical views of revealed truth as they centre in the mediatorial Person, and are illustrated in the mediatorial offices and work, of the Redeemer. There will be found in it no concealment, and no disparagement of the proper and all-sufficient atonement for sin in the blood of Christ; of the now frequently discarded doctrines of substitution and imputed righteousness; and, in a word, of a redemption completely accomplished in the priestly work and sacrificial death of the Divine Redeemer."

The design is carried out in a series of chapters arranged under the general heads of the Prophetical, Priestly, and Regal Office of the Lord Jesus Christ, and ranges over most of the topics which constitute the staple subjects of the Evangelical faith and pulpit. The volume has all the characteristics of his preaching, a "clearness of statement, a rhythmical balance of style," a persuasiveness of argument, and a devout elevation of spirit which win their way to the heart as well as convince the judgment. It was his most earnest hope that to his younger brethren in the ministry this volume might be a voice from the rich experience of years, prompting them to consider whether the doctrines advocated "are not the doctrines of the New Testament, before they suffer themselves to be seduced by the fascinating but misleading lights of modern theology."

In the year following its publication he found himself able, with his beloved wife as his companion, to spend a few weeks in a tour in Italy. He crossed the mountains by the Mont Cenis Tunnel, and paid brief visits to Turin, Milan, Bologna; and, for the first time, became personally acquainted with the memorials of ancient days that Rome, Naples, and other classical spots present to the scholar and the archæologist.

From this point every year witnessed a slow but uninterrupted decay of physical strength and energy; but to the last Dr. Steane's mind retained its clearness and its interest in public and denominational affairs. Nothing was more grateful to him than to hear of the progress of Christ's Kingdom, whether at home or abroad, or to talk

over events in the long past in which he had shared with others, both in public and private, the labours by which piety and true religion were advanced. Not unfrequently, with more intimate friends, he would speak of his own Christian experience, and by hymn or apt quotation express the devout feelings of his heart, or his aspirations for that home where the weary are at rest. To his own ministry he would refer with the deepest humility, his remarks being sometimes tinged with the tone of sorrowful fear that he had not done all that lay in him to do to bring sinners to Christ.

As his weakness became more pronounced, there were, perhaps, no words more frequently on his lips than the touching strophe of Charles Wesley—

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art!
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
Oh, could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity."

The winter months of 1881-2 were passed in Brighton, without any material change. He was able to see a few old friends while there, whose converse and prayers were a great solace to him in the weary hours of his waiting till the change should come. It was nearer than he thought when, on the 27th of April, he returned to New House Park. The journey did not appear to try his strength to any appreciable degree, and to a friend who saw him on the way he expressed his confident hope, through Christ, of the blessed immortality to which he was now so near. His mind was in perfect peace, resting on the Rock of Ages.

Early in the week following he was not so well; the chilly, damp atmosphere, followed by close, thundery weather, appeared to affect him, and to occasion loss of appetite. Friday, the 5th May, was the last time he was brought downstairs, and joined the family circle for a few hours. He, however, slept well; but the next day the premonitions of the end began to appear. He was evidently fading away. He spoke but little, and on Sunday took scarcely any notice of what was passing around him. At length, about eight o'clock on Monday morning, the angel of the Divine Presence bore him away to his rest. Like a child falling asleep in its mother's arms, without struggle or groan, he realised that "joy unspeakable" which had so

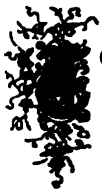
often been the subject of his thoughts, and the topic of his ministry. To use his own language in relation to a very dear friend whose memoir he wrote, "The joyful day had arrived, the ministering angels were come; the saint of the Lord was prepared, and his glad spirit, dropping her mortal coil, ascended with them to the regions of light."

The remains of Dr. Steane were interred in the cemetery at Norwood on Saturday, the 13th May, followed by his children and grandchildren, by a large number of personal friends, and by many who were the fruits of his ministry. Representatives also were there of the Societies and Institutions with which he had for so many years been connected, besides many ministers of the denomination to which he belonged.

Dr. Stanford addressed them in the cemetery chapel, and Dr. Angus at the grave; and on the 21st Dr. Stanford also preached the funeral sermon to a crowded congregation in the chapel where for so many years he had exercised his ministry. The discourse was founded on the appropriate words of Acts xiii. 36 (Revised Version): "David, after he had, in his own generation, served the counsel of God, fell on sleep."*

Contemporary Poets.

DR. WALTER C. SMITH.



OLERIDGE has somewhere defined poetry as "that species of composition which is opposed to works of science by proposing for its immediate object pleasure, not truth." Definitions are proverbially faulty, and this is, unfortunately, no exception to the rule. It is too inclusive in one direction, and too exclusive in another. It would dignify with the name of poet a multitude of writers who have certainly had it as their immediate object to give pleasure, but in whose works there is not the slightest flavour of poetic genius; as, on the other

* This sermon, with the addresses at the cemetery, has been since published by Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

hand, it would to a large extent deny the honour to such authors as Cowper, Wordsworth, and Robert Browning, whose best and most characteristic writing cannot by such a test be regarded as poetry.

A much more accurate idea of the scope and function of poetry is given by Mr. Emerson. "The test or measure of poetic genius is the power to read the poetry of affairs—to fuse the circumstances of to-day; not to use Scott's antique superstitions, or Shakespeare's, but to convert those of the nineteenth century, and of the existing nations, into universal symbols. It is easy to repaint the mythology of the Greeks or of the Catholic Church, the feudal castle, the crusade, the martyrdoms of mediæval Europe; but to point out where the same creative force is now working in our own houses and public assemblies, to convert the vivid energies acting at this hour in New York, and Chicago, and San Francisco into universal symbols, requires a subtle and commanding thought. . . . The test of the poet is the power to take the passing day, with its news, its cares, its fears, as he shares them, and hold it up to a divine reason, till he sees it to have a purpose and a beauty, and to be related to astronomy and history, and the eternal order of the world. Then the dry twig blossoms in his hand." A poet, Mr. Emerson further tells us, gives to men whose lives are cabined, cribbed, and confined in a narrow lot glimpses of the laws of the universe, and he quotes with approval the saying of Ben Jonson that "the principal end of poetry is to inform men in the just reason of living." Truth, therefore, according to this canon, should not be secondary to pleasure in poetry any more than in other forms of serious composition. It must, if it be worthy of its name, show us how the creative force is actually at work around us, and hold up the whole circumstance of the day to a divine reason.

We have often been reminded of this passage in reading the various volumes which bear on their title-page the name of Walter C. Smith. It describes with singular exactness the aim which Dr. Smith has kept steadily in view, as well as the sphere from which he selects his subject, and in which he finds, at any rate, the mass of his materials. He is emphatically a poet of the present day, and reflects in all his writings its news, and cares, and fears. He resolutely holds these up to "a divine reason," and views them in relation to "the eternal order of the world." He might, with one or two slight modifications, prefix Mr. Emerson's words to a collected edition of his works as a graphic description of their spirit and aim, and, in fact, he has written

verses in which we might hear an echo of them. Thus in the dedication of "Olrig Grange," he writes—

"Accept, my friend, this offering slight,
Familiar photographs in verse :
No subtle matter I indite,
Nor tale of strange events rehearse,
Nor polish wit in couplets terse :
But shadows from our age that fall
Make pictures in a chamber small,
Where, late, I found these characters
Of folk that are living next door to us all."

So, again, he represents Claud Maxwell as often speaking to Hilda

"Of the poetry that lay
In all the rich and wondrous life that compassed us about,
At the firesides of the people, in the wild-flowers by the way,
In our trials and our sorrows, in our Faith, too, and our doubt.

I would sing the life I saw—the world that lay about our door :
Its passion and its longing, its error and its sin :
It was fresh, if rather sunless, and it deepened more and more,
As I tilled the field whose harvest I was fain to gather in."

There is, doubtless, a tendency in some influential quarters unduly to depreciate the old Grecian mythology and the mediæval epics. "The Epic of Hades" and "The Idylls of the King"—to take two prominent instances—have surely proved to us that the force of the antique legends is not exhausted yet, and that our own distracted and restless age may find in them guidance and healing.

Still, it is well that our eyes should be opened to the wealth that lies around us in the lives of sinful, struggling, suffering men, often baffled and disappointed, yet yearning for victory, "who live next door to us all." Tennyson himself has affirmed that

"Nature brings not back the Mastodon ;
And why should any man remodel models ?"

And, certainly, the wisdom of the ancients is of little worth to us, unless it enables us to see the creative force at work among ourselves, reveals to us a divine reason, and secures for us, amid the wild, tumultuous whirl of circumstance, a glimpse of the Eternal order. There is, with certain inevitable drawbacks, a manifest advantage in allowing the present to furnish us with examples. The sense of remoteness is thereby removed, and, if our ideals are not so elevated

and stately, they are less vague and shadowy. What they lose in unique and solemn grandeur, they gain in homely and practical force. They appeal to us less as ideals than as partakers of flesh and blood, awakening that sense of kinship which is itself a potent factor in our intellectual and moral development.

Dr. Smith's "Bishop's Walk, and other Poems," is, we believe, now out of print. The pieces he wrote in *Good Words* and other periodicals under the *nom de plume* of "Orwell" contain some fine gems of song, and are well worthy of his mature fame. It is, however, by his "Olig Grange," "Borland Hall," and "Hilda" that he is best known, and will probably be longest remembered. "Raban" contains workmanship of equal value, and at certain points rises to Dr. Smith's highest level; but as a "whole" it does not give us so keen a gratification as we derive from some of its "component parts." The unity is less subtle; and though, on a thorough study, it is seen to be real, it is less conspicuous.

We cannot endorse the judgment of those critics who affirm that Dr. Smith has all the fire of one poet, all the splendour of a second, and all the polish of a third—the third being none other than the Laureate. Such eulogies, however well meant, lack discrimination, and are hurtful both to critic and to poet. Dr. Smith has no need of them. He certainly *has* fire, splendour, and polish, as well as a great many other good qualities, but he does not possess all the poetic excellences in their most highly developed form, and as they are rarely found in combination. He is a true seer, and has a profound knowledge of human nature. His thought is terse and vigorous, his imagination is brilliant, and his verse musical. His lyrical power has yielded a distinct addition to our poetry. He has that strong and passionate emotion which touches, and in some measure controls, his high creative power, bursts forth into free and unconstrained melody, and subordinates everything to its own inspiring idea, so that for the time, willing or unwilling, we must let it "creep into our study of imagination." His verse, too, is as varied in measure as it is, for the most part, melodious. We are sorry to have to insert the qualifying clause *for the most part*, but we cannot honestly omit it. From the first we have felt at a loss to account for the presence of so many imperfect rhymes and halting metres, so many lines running needlessly and awkwardly one into another, sentences that betoken haste and carelessness. A little more of Tennyson's "polish" would

give to certain verses in "Olrig Grange" and "Hilda" a power to captivate both the heart and the memory which they at present lack only from defect in form. Genius is higher than art, but it is not independent of it. By a thorough and searching revision, these poems would at once take a greatly higher rank, and reach, in the technical or artistic sense, as lofty a standard as they have unquestionably attained in other respects.

In each of the three principal poems we have named, the story has an interest of its own, and will be read by many who care little for the profounder problems which exercise the thought of our age, and to the solution of which Dr. Smith devotes his main strength. In an age of fearless criticism and widespread doubt—when venerable faiths are ruthlessly assailed and old institutions are crumbling to the dust; when men are tormented by hideous uncertainty, and every inch of ground seems to be taken from under the feet which once stood firm—he who has the vision and faculty divine will not be content graphically to depict the things which are assailed and shaken, but will also show us those which, amid the prevalent confusion and distress, unquestionably remain. Much that we see is transitory and illusive, but there is an underlying reality which "cannot be shaken"—a rock firm and abiding, against which the surges of scepticism and the currents of agnostic and positive thought beat in vain; a rock that would not be endangered, "though the mountains should depart and the hills be removed." The last word in the controversy does not belong to doubt, denial, blank negation. Deeper and stronger than all other notes is the voice of "the Everlasting Yea," and to that voice it is the function of the poet, as Dr. Smith has certainly made it his function, to give utterance. We may not always be able to accept his solution of the great problems of life. The poet's licence may lead him, or some of his characters, to express views with which we do not sympathise. He may lean more than we do towards the theology of the Broad Church school, and we may hesitate to follow some of the bolder flights of his muse, especially in "Hilda" and in "Raban," but we shall be blind indeed if we do not see in his poems the unveiling of a true and manly heart. There is throughout the ring of sincerity. The accent of conviction is lighted up by the glow of a passionate love to Christ, and generous sympathy with men. And the verses which seem to us most objectionable on Scriptural and dogmatic grounds ought in fairness to be regarded in the light of their asserted origin, and as the

product of views and opinions which are too widely accepted, and reiterated again and again, by "folk that are living next door to us all." Here and there Dr. Smith would perhaps have done well to consider whether it would not have been wise to sacrifice the artistic unity, the ideal completeness, and the literary force of his poems, rather than shock the susceptibilities of such characters as his own gentle and saintly "Hilda" by giving graceful and winning expression to sentiments which are dogmatically unsound, and, apart from other considerations, discordant with his own highest conceptions of Christ as the source and inspiration of all pure, self-sacrificing, and redeeming love alike on earth and in heaven.

"Olrig Grange" is the story of a refined and graceful youth trained for the ministry of the Scotch Church, who could not clothe his faith inquisitive with articles of ready-made belief. He cast off his creed, trying to fit it on, and found it worn with age and moth-eaten. His pursuit of ambition in London, his bitter disappointment in love, his lingering illness and early death, afford scope for graphic description, fine discrimination of character, brilliant and pungent sarcasm, such as have rarely been surpassed. Some of the characters—or rather all of them—live in the memory and fix themselves on it as types of too common occurrence. Thorold's progress to the recovery of faith is, however, the chief attraction of the poem. Even in the days of his doubt he could say—

"And there is truth transcending far
The way of scientific thought,
Which travels to the farthest star
And verges on the smallest mote,
But all beyond it knoweth not ;
Its ladder, based on earth, must lean
Its summit on the felt and seen ;
But still our hearts their rest have sought
In the dim Beyond where it hath not been.

Our hearts within us faint, and we,
Amid the storm and darkness driven,
Cry out for God to earth and heaven.
But what if all our answer be,
Only our cry by the echoes given ?

O days of Faith ! when earth appeared
A Bethel sure, an House of God,
And in the dream His voice was heard,

And sorrow was His chastening rod ;
And stony pillow and grassy sod
Were glorious made by visions blest,
And men had many an angel-guest ;
And ever where the pilgrim trod
God was near him, The Highest and Best.

Well, well ; our mother knew no laws
Except the Ten Commandments clear,
Nor talked of First, or Final Cause,
But walked with God in love and fear,
And always felt that He was near,
By instinct of a spirit true ;
And she had peace and strength, in lieu
Of that unrest and trouble here
Which break like the billows on me and you.

My old doubts ? Well, they no more fret,
Nor chafe and foam o'er sunken rocks.
I don't know that my Faith is yet
Quite regular and orthodox :
I have not keys for all the locks,
And may not pick them. Truth will bear
Neither rude handling, nor unfair
Evasion of its wards, and mocks
Whoever would falsely enter there.

But all through life I see a Cross,
Where sons of God yield up their breath :
There is no gain except by loss,
There is no life except by death,
There is no vision but by faith,
Nor glory but by bearing shame,
Nor justice but by taking blame.
And that Eternal Passion saith,
" Be emptied of glory, and right, and name."

But I can yet take up the prayer
Of childhood at the mother's knee,
And breathe it as the natural air
Of truest Faith and Piety,
Its meanings deepening as I see
My deeper need, His deeper light ;
For wonder, grown to Wisdom, might
Find these fit utterance, and a key
To the thoughts that lead to the Infinite."

The picture of Lady Anne Dewhurst on a crimson couch, stately and large and beautiful, weary and worldly, "much addicted unto physis and religion," living "a gorgeous, pious, comfortable life of misery," and counselling her daughter as only a slave of fashion and a sickly sentimentalist could counsel her—is a picture that startles us by its bold realism. Keener and more trenchant sarcasm we have never seen. But even this sketch yields in interest to the still more powerful conception of Rose, who, against her nobler nature, is ensnared by the world of fashion, which she thoroughly despises, and chooses the mean life she knows to be so "hollow, heartless, vain." Her piteous cry for help, her baffled struggles, her outbursts of self-scorn, her vague, tremulous dread, her tragic pain—what could be more vividly portrayed than these? Mr. Ruskin has written many wise and helpful words to young girls, but none of his letters possess such penetrating and incisive power—such power to purify through fear—as this description and soliloquy of Rose.

In "Borland Hall" Dr. Smith discusses other aspects of present-day life, and goes over a wider, if also a somewhat lower, range than he traversed in "Olrig Grange." His photographs of Scotch student-life, of the weak-minded laird ruled by a strong-willed, imperious pitilessly stern wife, and his wise and courageous words on the relations of employers and employed—to say nothing of the lyrics of exquisite and delicate beauty with which the poem is studded—deepen the impression made by the author's earlier work, and indicate the possession of powers to which, until this volume appeared, no expression had been given.

"Hilda" is, however, Dr. Smith's greatest work, and would of itself have created a reputation. The story which it narrates of married life, rendered terrible and tragical, through no hideous sin, but from the simple inability of two young and inexperienced souls to understand each other, especially in their spiritual needs and temperaments, is more dramatically conceived and thrown into more perfect artistic forms than either of its predecessors. And as in the previous cases, so here, we have life-pictures which can scarcely fade from the memory. Claude Maxwell, the poet, young and aspiring, conscious of power that might win him fame, detached from the forms of the old faith, and, while true at heart, confusing the form with the substance, and treating with irreverence the things that his saint wife held so dear; Hilda herself, pure, trustful, and loving,

harassed with household cares, the ideal of her love gradually obscured, unable to appreciate the poet's raptures in his work, and seeing him drift farther and farther away from the old moorings, until at last she leaves her home; Winifred Urquhart, the subtle, slimy, and crafty Materialist; Luke Sprott, the Evangelist (a marvellously drawn picture); and the Rev. Elphinstone Bell, the Ritualistic priest, "with bare thin face and sallow, bare and shallow too his mind"—these are a series of portraits that any man might be proud to have drawn. To quote at any length from this noble poem is impossible. But who that has read it can fail to remember "Contrasts," Hilda's picture of "Our Home, a bright little cottage;" her lament over her vanishing gladness, the tender and pathetic wail of her motherhood over her dead child; her longing once more to walk with her husband to the dear old Kirk on the quiet Sabbath-day, "to remember the Love that bled for us once and died;" her bitter, bitter disappointment when, on that high communion day, the pastor preached only terrors of wrath and hell, and drove still farther from the Church the husband she had hoped to win back to his early faith? In its own line we know nothing finer than the passage beginning with the words "God is not found by the tests that detect you an acid or salt." The whole poem grandly illustrates the truth that

"God's ploughshare trenches well, nor will He wait,
And see His fallow lying all unbroke,
Because another's heifer takes the yoke,
Nor is His furrow always clean and straight;
But still He maketh ready for His sowing
And scatters with the sweep of unseen hand
Fresh seeds of life upon the fresh-turned land
And gathers cloud and sunshine for its growing."

We cannot doubt that, whilst there is much in Dr. Smith's poetry which mature Christian believers will reject and deplore, he has dealt so wisely and effectively with those great and ever-recurring questions that lie on the border-line between science, philosophy, and literature on the one hand and religion and dogma on the other, that his words will lead many

"Into light of better day
And Love which is the soul of all the Creeds."

Of "Raban" we have left ourselves little space to speak. Although not, to our thinking, so great a work as "Hilda," we are not sure that it will not be a more general favourite. The story is much slighter,

and has in it far less pathos, nor does it display the same dramatic force. But its delineations of character are as fine and as true to nature. The humour is richly flavoured and as delicate, and the spiritual passion as intense. Some of the lyrics are peculiarly beautiful and thrilling; and, if the work has not the same artistic unity, its separate parts, complete in themselves, have an intellectual force and a rich, full-toned melody that must win for them the admiration of all lovers of true poetry, and make the study of them a delight. Dr. Smith has made many of us his debtors by his thoughtful and brilliant poems, and it is not their least attractive feature that they are rich in promise of "better things to come."

J. STUART.

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

No. XIV.



O those who like a trip by sea, there is no better way of getting into the North of Scotland than by taking a passage in the steamboat at Leith, by which they can visit Wick, Thurso, the Orkneys, and the more remote Shetland Islands. The steamers on this coast are powerful and well appointed.

WICK, as seen from the fine bay on the shores of which it stands, looks very picturesque; and for such a town, partly dependent on the agricultural district lying at its back, but mainly on the herring fishery, which is here prosecuted with great vigour, is interesting. The bay itself is very open and exposed; and several attempts have been made, by the erection of a breakwater, to provide a safe harbour for the multitude of boats which assemble here during the season. More than once, in recent times, fierce storms have overthrown the structure; but it is now in a fair way to completion. When done, it will be a great boon to the fishermen.

The sailing, on a summer's eve, of a fleet of a thousand boats, varied in size, form, and equipment, and manned by brave and hardy crews, is a fine sight. As their enterprise is often perilous, the spectator cannot but wish them safety and success. If he desires to see a similar scene, but under another aspect, let him rise early the next

morning, and witness their return. If they have had "a good catch," the stir and excitement of all who are engaged in the fishing will make the return of the fleet even more interesting than its departure. If no storm has raged during the night, and no boats, with their crews, have perished—which, alas! is not an uncommon event—he will rejoice with these brave mariners that they have succeeded in making some provision for themselves and their families during the coming winter.

The town itself is very irregularly built, and the houses crowded together. But the suburbs of Pulteney Town and Louisburgh, founded in 1808 under the auspices of the British Fishery Society, contain the residences of the well-to-do class of the inhabitants, and are substantial and good. The various religious bodies have their several kirks, and, besides an Academy, there are the Parish and the Free Church schools. Wick has been a royal burgh since 1589, and has been represented in Parliament from the time of the Union. It is now united with Cromarty, Dingwall, Tain, and other neighbouring towns in returning a member to the House of Commons.

As long ago as 1858, a thousand boats were employed in the fishing at Wick, with crews of over three thousand men and boys. The boats, nets, and lines were valued at little less than £100,000; and not less than seventy thousand persons found remunerative employment every year in this industry, and the capital employed, afloat and ashore, was something like two millions. Extend these facts to the numerous stations all round the coasts of Scotland, the Orkney, Shetland, and Farøe Islands, and some idea may be formed of the importance of the herring fishery, of the capital employed in its prosecution, and of the number of persons supported and enriched by it.

Buffon, the French naturalist, took the trouble to calculate that, if the descendants of a single pair of these wonderfully prolific fish were allowed, without any molestation from men or animals, to multiply and replenish their kind for a period of twenty years, the produce would bulk as large as the globe on which we are living! "At the present time there are more than seven thousand boats engaged in the Scottish herring fishery, and the suites of nets which they carry would reach, in a continuous line, a distance of nearly twelve thousand miles—that is, they would go more than three times across the Atlantic Ocean, and would cover more than one half of London."*

* *Good Words*, August, 1882.

The tourist who has got so far north as Wick will not fail to go on yet farther to THURSO, a smart, thriving, and pretty little town. It is very pleasantly situated on a river of the same name, and is open to a fine bay, which is, however, too much exposed to be a safe resort for much shipping. It is well supplied with places of worship, and has several schools, two public libraries, and a news-room. A considerable trade is carried on in linen, corn, leather, ropes, and nets. An old castle, the residence of Sir George Sinclair, of Ubster, stands a little to the east of the town.

In future, however, Thurso will derive its chief interest from having been the residence of DICK, the eminent naturalist, a man in very humble life, and working hard to gain an ordinary livelihood, but whose marvellous career and great scientific attainments have been made famous by the admirable memoir of Mr. Smiles. He was not generally known when I visited the place some twenty years since, for at that time I had not even heard his name. But the perusal of his Life revived very vividly my recollections of the town, the enjoyment of much pleasant intercourse with hospitable Christian friends, and interesting services, especially one in the Sailors' Mission Room.

Being so near, it was not possible to resist the desire to visit the ORKNEYS, even if there had been no public engagements to fulfil. A short voyage from Scrabster, across the stormy Pentland Firth, brought one to the mainland, and a drive of a few miles by coach, to Kirkwall, the capital of Pomona. The Orkney Isles number sixty-seven, of which twenty-seven are inhabited; and the others, called *Holms*, are used as grazing grounds for sheep and black cattle. The islands are divided into about two equal groups of north and south; and a population respectively of 5,389 and 9,371, to which must be added that of Pomona, the mainland, numbering over 16,000; making an aggregate for the whole of more than 31,000, and which has probably increased since the census giving these figures was taken, for the increase in the population from 1831 to 1858 was 3,000 at the least. The Orkney folk say they are not of Scotch descent, but Scandinavians; and it was somewhat amusing to find, when making inquiries on the subject, to be told, with a manifest feeling of pride, "Sir, we are Orcadians!"

The general appearance of the Orkneys is bleak and uninteresting. There is a great dearth of wood, as might, indeed, be expected in so

exposed and stormy a region ; and, though the large tracts of waste lands are fast diminishing in number and extent, fine scenery must not be looked for. There is nothing, indeed, remarkable even about the coast, except the striking and lofty rocks of Hoy, rising to an altitude of 1,600 feet, in which is Wart Hill, the highest mountain in Orkney.

There are two objects of special interest in Pomona—Kirkwall and the stones of Stennis—two collections of upright pillars, forming a circle and a semi-circle. Many are overthrown ; but when complete they consisted of sixty, of which thirteen were erect and perfect, varying from ten to sixteen feet in height, and from two to five in breadth. The circle is surrounded by a trench about twenty feet wide, and the diameter of the included space cannot be less than 300 feet. One of these stones, separated from the rest, was perforated by a hole, through which the heads of children were passed, to secure them from attacks of palsy in after-life ; and also through that hole lovers passed their hands, the vow thus pledged being regarded as peculiarly binding, since the promise of Odin was one which no Orcadian would trifle with. Some fifty years ago, a stupid Vandal, a stranger, broke into pieces this curious relic of ancient times. There is real grandeur about the rocks of Sandwick, and one huge archway, formed by the restless fury of the waves, called "the Hole of Row," is deserving of special attention.

KIRK WALL, the capital of the Orkneys, is a fair-sized flourishing town, with a population of about four thousand, consisting chiefly of one long, venerable-looking street ; the houses mostly built in the old style, with solid walls, small irregular windows, and the gables facing the street. Another street, running nearly parallel, is more modern. The chief ornament is the cathedral of St. Magnus, 236 feet long, fifty-six wide, and seventy-one high. It was founded 1138 by Earl Ronald. The choir is now used as the parish church. Near it are the ruins of the bishop's palace, in which King Haco, of Norway, died of a broken heart ; and of the earl's palace, built by Patrick Stewart, the last feudal Earl of Orkney. Together, these ruins indicate a splendid pile of buildings, and one wonders how ever they were erected in so remote and comparatively insignificant a place.

WESTRAY, the largest of the off islands, is about thirty miles distant, and to it I had a pleasant trip in a huge market-boat one fine Saturday afternoon. The accommodation was rough enough, but I had for

a companion the Professor of Geology in Aberdeen University, and very soon his beautiful maps were spread out on a great sack of flour, and they gave to his conversation reality and interest. This gentleman spends a considerable portion of the vacation in evangelistic tours through the islands, and, if his illustrations of Divine Truth are as vivid and striking as those of his favourite science, he must be an effective preacher. It was very pleasing to see a gentleman of his position and culture devoting his leisure to such a good work.

I landed about ten o'clock at night, but it was so bright that I could see to read. Indeed, in the height of summer there is really no night in the Orkneys. The sun sinks below the horizon, and ere long rises again. My host was the occupant of a small farm, and everything about the house indicated a very simple, primitive style of living. But he and his interesting wife gave me as cordial and warm a reception as I ever had in my life. After I had been seated for a while, my hostess addressed me thus.

"Ye will like some refreshment after your voyage. It is not much we have to gi'e ye, but what we have to gi'e, we will gi'e with all our hearts."

"Well, my wants are easily supplied, and with such a sauce the plainest food will be delicious. Your bread down here is splendid, and your milk is first-rate, and if you will give me a basin of milk and bread I shall have a supper fit for a king."

"Ay, what is that ye said? Milk and bread? That's no food for a mon; that's what we gi'e the bairns."

"Be assured, bairns or no bairns, that is what I prefer to anything else."

In due time it was brought, but my hostess was scarcely satisfied until, like *Oliver Twist*, I "asked for more," and then all her doubts vanished. After I enjoyed my supper I rose to go to bed, when she exclaimed, as I halted across the room,

"What is the matter wi' ye that ye are hirpling like that?"

"I am suffering severely from rheumatism, and was obliged to have a doctor at Kirkwall, where I was laid up for some days, and prevented from going on to Shetland, which I much wished to do."

"Then I am vera sorry to hear that. But I am aye glad that ye tauld me, for I will go up and tak' off the cauld sheets, which are no' that good for the rheumatiz, and gi'e ye a pair of blankets made

of Shetland woo' ; for ye maun ha'e a good rest, as ye have to preach the morn."

Certainly anything more pleasant to the eye and the touch than these articles I never saw before or since, and, thanking my kind hostess, assured her that, when in bed, I should be "like a chicken in wool."

"Now, I want ye to be warm, and to have a good sleep, for ye ken ye have to preach the morn. And, when ye are in bed, just gi'e a wee tappit with your stick, and I will come up and tuck ye in."

I was greatly amused, and felt that I was indeed in a land of primitive simplicity; and the thought struck me that I had not been tucked in for sixty years! Moved by a feeling of curiosity, and wishing to revive once more the earliest of recollections, I gave the "wee tappit," and my kind-hearted friend came up and tucked me in all round in true maternal style.

"There now, I dinna think I can do anything mair for ye. I wish ye a gude night, and may ye have a good sleep, for ye have got to preach the morn."

Thanking her with all my heart, I was soon fast asleep, and rose next morning greatly refreshed by sweet unbroken rest.

PILLIOWELL was the place where the church had their house of prayer, and here I met a large congregation, and was introduced to Mr. Marcus, the pastor, to his family, and several godly people. Mr. Work, who accompanied me, took part in the services, and we had a most enjoyable and happy day. Our missionary meeting was appointed for the day following, at noon, to enable the fishermen to attend, and we had a capital gathering. I was pleased to observe that all who were there had on their Sunday attire, a true sign of right good feeling. Mr. Marcus, the esteemed and laborious pastor, with his family, rendered hearty help, and the people manifested the most lively interest. One was glad to find in this distant island a numerous church and congregation, united and zealous, cordially supporting the pastor in his arduous labours.

Some time after this visit, I heard that two gentlemen made their appearance in Westray, professedly on an evangelistic tour. These simple-minded people received them with open arms. But ere long it was found out that they were Plymouth Brethren, and they very soon indoctrinated a few of the members of the church with their specious and peculiar views. As the teaching of this bigoted sect

tends to promote separation, an evil spirit began to manifest itself, which ended in a separation, and the opening of a "room" for worship. The peace of the church was, for a time, destroyed; and Mr. Marcus, together with his family, left, I believe, for Canada. Under the pretence of evangelising, these intruders were the means of breaking up a peaceful and united Christian community, and stopping the work which was carried on by as earnest and devoted a pastor as could be found in the Orkneys. This interesting church has somewhat recovered from this rude shock, under the ministry of Mr. Slater; but the narrow and exclusive sectarianism thus introduced into the island will be a root of bitterness as long as it remains. I am very glad, however, to find that Mr. Marcus is back again in the Isles, and labouring successfully as pastor of the church in the island of Burray. I hope his people will take warning, from what has happened in Westray, how they admit any strangers who come on the pretence of evangelising, but who sail under false colours, and that they will faithfully stand by their honoured pastor.

The Suffolk Baptists of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.



HOUGH now, proportionately to the population, there are as many Baptists in Suffolk as are to be found in any county in England, there is only one Baptist church now existing whose history carries us back beyond the middle of the last century, and not more than four or five whose histories carry us into that century.

This appears the more remarkable when we remember that not only have Norfolk and Suffolk, from the time of the Reformation, been famous for their attachment to Protestant principles, but that, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, very close correspondence was maintained between the Protestants of East Anglia and the Reformed Churches of the Continent.

This free and frequent intercourse with the Reformed Continental Churches awakened, or at least stimulated, the desire—which, on several important occasions, found articulate expression—for a more complete and thorough-going reformation than that which had resulted in the settlement of the Anglican Church on its present basis. In the reign of Elizabeth, in few parts of England did Puritan principles within the Established Church assert themselves in a more uncompromising manner than they did in these two counties.

This period was marked, not only by the development of Puritanism within the Established Church, but also by the formation of a body of Separatists, who were known for a time as Brownists, and who were so called after their most distinguished leader, Robert Browne, who may be regarded as the founder of English Congregationalism.

In Suffolk, at least, with this general body of Congregationalists, those holding Baptist principles were for a time almost indistinguishably blended. We have proof that there were many Baptists in association with Congregational churches, but it does not appear that they attempted to form themselves into separate communities till after the middle of the seventeenth century, and then only in two or three places, these communities being of but inconsiderable extent and importance, and all of them becoming extinct before the middle of the following century, with the exception of the church at Beccles, which maintained its existence till 1766. In the records of several of the older Congregational churches, we meet with proof that they included a larger or smaller section holding Baptist views.

But we have some references to persons holding Baptist principles which are of a much more ancient date. Strype, the historian, says, in his "*Annals of the Reformation*," that a congregation of Lollards, or followers of Wiclif, met for worship in a house at St. Mary Stoke, Ipswich, who "took the Scriptures for their rule, rejected infant baptism, and held that all believers were priests."

In "a complainte against such as favoured the Gospell at Ipswich, exhibited to Queen Maries counsaile sittying in commission at Beckles Suffolk the 18th May ann. 1566," we have the names given of such as observe not ceremonies, and among these the following:—"Robert Brage his wife of St. Clement's parish, refused to suffer any childe to be dipped in the font. In St. Peter's parish Mother Fankel and Joan Warda, alias Bentley's wife, refused to have children dipped in fonts. In St. Stephen's parish Mother Berise midwife refuseth to have

children dipped in fonts." At this time there seems to have been only baptism by immersion, and the question at issue was not as to the mode, but only as to the subject of baptism.

Clarke, in his "History of Ipswich," refers to a very scarce pamphlet in the library of Lambeth Palace, dated January 22, 1648, "respecting the Protector having sent down two Anabaptist preachers, Knowles and Griffin, to Ipswich," which he scarcely would have done had there not been Baptists in the town at that time, though there is nothing now to show that they formed a separate community. There is reason for believing that there were several Baptist assemblies in the county of Suffolk in the time of the Commonwealth, but of these scarcely any reliable information can now be obtained.

Probably, the most important Baptist church in Suffolk, in the seventeenth century, was that of FRAMLINGHAM, which has long since ceased to exist. Of this church scarcely anything is known, save as its history is linked with that of a somewhat remarkable man who was for many years its pastor, a Mr. Thomas Milles, who left very considerable estates to charitable uses, and concerning whom several interesting particulars have been preserved in the extended notices of him which are to be found in Green's and Loder's Histories of Framlingham. These particulars, from Loder's "Framlingham," as giving us a view of rural Nonconformity at that time, are deserving of reproduction. Thomas Milles was by trade originally a tailor, and is supposed to have served his apprenticeship at Grundisburgh. Coming to Framlingham while young, in search of employ, he called at the wheelwright's shop and inquired of the workmen whether their master did not want an apprentice, for he was strong and should like their business better than his own. The master, making his appearance, was informed of what had passed, and, after conversation with Thomas Milles, took him into his service.

At that time there was a congregation of Protestant Dissenters of the Baptist denomination in Framlingham, which assembled for worship about half-a-mile out of the street, in a building known by the name of Lincoln Barn (or Link-horn), standing upon an estate which afterwards belonged to Thomas Milles, and constituting part of his charity. Thomas Milles formed a connection with this religious society, and, after a time, commenced as a public teacher in it.

His master and mistress, being much prejudiced against all of that way, used to upbraid their apprentice with his attendance among the

sectaries, called him by hard and opprobrious names, gave him frequent disturbance when retired (out of working hours) for reading and private devotion (of which he made conscience), and carried it very coolly and otherwise unkindly towards him, though they could find no occasion of blame against him, except concerning the apprehended law of his God. And when they learnt that he was become a teacher, they were yet more exasperated against him; and the master, heartened on by his wife, took up a resolution to go one Lord's-day, when he knew that he was to officiate at the meeting-house, with the declared intention of putting Tom out of countenance by placing himself directly in front of the pulpit.

With this purpose he went. On his return, being asked by his wife what Tom had to say, whether he had good fun with him, &c., he gravely replied, he never heard a man talk so well in his life, it was not in his power to attempt anything against him; he described his own case so exactly, he made him thoroughly ashamed of himself, that he would never say anything more against him, &c. From this remarkable period and occurrence Thomas Milles enjoyed the hearty respect and affection of his master, who, having no child, and sufficient means of support without the business, after a time turned it over to him, and at his death left him what property he had.

Living respectably in the world, and maintaining a good character, he married a lady of fortune, the widow of Edmund Groome, the younger, of Petistree, gent. (probably a member of the Baptist society to which he belonged), by whom he came into possession of the estates he left to charitable uses. By this lady he had only one child, which lost its life when an infant, by swallowing a ring. This affecting event deprived Mrs. Milles of her senses, and she died.

After marriage, Mr. Milles lived upon his estates (which lay in several different parishes in the county of Suffolk), but chiefly on that in Framlingham, where he lies interred. Living in troublesome, persecuting days, he met with much opposition on account of his religious principles and profession, and was several times in danger of being apprehended and committed to prison. On one occasion, a writ being issued out against him for his apprehension, it was put into the hands of the constable in Framlingham, a mason by trade, whom T. Milles had been used to employ, and to whom he had been particularly kind. Prejudice overcoming gratitude, he vowed, in the hearing of another (who was in no ways previously friendly to

Thomas Milles, but who knew the obligations the constable was under to him), that he would take that —— Milles and have him to gaol before the morning. Struck with the base ingratitude of the constable, the man watched for the first opportunity to let T. Milles know his declared intention, who immediately made off, and kept himself in concealment until the warrant, having been returned to the quarter sessions time after time, a justice at last reading it, "T. Milles, of Framlingham, Ufford, &c., &c., &c.," said, "T. Milles, here, and there, and nowhere," tore it in pieces, and he returned to his habitation and ended his days there in quiet.

As a proof that he was exposed to much trouble and persecution, we take the following from Green's "*History of Framlingham*," extracted from the MS. of a former biographer:—"Jeremiah London, who was many years sexton of Earl Soham, informed Mrs. Scriviner that his father lived in a very lonely house, some fields on this side a farm-house near Kettleburgh, since occupied by a Mr. Smith. That when he (London) was a boy, Mr. Milles used to go to his father's as a place of security; and he, with his brothers, &c., had a general order that if any persons went to inquire after strangers living there, they should by no means reveal it. One day, when Mr. Milles was actually concealed there, several gentlemen, in appearance, questioned him and his playmates; but, according to their general order, they gave such answers as sent them off, and Mr. Milles escaped." Another circumstance, too, has come to light within the last few years, showing the necessity he was under of concealing himself. On removing the old wainscoting in the house where he resided, a complete hiding-place was discovered, having communication with the walls of the chimney, the access to which was by a secret slip formed in the panels of the wainscot.

He must have been a man of considerable property at the time of his decease, as we find in his will, besides many legacies to friends and servants, large charitable bequests to the towns of Framlingham, Ufford, Petistree, Wickham, Dallingho, Parham, and Dennington, in the county of Suffolk.

The commencement of his will is worth quoting:—"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. Eight of January, in the yeare of our Lord one thousand seaven hundred and three. I, Thomas Milles, late of Framlingham, and now of Petistree, otherwise called Pistry, in the County of Suffolk, Yeoman, being of sound disposition of mind and

memory, but reflecting on my mortal and uncertain condition in this life, do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in manner as follows : And first I commend and commit my soul into the hands of Almighty God, hoping for acceptance through the merrits of His onely Son, the Lord Jesus Christe my blessed Redeemer; and my body I dispose to the earth from whence it came, hoping for a glorious resurrection; and in mean time to be buried in decent manner, as I shall particularly direct by word or writing, any time before my death, with a faire stone to be laid over my grave, and my name engraven thereon and the time of my death. And as for my worldly estate, I do dispose of it in manner as followeth."

He was buried in his garden "without any office or form," and upon his tomb is a black marble slab bearing this inscription:—"Here lyeth interred ye body of Thomas Milles, late of Framlingham, in the county of Suffolk, who departed this life January 13th, Anno Dom., 1703, in the eightieth year of his age. Who gave an almshouse and other large gifts to the town of Framlingham and to six other towns where his estate lay."

It has been well said, by one of Mr. Milles' biographers: "In looking at the nature and extent of the residuary devise in favour of the poor of this town, it really appears to be more than extraordinary; and nothing but the finest principle of Christian charity—that of doing good for evil—could have induced him to become so great a benefactor; because it is clear that, if he were exposed to persecution on account of his dissent, his persecutors must have been his fellow-townsmen, who, but for his benevolent disposition, were little entitled to receive any favour or gift at his hands." In bequeathing this property, "he did it without making the creed of man a barrier against the enjoyment of the wealth he died possessed of, and to the present time the door of this noble charity is open alike to Churchman and Dissenter."

Of the church in Framlingham, which was in existence prior to Mr. Milles' settlement in that town, and of which he ultimately became the pastor, we know almost nothing. The church was probably dispersed soon after Mr. Milles' decease, the scattered members associating themselves with other congregations in the town and neighbourhood.

In the lists, under date 1689 and 1692, of the baptized churches in England and Wales "that sent either their ministers or messengers,

or otherwise communicated their state in our General Assembly at London," we find the name of Thomas Milles, minister of the church at Framlingham, Suffolk; but in the list of associated churches in Norfolk and Suffolk given by Ivimey, the name of Framlingham does not appear, though in that list there is mention made of churches at DEBACH and SUDBURY. Concerning the church at DEBACH, I have been able to obtain no information; it may have stood in some relation to the congregation of Baptists which met for some time during the last century in Woodbridge, but of which no records have been preserved. Nothing is known, so far as I am aware, of the original church at SUDBURY.

That about the same time there was a Baptist church in the neighbouring town of LAVENHAM, we gather from the following extract from the *Congregational Magazine* of 1830, given by Browne in his "History of Congregationalism in Norfolk and Suffolk":—"A Baptist church was in existence in this town (Lavenham) in 1692, only thirteen years after the death of Gurnall, of which Mr. Tredwell was the pastor. Against these Anabaptists, as they were then called, Burkitt, whose living was in the neighbourhood, proceeded in a violent and indecorous manner. He personally interrupted them in their worship; circulated a calumnious report concerning their mode of baptizing; and published a volume, entitled 'An Argumentative and Practical Discourse of Infant Baptism,' in refutation of their principles. To this calumny and this work, a reply was written and published by Benjamin Keach, of *metaphorical* celebrity, entitled 'The Rector Rectified and Corrected; or, Infant Baptism Unlawful.' Of the history and fate of this church, nothing is known, excepting that it soon became extinct." From the preface to Mr. Burkitt's sermon, which "was delivered at La'nham, in Suffolk, in 1691," it would appear that this Baptist church was formed after the Revolution.

In BECCLES, a Baptist church existed for some time in the last century, and *perhaps* before, but which was dissolved many years prior to the formation of the church which still exists in that town. The following particulars are gathered from a little volume entitled "Brief Records of the Independent Church at Beccles, Suffolk," by Samuel Wilton Rix, and from Browne's "History of Congregationalism." "In 1656 two persons, who had been members of the Independent church at Beccles, received adult baptism, and, in so doing, were

considered to have given 'offence' to the church, and desired to appear and 'give account of their practices.'"

The church-book, under date August 4th, 1658, speaks of a meeting to debate about the disorderly breaking off of two of the sisters who had joined themselves to *another society* without the church's consent." But this, says Mr. Browne, may simply mean that they gave in their adherence to the Baptist denomination generally. We have no proof that a Baptist church existed at so early a date. "There are some subsequent instances of a similar kind, and it was natural that, entertaining peculiar opinions as to the mode and objects of Christian baptism, they should unite with societies professing the same sentiments."

"During the pastorate of Mr. Tingey—which extended from 1736-1749—we are told that 'some who had adopted anti-pædo-Baptist sentiments withdrew and opened a distinct church.'" From Harmer's MSS.—quoted in a note—we learn that "the seceders were afterwards joined by the Baptist church of Rushall, which is said to have been as ancient as the Protectorate. About 1730 a Mr. Miller was its pastor. He subsequently moved to Norwich, and was succeeded by Mr. Milliot. Towards the close of his life they chose a Mr. Simons, the benefit of whose ministry the Baptists at Beccles were also desirous of enjoying. For their accommodation, the seat of the church was removed to Beccles, and there Mr. Simons resided till his death. After that event, the interest at Beccles declined. It was broken up about 1766, and the members residing in or near Beccles re-united with the Independents there and with the congregation at Rushall."

To a private communication from Mr. Rix I am indebted for the following scrap of information concerning the Beccles Baptists, interesting as showing that there was a possibility of one of the most remarkable men of the denomination going to settle there:—"In the old church-book belonging to the St. Andrew's Street congregation, Cambridge, begun by Robinson and continued by Robert Hall, is an entry, under the date 1759, to the effect that the Baptist church at Cambridge, being then without a pastor, Robinson himself, then a young man of twenty-three, at Norwich, was recommended to the deacons by Mrs. Dutton, of Great Gransdon (known by her letters). She urged an immediate application, as Robinson *had already received an invitation from Beccles.* A

note, in Robinson's handwriting, on the opposite page, explains that "the Baptist church at Beccles, in Suffolk, had then lately lost their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Simmons," and immediately following is this: "The church has had only supplies since, and is now (1774) dissolved."

Though it does not come within the period I am dealing with in these papers, the following information, gathered from the *memorials* already referred to, will be interesting to some of my readers. In 1804 a secession of a few members from the Independent church took place. They formed the nucleus of the Baptist church which has since existed in Beccles. At first they united themselves to the Baptist church at Claxton, in Norfolk, under the pastoral oversight of Mr. Job Hupton; but the inconvenience of attending public worship at so great a distance induced them to obtain the use of a building in Beccles. The place they procured had been occasionally used for devotional purposes, and the celebrated John Wesley had once preached there; but it was sometimes appropriated to the barbarous amusement of cock-fighting. This circumstance was very repugnant to the feelings of those who resorted thither for religious purposes, and it stimulated their efforts to provide a house of prayer of their own. In 1805 a Baptist meeting-house was erected, and on the 5th of September, 1808, a church was formed consisting of twenty-four members—the church which has continued until now.

Correspondence.

MRS. BAILHACHE'S MISSION IN Highbury Vale

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.



DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I have often refused your request for a sketch of the five years' mission work in Highbury Vale, partly because I have feared it would be too long, and partly because every minute of time is precious to me, while such an account as I could give could only be of very partial interest to your readers. I have been afraid to begin to sort and unravel the tangled threads that have woven themselves around my heart. Yesterday, however, I thought I would try to send you a few details of how good God has been to some of the men who have been gathered into our "shelter."

About five years ago the City missionary working in Highbury Vale, a poor, but growing, neighbourhood between Highbury and Holloway, asked me to assist him in commencing a "Mothers' Meeting" in a blind street known as "The Drunkards' Corner." An epidemic of small-pox was just subsiding, and these people, touched by recent sorrow, were for the first time willing to open their houses to the Gospel. Most of the families live in one or two rooms. Father, mother, and four children usually hire one room; when that number is exceeded an effort is generally made to pay for another. I have met with instances of five people sleeping in one bed—two little boys with their heads at the foot, and father, mother, and baby at the other end. London-born people do not feel any difficulty in this crowding. A carpenter, for example, rented four rooms, two of which he used for his tools and for any odd work he might have to do at home, one for a parlour, and never used, and one as the living and sleeping room for seven! The baby died, and even I was surprised to find its coffined corpse in that one living and sleeping room with a large fire. Usually in the day-time only one bed is visible; at night something is rolled out from somewhere on which several children sleep together.

It was in the parlour of one of these houses that the work began. The room was rented by the Rev. J. Haslam, son of the celebrated evangelist; and this clergyman gave me the most kindly and generous support until his removal to Birmingham. Very soon a few women gathered on Monday afternoons, and one of them accepted Christ with all a child's unquestioning trust. Thus God gave His seal, and we knew that the work was His. Every room in the blind street was regularly visited. The husbands showed such interest in what we were doing that they were invited to attend, on a certain evening in each week, to listen to readings from "The Pilgrim's Progress." With great fear the first men's meeting was anticipated; but the numbers in attendance increased, until the good woman of the house allowed us the use of her largest room without any additional charge. Into this room twenty-five people were often packed. We loved our room, our meetings, and each other. The men would hasten home from work to be in time for "chapel." The fear of having to meet the extreme ignorance of these people gave place to the joy of telling them the "tidings" of a Saviour, which were, evidently, as *new* as they were "glad." Scarcely any of those who came had been in a place of worship for years. The Bible was a sealed book to them, allusions to its best known incidents being received with the blankest looks. I have proved the truth of Mr. Spurgeon's opinion of the London heathen, that our places of worship have about the same interest for them as the Chinese Pagodas in Victoria Park. The work began to excite attention. District visitors asked what was the power by which we gained admission to the people, and the answer then was, and has been ever since, "Love, simple love." Treat them exactly as you would treat personal friends. Let them feel that you love them and can care for them, and all difficulties will vanish. If fault must be found, let it be done with tact and delicacy—as one Christian lady would speak to another. A very earnest visitor tried the same district, and she told me, with tears, that the people would not receive her, saying, "I am sure I try my best. Mrs. B.'s daughter stays out late at night. I went to her one morning on purpose to give her a good sound scold,

and now she won't even open the door when I go!" What wonder? Love and honour the patient, enduring souls you go amongst, and learn of *them*. They can teach us something, and if there are rewards in heaven what comparison will our crowns bear with theirs? Remarks are often made by which one is cheered and comforted. "We never knew before that ladies *loved* us; that is such a prop." "Oh, yes, plenty of people give away tickets, and tell us to go to church; but no one else has been one with us, and tried to raise us above the dead-level of earning daily bread." The request is constantly made, "Come, and see my husband." More than once, when this request has been complied with, and with many prayers for right and tender words and winning ways the visit has been paid, all hope of doing good has been put to flight by an introduction of this kind, "Yes, you have come to see my husband. There he is. Now give it him well. He deserves it." But God has blessed the work nevertheless.

In the spring of 1880, Mr. Haalam left Highbury church; and, as the room was inconveniently small, I asked permission to use a double room over a milk-shop in the main road, rented by the friends at the Highbury Hill Chapel. This was most cordially granted, and here we worked until, for want of funds, the rooms were given up in the autumn of 1881. With the help of friends, a little hall was taken for the next six months; but it was low, damp, and altogether inadequate to our requirements. In the following spring (1882) the vicar of the parish, Mr. Wyatt, offered us a good, dry, comfortable room, very superior to any of the others which we have occupied. For this we have reason to be deeply thankful. Although it is situated in a dark side street, badly ventilated, and much too small for our Sunday evening meeting, which is our best and choicest time, here our God so evidently meets with us that our hearts glow, and many lips open for prayer and testimony. One after another, men and women, in simplest words, thank God for what they have received, and ask Him for what they want, not being at all troubled by invitations to begin or perorations with which to end their prayers. Much of the success of these meetings depends, instrumentally, upon our missionary, Mr. Brooking, who has a real gift for conducting them.

To return to October, 1881. It was then that the idea of forming a benefit society, at which the men should meet weekly, and contribute a small sum to be paid back in a time of sickness, became an accomplished fact. The object was to get men together to hear the Gospel. The plan succeeded, and has been carried on from the commencement with great spirit. At the onset I asked the members to allow me half-an-hour on each Tuesday evening, to be called "the Treasurer's half-hour." A vote in favour of this arrangement was passed, and in accordance with it a short weekly service has been held.

Before our meetings commenced, when I was visiting from room to room with a view to obtain a knowledge of the people, God gave me one soul as an earnest of future blessing. But let me mention here one difficulty attending mission work. In a house occupied by two families I was warmly received by the wives, and the husbands soon showed a kind interest in my visit—the "landlord" by being shaved and cleaned to be ready for my call on Sunday afternoon, when he thought he could give *me* some information on various subjects. He could not read, and was in every respect terribly ignorant, but always contrived to keep up a pretence

of knowledge. He soon told me *he* knew the difference between the Catholic and Protestant religion, which was what very few could say ; and when I expressed my desire to have this mystery explained, he said, with a look of pity for my ignorance, "Why, the Catholics say 'Our Farther *chart* in Heaven,' and the Protestants 'Our Father *wart* in Heaven.'" He knew a great deal more than I have ever been able to teach him ; but his dear wife, who has been a Christian now four years, shames my want of faith by constantly affirming, "He *will* be brought ; Christ is only trying my patience." The lodger in this house was a fearful drunkard—utterly sunk in sin and wretchedness. His father and mother had been drunkards before him. He would listen most attentively when sober, and at such times, which did not often occur, would have conversations with me. He has since told me that he used to get into the dust-bin to get out of my way when he knew I was coming, "and now," he continued, "I would go a couple of miles to see you." About six months from the time I first saw B—— he promised to go to a temperance meeting and sign the pledge. Trembling with anxiety, I kept my appointment, but he was not there ; I left the room to seek him. He was coming up the dark street where he lived, and was hurt that I had not trusted his word. The rough figure looked, in his rags, more like a scarecrow than a man. He said, huskily, "If ever I get a good man, it will be through you, because you would not give me up." That night we signed the pledge together. From that hour a marked change took place in him. He seemed to accept Christ and temperance at one and the same time. He attended the Sunday services, and commenced an earnest study of the Bible, often sitting up half the night spelling it out. John iii. and Rom. vi. were soon his favourite chapters—the latter describing his past and his present condition. During the first two years he fell twice through drink. His sorrow and remorse were so great as to help me the better to understand the fifty-first Psalm. Each time, thank God, he rose stronger, because more humble ; and for the last three years the growth has been without a break. He is a member of the church at Highbury Hill, often leads us in prayer at the mission-room, and is constantly working to bring his "mates" to Christ. His prayers are marvels, showing how intimate and close is his fellowship with God. "O Lord," he will say, "grant that I may live in you and you in me, so that I may think *your* thoughts and speak *your* words ; and always give courage that I may live Christ before my mates." Very soon after his conversion, he brought me a list of all the sins he could find in the Bible, "because," said he, "I want to get rid of them all, and be entirely clean." At another time he said, "I want to live so near to Jesus that, when I get to heaven, it may not be a sudden change, but home-like, with a dear Friend." B—— is a bricklayer, but has very delicate health, and finds it hard to support his wife and children. Nevertheless, he is nearly always cheerful, and has some tale to tell of his Father's wonderful goodness and special answers to prayer for food. I smiled one day when, after an unusually bad attack of pain, instead of going to a doctor, and asking God to direct him to give the right medicine, and then to bless it, he said, "I did not go to a doctor at all ; I asked God to do the whole business Himself, and He did." Often the neighbours point to this reformed life as an instance of the power of true religion.

S—— was induced to join us, and was often spoken to. One Sunday evening I followed him out, and said, "When will you be able to tell me you have given yourself to Christ?" He turned round, and said, almost sharply, "I have." "When?" "Last Tuesday." "Walk home with me, and tell me all about it." So I heard the story of another soul born of God. S—— told me, with much simplicity, how he had tried to make himself better, and thought he was getting on nicely, when, on the previous Sunday, a great quarrel arose in the house, "and," to use his own words, "I forgot all I had heard, all my good resolutions, and used the most shocking language. Suddenly the awful wickedness of my conduct flashed upon me, and I knew I was a terrible sinner. There was no sleep all that night. I cried for mercy the next day. I could not work. We were finishing a house. I knelt in one of the rooms nearly all day. Towards evening, something seemed to say, 'You are melancholy; go to the music hall at Kingsland, and get cheered up.' I set out, and walked nearly two miles, when I felt so miserable, and turned back and went home to pray again." That night God's light came to him, and ever since he has led a consistent and happy life—a good worker and one of our prayer leaders. He is only now learning to read.

W—— was, years ago, when a soldier, a professing Christian. Through a disappointment he fell into drunkenness, and sank very low. He was induced to join us, and God has led him back to Himself. He is very humble, and full of anxiety for the salvation of others, especially of his young wife. He is our band-master.

The little service we have on club nights is distasteful to the men when they first come. But it is allowed as an indulgence to myself, and they endure it all the better by the gift to each one who stays of a bun and a cup of coffee. I particularly noticed two men who were fast friends, and who seemed for many months to be bored by the address. At length the expression of their faces changed for one of curious interest, and soon afterwards one of the wives told me that they intended to go to church. I was glad to give each of them a Prayer-book. They attended once or twice, but could not find the places, and did not seem to "get on." One Sunday morning I saw them in the club-pew at chapel, and from that time they have attended there regularly in the morning and at the mission-room in the evening. Last year, when away from home, I received the glorious news that one of them had publicly declared himself a Christian at a large temperance meeting in the Holloway Road, and that his friend was earnestly seeking salvation. On the first Sunday after my return, I met the two at one of the houses, and had a long talk with them. O—— was simply trusting in Christ. He had no idea there could be so much happiness on earth. He had not prayed for years, and could only compare his feeling of fear lest he should be seen when first on his knees, to the fear a burglar must have of being discovered. His friend wanted to understand everything; *then* he would gladly believe. After asking him to explain a few of the common marvels of nature which are inexplicable, his mind was considerably relieved, and he said he had gained a great deal of light on a dark subject; and that same evening, coming out of the mission-room, he said to me, "You have your wish. I see clearly, what I cannot understand I must leave with Christ, and I can." These men are amongst our best

workers, and very active in the "Gospel Temperance" movement. One is a fair speaker, and both are diligent students of the Bible, and doing a good work amongst their friends. A little boy said to one of S——'s sons, "Your home is different from what it used to be." "I believe you, my boy," was the child's reply. Different, indeed, for both the father and the mother were hard drinkers, and now they are in their right mind at the Saviour's feet.

One more instance of the Master's blessing shall suffice. Last October we invited about sixty of the men to tea, with a view to form a Bible Union, choosing only those likely to be interested in such a movement. About one man I hesitated a long time. "Shall I, or shall I not, send him an invitation?" At last the note was posted, and W—— was present, and appeared to take an interest in the plan of Scripture study. The evening of the next day was the usual evening for the club-meeting. He was present again. I saw at the first glance that he was not himself. The room was so full that I could not get to speak to him, but he gave me peculiar looks and nods, and when I was leaving he beckoned to me so decidedly that I made my way near enough for him to whisper, "Oh, do say a prayer for me. I cannot forget last night. It has reg'lar took hold of me." I proposed that we should go into another room and pray together; but this he declined. I wrote to him that night, and went over the lesson we had studied on the previous evening, telling him the case there described was his own—Jesus passing, the blind man crying to Him, people hindering, the garment (sin) cast away, the persistent cry, then the sure and welcome question, "What wilt thou?" This little message was blest to his conversion, and, in a few days, he declared himself fully "on the Lord's side." Naturally energetic and enthusiastic, he is longing, burning to bring all around him to Jesus, that they may share his new-found joy. His constant words are, "Give me more to do. I *must* win souls. Tell me how I can *save souls*." One trembles at the effect the coldness of some Christians and the hardness of the world will have on this earnest soul. May God keep him. He is able.

Some may ask why only men are spoken of. The answer is, that they are considered more difficult to reach, and this is written that timid workers may be encouraged to try to win these tender, rough souls for our Lord's service. God is certainly using the Gospel Temperance movement; may it not be His message to His Church at the present time? However that may be, let us thank Him that, in these days of luxury and ease, there is some little thing in which we may deny ourselves for His sake. From our club we gather most of the men who come to our Sunday service; from it we have formed our Bible Union of forty members; from it has sprung a branch lodge of the temperance society known as the "Phoenix," called the "Bailhache Lodge," with a brass band, and numbering about seventy persons. A marked change for the better is observable in the appearance of most of the men. A softening influence is at work, and homes have been made happier even when the highest good has not as yet been reached. I should despair of effecting much good amongst the working classes, without the combination of Gospel and Temperance which we have in the Blue Ribbon Army. It is curious and deeply interesting to observe the hold which this movement takes upon the people.

Just a word on financial matters. Only two or three friends give me regular subscriptions, and I am often sorely puzzled as to where the next needed money will come from. The work enlarges on every hand, and every new branch requires pecuniary support. The present expenditure is quite £70 a-year. The club costs nearly £30; the mothers' meeting, £10; besides which we have to provide for sick and poor relief, temperance work, the night school, young men's Sunday-classes, and other expenses which cannot be mentioned in a letter. Of all, however, careful accounts are taken, and any one making inquiries would be gladly furnished with a statement.

This is a very cursory glance at our five years' work, which, though not without bitter disappointments, has been a very happy one. God has indeed made a "divinely generous use" of small efforts. May my little story encourage some timid ones to invest, with surest expectation of abundant interest from the Master, in the work to which He yields such blessed results.

17, Wilberforce Road, Finsbury Park.

E. BAILHACHE.

[The Editor is grateful to Mrs. Bailhache for this letter, assured, as he is, that it will be read with deep interest. Her work is a modest one; it does not figure amongst the great religious movements of the day—probably many of our readers have never heard of it before—but it has elements of beauty and of nobleness which must commend it to the admiration of all who love the Saviour, and who wish to see the power of His Gospel making itself felt amongst the more debased classes of our population. There is much of the same kind of work being done in many of our towns which finds no public chronicle, and herein we find one of the most hopeful aspects of our time. Mrs. Bailhache has not pleaded in the above communication for pecuniary help, neither has she asked the Editor to plead for her. He takes, however, the opportunity of saying that it will be a gratification to him to find that her simple but effective story has touched some kind, Christian hearts into sympathy, and into a determination to lighten the pecuniary burden she has to sustain.]

THE BAPTISMAL FORMULA.

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In the March number of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE there are several extracts from recent writers relating to baptism which undoubtedly confirm the views held by the Baptist denomination that immersion was the original and apostolic mode of administering this rite. The writer of the introductory remarks observes: "It is our simple and sincere desire to ascertain the will of our Lord, and we should therefore carefully consider all that is said either in favour of or against our interpretation of Scripture." These are just and proper sentiments to hold not only in regard to baptism, but to every doctrine or rite held or adopted by modern Christian churches. In the extract given from Dean Plumtre's notes on the

Acts, he says : Baptism, "in the name of the Lord Jesus," is "the only formula recognised in the Acts." How is it then that the Church universally uses in the administration of the ordinance the Nicene formula—In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost? If the reply is that our Saviour commanded these words to be used (Matt. xxviii. 19), I ask—Why was not this command as obligatory upon the Apostles as upon us? These are difficulties which have troubled me; and I should like you, or some of your readers, to solve them. The writer of a pamphlet* severely noticed in your issue for November, 1882, forcibly points out the discrepancy between our Lord's commands and the practice of the Apostles. Can these discrepancies be explained? In my opinion, it is as important that Baptists should be as Scriptural in the *formula* they use when they baptize a candidate as they are in the *mode* in which they administer the rite.—I am, yours truly,
ADDL.
March, 1883.

The Rev. Dr. Landels.

THE removal of Dr. Landels from London to Edinburgh is a denominational event of no ordinary importance. Nearly thirty years ago he came to London from Birmingham with an assured reputation as a preacher of exceptional power, and through the whole of that long period his influence for good has steadily grown. He stands as one of the foremost men in our Nonconformist ranks, and the Baptists especially have reason to be thankful to God for the laborious work he has done on behalf of the principles which distinguish them from, as well as of those which they hold in common with, all other Evangelical bodies of Christians. Our denomination in England will scarcely seem to be complete without him, and in London the vacancy caused by his removal will not soon or easily be filled up. We do not doubt that his reasons for accepting the call to Edinburgh were such as he could not resist without violence to his judgment, and his innumerable friends on the south of the Border must submit to the great loss occasioned by his departure as patiently as they can. If England is the poorer, however, Scotland will be the richer. Dr. Landels is now amongst our elderly worthies, but he retains his physical and intellectual vigour, and these he will still consecrate, from the impulses of a ripe spirituality, to the service of his Divine Redeemer and Lord. It is well for Baptist interests in Scotland that his settlement in Edinburgh has followed so closely on the removal of Dr. Culross from Glasgow to Bristol. May both these changes be fraught with wide and lasting blessing. The churches and congregations bereaved by them may well attract the special sympathy and prayers of all their Baptist friends in the United Kingdom.

* "Baptism Critically Considered." By Quæstor. London : Simpkin & Co. Price 3d.

Reviews.

JUBILEE LECTURES : a Historical Series Delivered on the Occasion of the Jubilee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. With an Introductory Chapter. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE have delayed our notice of these two handsome and exceedingly useful volumes, in the hope of being able to find space for an adequate article founded upon them. Much to our regret, the fulfilment of that hope must for the present be deferred. We greatly rejoice that the Jubilee of the Congregational Union, which occurred last year, was signalised, among other ways, by the delivery of a series of lectures setting forth the historical origin and progress of Congregationalism in this country. The great movement is worthy of such a memorial, and the facts connected with it are not too widely known, even among those who have spiritually, ecclesiastically, and socially profited by them. The whole matter is here set forth, in its various stages and aspects, with sufficient fulness to supply an important desideratum ; and the fact that a dozen different minds have been engaged upon it—minds of marked individuality, of keen insight, of wide reading, of expressional power, of spiritual enthusiasm, and of entire sympathy with each other—has given to the production a breadth and a comprehensiveness which it could not otherwise have had, as well as a variety of treatment, consistent with unity of design, which the reader is sure to enjoy.

It was fitting that the series setting forth "the action of Congregational principles in history" should be preceded by a statement of "the Congregational ideal, or the aims that, through the Congregational polity, the churches that profess it seek to attain and realise."

"It is only from this point of view that it is possible to do justice to their meaning and mission. It is here that their positive character comes out, and their polity appears in its true nature, and spirit, and purpose, not as it seems under the perversities and perversions of the hour, but as it stands, as it were, in the light of eternity, seeking to save the reign or Kingdom of God realised on earth, not in an ecclesiastical corporation identified with religion and worked in its name, but by the regeneration of men, and the consequent regeneration of the families, the societies, and the States they constitute."

The task of defining and expounding "the Congregational ideal" was assigned to Dr. Fairbairn, and he has performed it with rare ability. He soon conducts us to the heart of the matter thus :—

"It is significant that the apostles used a term with Greek rather than with Jewish associations, *ἐκκλησία* rather than *συναγωγή*, and it is through its Greek associations that the term must be interpreted. In Athens the *ἐκκλησιάσται* were the members of the *ἐκκλησία*, and to sit, to speak, and to vote there belonged of right to every citizen. And the *ἐκκλησία* was the symbol of the autonomy and freedom of the city, of all the healthiest, most patriotic, and educative in its life. Where every citizen knew what it was to be an *ἐκκλησιάρχης*, neglected no duty it involved, despised or abused no honour it could bring,

lived mindful of all the responsibilities, and jealous of all the powers it laid upon him, there the city became the best that was possible to it—that most beautiful of all things, the home of freemen, whose noblest faculties were all so exercised as to express a spontaneous yet finely regulated order. There have been no cities in the history of the world so rich in great citizens, in splendid patriotism, in culture, art, wisdom, in all fair humanities, as the cities where this ideal was most nearly realised. And the primitive Christian *ἐκκλησίαι* were societies of freemen, organised that they might fulfil the duties of their religion, realise the ideal of their faith. And every member was an *ἐκκλησιαστής*, bound to contribute the whole wealth of his renewed manhood to the enriching and ordering of the city or society that was the home of his soul. Now the Congregational polity is the polity which attempts to recover this ideal, to enforce all the duties, affirm all the rights, and work for all the ends it involves. The individuals must be perfected if we are to have perfected societies, and only as we have perfected cities or societies can we have the perfect State. The *ἐκκλησιασται* must be restored to their ancient privileges, and made to fulfil their ancient duties, that the ancient *ἐκκλησία* may be regained, the aboriginal idea of the Christian Church and religion realised."

The ideal thus described is a beautiful one, and incalculably better would Christianity and mankind have fared if the professing Church had faithfully adhered to it. Dr. Fairbairn traces the departures from it with a steady and discriminative hand, and lays bare the causes by which those departures were induced. He starts with the principle that "the Churches of Christ exist for the religion of Christ," and that, therefore, "their politics must be looked at through its nature and ends, spirit and purpose. The polity that best interprets and realises these is the best Church polity." He then observes that

"Church politics may be divided into two great classes—the Monarchical and the Republican, each being capable of further sub-division. The Monarchical is either absolute=Papal, or limited=Episcopal; the former is simply an autocracy, or organised and absolute patriarchy, while the latter is constitutional, or a sovereignty qualified by law. The Republican is either oligarchical=Presbyterian, or democratic=Congregational. The former is governed by and through its elect, the men who, as ministers or elders, are its ruling spiritual aristocracy; but the latter is more jealous of its delegated powers, loving to act in a body and as a whole, that all may, by exercising high functions, learn high things."

These politics are to be studied "from the standpoint of the religion and religious ideal of Christ and His apostles." The contrast of Catholicism with the Christianity of Christ is effectively opened in the following passage:—

"There is nothing that so radically affects and determines alike the doctrine, ethics, and politics of a religion as its relation to what may be termed the sacerdotal element or idea. Now the Catholic is a system constituted and administered by a priesthood, devoted to ritual, jealous of its prerogatives, made by an enforced celibacy to feel, as it were, homeless, with all their home affections absorbed by the Church; so graded, drilled, and organised that they form, as Adam Smith said, 'a sort of spiritual army, dispersed in different quarters, indeed, but of which all the movements can be directed by one head, and conducted upon one uniform plan.' And this priesthood is necessary to the worship of God, claims the right to hear confession, to grant absolution, to celebrate mass, to give or withhold the sacraments, to open or shut the gates of the Church, which is to them and theirs the door of the Kingdom of heaven. The priest

stands between man and God—a mediator, a person seeking to control the world that is, by his power over the world to come. But of all this there is in the New Testament absolutely no trace. Jesus Himself was no priest, was without priestly ancestry and associates, adopted no sacerdotal custom, chose no sacerdotal person, had no relations, save those of antagonism, to the priesthood, and the one thing it gave Him was the honour of its hate and the glorious infamy of the Cross. No one of His apostles was a priest, or exercised a single priestly function, or uttered a word that hinted at actual or possible priestly claims. The terms they used to denote the offices they held or instituted express or imply no single sacerdotal element or idea. The men who are charged to represent and administer the new faith are named prophets, or apostles, or evangelists, or pastors, or teachers, or overseers, or elders, or ministers, or deacons, but never priests. And this is a most remarkable thing, explicable only as the result of most careful and conscientious purpose. The worship of Christ's day was steeped in sacerdotalism; all its great acts and instruments and agents bore sacerdotal names, and were beset with associations and fixed in a system sacerdotal through and through. To institute a polity that had not even a reminiscence of the actual sacerdotalism, where everything priestly was so transfigured into its spiritual opposite as to be only the more completely annulled; to appoint to religious or spiritual offices that had in name no hint, in functions no shadowiest remembrance of the ancient priesthoods, implies so studious and complete a rejection of all they signified in religious polities as to be demonstrative proof that they had not, and were meant never more to have, any place in the Christian system."

The contrast is further seen in regard to the question of polity.

"The primitive Church is no unity in the Roman sense, and it knows no primacy. Its societies are not organised into a single body politic, or subordinated to a single head. There are the most marked diversities in custom and practice, the most remarkable differences in policy and method. The Jews and Greeks do not readily coalesce; the former stand on immemorial privileges and rites, the latter on their newly won liberty. Paul and the 'pillar apostles' have different provinces; he will not allow them to invade his freedom, nor will they enforce his liberty in the churches of Judea. There is nothing he so severely condemns as the attempt to invoke the authority of certain potent names; to swear by Cephas is to renounce Christ. But while no system could be less uniform, none could be more fraternal. Paul writes to many churches, and many churches confess him their founder and teacher; but his letters are expository or exhortatory, hortatory or biographical, and as far as possible from speaking with legal or political authority. No man ever had a doctrinal system so carefully articulated, or laboured more to make it intelligible and credible to the societies he formed; yet no man ever so carefully avoided building the societies he erected at Galatia and Rome, Ephesus and Colosse, Philippi and Thessalonica, Corinth and Athens, into a political corporation. His unity of the faith did not mean organised uniformity. And the same is true of the other apostolic writers. The only New Testament book that seems to dream of the Church as a visible and localised State is the Apocalypse, and the City of God is to it not Rome, but Jerusalem. Rome, indeed, is the unholy city, drunk with the blood of the saints, memorable as the scene of apostolic martyrdoms, not of apostolic rule."

We must not follow Dr. Fairbairn in his development of the process of deterioration by which "the *κλήρος* came to stand over against the *λαός*," and by which "there was not only the gravest of all schisms introduced into the body of Christ, but, as it were, the centre of gravity was changed, and all movements,

evolutional and organising, regulated by the legislative and administrative order rather than by the Divine and living Head." "A whole new sacerdotalism was involved, and waited only time and opportunity for evolution, and these were not denied." The Reformation was a movement for recovering for Christianity its primitive ideal.

"But it was easier to see what was needed than to accomplish it. Much, of course, was gained by the mere revolt from the sacerdotal polity which had been organised into Catholicism. Its strength was broken; it might storm as of old, but its thunder had lost its power to terrify, and its lightning to smite. But what rose in the revolted provinces was not the primitive ideal, but only more or less remote approximations to it. The Reformers, like men everywhere, worked under the limitations of time and place; and they did not work alone. They had to work through, and along with, and, in a certain sense, under Kings and States. The Reformer that worked most through and least under a State accomplished his work most thoroughly; the Reformers that worked most completely under and for a sovereign accomplished the least. . . . The Anglican Church was thoroughly insular, lived and acted as a Church for the English, without universal sympathies, save where here and there touched by Genevan influences, accomplishing the work with as little change as possible, leaving as much of the venerable edifice the ages had built as the forces at work could be induced to spare. There was no attempt at a return to the religion of Christ, only at the reformation of the Church of England."

The inadequacy of the change was patent to many minds. They said, "Restore the truth and way of the New Testament, and the glory of the apostolic age will return." These were the men from whom the Congregationalism of to-day has descended; and Dr. Fairbairn sets forth the spiritual elements and principles which gave them their power. What that power has achieved he tells us in the following words:—

"Its success is not a thing of statistics; figures could in no way represent it. It is embodied in the legislation, in the civil rights, in the religious liberties so slowly and so hardly won, in the political duties so strenuously fulfilled, in the public opinion and public conduct of the English people. Thanks mainly to Independency, the English people have learned that the State, inimical to religious freedom, is the worst enemy of religion; that to tolerate only one Church in the State is to do the utmost injury to the Church of Jesus Christ. Nor are these its only services. No student of English history can deny that it created a new conscience for conduct in the English people, new qualities of character and types of virtue, and added some of the most illustrious names to the long roll of Christian heroes and saints. But, while creating a loftier and more ethical ideal of the Christian man, it also lifted the conception of the Church of Jesus Christ, and made it less civil and more spiritual, less sacerdotal and more moral. It placed religion above the sovereign as above the man, made the Church as a society independent of the State, but as the bearer of the ideals and truths, as the vehicle and exponent of the religion of Jesus Christ, related to the State as to the individual—related, that is, as the teacher and preacher of righteousness, with a commission that comes direct from the Eternal. . . . Strong in the faith that Christ was King, that where He reigned no sovereign had any right or title to interfere; that the surest note of a Christian man was his being obedient to Christ in all things; the surest note of a Christian Church, its working in Christ's way for Christ's ends—the Independents

lived through the old days of darkness into these days of light, and helped to make the day when it dawned the day of rich fruition and richer promise we find it to be."

These statements find ample and eloquent illustration as well as convincing proof in the eleven lectures which follow, on:—I. "The Early Independents," by R. W. Dale; II. "Laud and the Puritans," by Dr. Allon; III. "The Westminster Assembly," by Dr. Stoughton; IV. "Independents in the Days of the Commonwealth," by Dr. E. Conder; V. "The Policy of the Restoration, and the Reign of Charles the Second," by Dr. Kennedy; VI. "Bishop Burnet and Contemporary Schemes of Comprehension," by S. Pearson, M.A.; VII. "The Struggle for Civil Liberty in the Georgian Era," by J. Baldwin Brown, B.A.; VIII. "The Evangelical Revival in the Georgian Era, and its Effect on the Development of the Free Church Principle," by A. Mackinnal, B.A.; IX. "Broad Church Doctrine and Independency," by Edward White; X. "Congregationalism and Clericalism," by J. G. Rogers, B.A.; XI. "Nonconformity in Wales," by Henry Richard, M.P. Such topics, with such names attached to them, are a sufficient guarantee of interest and instructiveness, and we can assure all readers of a rare treat if they can bring to the perusal an intelligent mind, a well-balanced judgment, and an unprejudiced heart. Some among us are inclined to modify our Congregationalism because, in some respects, it does not work as well as they could wish. We think they would rise from the study of these volumes with the feeling that that temptation had lost whatever of plausibility it may have ever seemed to possess.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, Oxford, and Canon of Canterbury. Religious Tract Society.

THE study of the ancient religions, to which Professor Rawlinson in this volume gives his very valuable help, has become a popular one. Probably the present widely awakened interest in it is one of the results of modern missionary enterprise, to the healthiness and efficiency of which it will no doubt, in its turn, largely contribute. Certainly the ancient religions present many curious topics for thought, and supply much scope for that kind of research which a proper regard for all that concerns the history and destiny of man is sure to promote in the minds of those who have the requisite gifts and resources. Professor Rawlinson very properly observes:—

"Such inquiries have a value in themselves. 'The proper study of mankind is man;' and the past history of the human race possesses an undying interest for the greater portion of educated minds. Of that past history there is no branch more instructive, and few more entertaining, than that which deals with religious beliefs, opinions, and practices. Religion is the most important element in the thoughts of a nation; and it is by studying their religions that we obtain the best clue to the inner life and true character of the various peoples who have played an important part in the drama of human affairs."

Our author has not attempted to produce a "Science of Religion;" neither has he speculated upon "the possibility of such a science being ultimately elaborated

when all the facts are known." Tasks of this kind are sometimes undertaken, but, to say the least, they are at present premature. The desire to generalise on this subject "has outrun the necessarily anterior collection of materials on which such generalisation might be safely based." This latter is the work to which Professor Rawlinson has addressed himself, and has selected for investigation the eight principal religions of antiquity—viz., those of the Egyptians, the Assyrians and Babylonians, the Iranians, the Sanskritic Indians, the Phœnicians, the Etruscans, the Greeks, and the Romans. The Jewish religion is too well known to need a place in the list, and "the religions of ancient barbarous races have been excluded as not having come down to us in any detail, or upon sufficiently trustworthy evidence." On each of the above subjects we have the cream of such information as the careful and intelligent researches of modern times have been able to secure, and we are enabled to see pretty clearly the *individuality* which each of these old religions possessed—the chief respects in which they differed from each other. What is the result? The author, though abstaining from the endeavour to found "a positive theory" upon the survey, because he is aware that such a survey must at present be by no means complete, considers that "certain negative conclusions of no little interest may be drawn even from the data now before us." These negative conclusions are thus stated:—

"In the first place, it seems impossible to trace back to any one fundamental conception, to any innate idea, or to any common experience or observation, the various religions which we have been considering. The veiled monotheism of Egypt, the dualism of Persia, the shamanism of Etruria, the pronounced polytheism of India, are too contrariant, too absolutely unlike, to admit of any one explanation, or to be derivatives from a single source. . . .

"Secondly, it is clear that from none of the religions here treated of could the religion of the ancient Hebrews have originated. . . . Judaism stands out from all other religions as a thing *sui generis*, offering the sharpest contrast to the systems prevalent in the rest of the East, and so entirely different from them, in its spirit and its essence, that its origin could not but have been distinct and separate.

"Thirdly, the sacred books of the Hebrews cannot possibly have been derived from the sacred writings of any of these nations. No contrast can be greater than that between the Pentateuch and the 'Ritual of the Dead,' unless it be that between the Pentateuch and the Zendavesta, or between the same and the Vedas. . . . Where they approach most nearly, as in the accounts given of the Deluge, while the facts recorded are the same, or nearly the same, the religious standpoint is utterly unlike.

"Fourthly, the historic review which has been here made lends no support to the theory, that there is a uniform growth and progress of religions from fetishism to polytheism, from polytheism to monotheism, and from monotheism to positivism, as maintained by the followers of Comte. None of the religions here described shows any signs of having been developed out of fetishism, unless it be the shamanism of the Etruscans. In most of them the monotheistic idea is most prominent *at the first*, and gradually becomes obscured, and gives way before a polytheistic corruption. In all there is one element, at least, which appears to be traditional, viz., sacrifice, for it can scarcely have been by the exercise of his reason that man came so generally to believe that the superior powers, whatever they were, would be pleased by the violent death of one or more of their creatures.

"Altogether, the theory to which the facts appear on the whole to point is the

existence of a primitive religion, communicated to man from without, whereof monotheism and expiatory sacrifice were parts, and the gradual clouding over of this primitive revelation everywhere, unless it were among the Hebrews. . . . The cloud was darker and thicker in some places than in others. There were, perhaps, races with whom the whole of the past became a *tabula rasa*, and, all traditional knowledge being lost, religion was evolved afresh out of the inner consciousness. There were others which lost a portion, without losing the whole, of their inherited knowledge. There were others again who lost scarcely anything, but hid up the truth in mystic language and strange symbolism. The only theory which accounts for all the facts—for the unity as well as the diversity of Ancient Religions—is that of a primeval revelation, variously corrupted through the manifold and multiform deterioration of human nature in different races and places."

These conclusions are sound, and confirmatory of opinions which have long been held by Christian thinkers.

BOY LIFE : its Trials, its Strength, its Fulness. Sundays in Wellington College, 1859-1873. Three Books. By E. W. Benson, Formerly Master, Archbishop-Designate of Canterbury. New Edition. London : Macmillan & Co. 1883.

A SERIES of Sermons from the pen of the Archbishop-Designate is sure to attract very special attention from all who are interested in the ecclesiastical progress of our age. The character of "the Primate of all England" cannot be a matter of indifference to any of us. Nonconformists are, from another standpoint, almost as deeply interested in it as Episcopalians; and, apart from all political considerations, we cannot but desire that the highest position in the State Church should be filled by a man of high intellectual power, lofty spirituality, and broad-hearted charity. We have as yet had comparatively few opportunities of judging of the extent to which Dr. Benson is likely to follow in the steps of his immediate predecessor, and we are anxious not to allow our opinion to be unduly biased by reports of what he has done in the Diocese of Truro. His new and heavier responsibilities may, at any rate, modify his plans and constrain him to recognise counteracting influences from which, in his less important sphere, he was free. In the meantime, it is a satisfaction to feel that his intellectual and spiritual qualifications are of the very highest order. His Wellington College sermons—now re-issued in a popular edition—form a volume which, under any circumstances, would win its way to recognition. Its intrinsic merits place it in the foremost rank of school sermons. It displays throughout a profound knowledge of boy nature—its weaknesses, its dangers, its finer aspirations, its dissatisfactions, its noble possibilities, such as can never recur in later years; and the fitness of the Gospel to guide, to control, to perfect the nature which, apart from it, must be dwarfed and maimed. Dr. Benson is, as we should infer from these sermons, a somewhat high Churchman. In the six sermons on "Trusting in God," the "Doctrine of Baptism," of "Laying on of Hands," &c., he is more sacramentarian than we had wished to find; but we are bound to say that, considering his position as a minister of the Episcopal Church, his utterances on this point are neither stronger nor more frequent than his ordination vows justify. The majority of the sermons are occupied with themes

of more universal and commanding importance, and are mainly concerned with the development of the moral and spiritual life. Such topics as "Scorn of Consequence," "Freshness of Spirit," "Risking our Influence," "Unprogressiveness," "Forsaken Ideals," "Irretrievable Birthrights," "No Answer from Christ," "Highest Motives," and the "Treasure of Treasures" are discussed with singular freshness and force. They are marked by clear discrimination, delicacy and tact of feeling, generous sympathy, and intense earnestness of spirit. The sermons must have exerted a healthy influence when preached. They will be read with profit by many who had not the privilege of hearing them; and they suggest the hope that, if Dr. Benson is as efficient in his Primacy as he was at Wellington College, his appointment will prove a wiser one in the interests of the Church and the nation than many of us at first imagined. We sincerely trust that it will be so.

BOY LIFE; or, Notices of the Early Struggles of Great Men. By William Winters, F.R.Hist.Soc. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a capital book to put into the hands of boys who delight in pithy, sensible, and practical anecdotes. The boyhood of great men—especially of men who have risen from the ranks, or have contended heroically and successfully with serious difficulties—is a subject that is not likely to lose its charm. No field of study is more attractive and inspiring, nor can we anywhere find more rich and suggestive wisdom. Mr. Winters has drawn his instances from a wide range, and compressed the results of extensive reading into a very narrow compass. His sketches are brief, but not obscure, and furnish a good illustration of the *multum in parvo* style.

MATTHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARY. Complete Unabridged Edition. In Nine Three-and-sixpenny Parts, Monthly. Hodder & Stoughton.

ALL who are familiar with Matthew Henry as a commentator will endorse Mr. Spurgeon's opinion of him: "He is most pious and pithy, sound and sensible, suggestive and sober, terse and

trustworthy. You will find him to be glittering with metaphors, rich in analogies, overflowing with illustrations, superabundant in reflections." We rejoice to meet with the first part of this new edition. It is enriched with a fine portrait, an elaborate memoir, and many well-executed and useful illustrations. Its only disadvantage is the smallness of the type in which the expositions are printed; but the marvellous cheapness of the issue rendered this disadvantage inevitable. This new edition is certain to secure a large circulation, for of all our commentators, Matthew Henry is by far the most popular, and is likely to remain so.

A SERIES OF LETTERS ON THE DIVINITY AND HUMANITY OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. By the late R. H. Carne, B.A., the late Dr. Robert Cotton Mather, and the late Rev. J. Batey. Arranged and Edited by Philip Reynolds, Providence Baptist Chapel, Islington. London: W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, E.C.

THIS is a small and unpretentious volume of solidity and worth. The majority of the letters were written by the Rev. R. H. Carne, so far back as 1815, in the *Exeter and Plymouth*

Gazette, in reply to Dr. Carpenter, and form a complete refutation of the Socinianism system. The argument is conducted on purely Scriptural grounds. Proof texts are examined with calm impartiality, rigorous logic, and reverent faith. During the last few years new points have been raised, but the controversy with Unitarianism is substantially the same as it has always been; and to those who accept the testimony of Scripture as supreme, Mr. Carne's letters will be decisive. The remaining letters refute with equal ability the opinion held by Dr. Watts and others, that the human soul of Christ existed from the foundation of the world. The volume is deeply interesting, and its publication is opportune.

PRESENT DAY TRACTS.—Agnosticism: a Doctrine of Despair, by the Rev. Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. *The Antiquity of Man, Historically Considered*, by the Rev. George Rawlinson, Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Canterbury. *The Witness of Palestine to the Bible*, by the Rev. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D. Religious Tract Society.

We have already spoken in terms of high praise of seven of these "Present Day Tracts." The three additional ones now before us are amongst the most interesting and useful of the series, so far. We have been particularly struck with Dr. Porter's exposition of "Agnosticism" as "a Doctrine of Despair." The inhumanity of the infidelity now in vogue has always seemed to us to be one of its most prominent and most repulsive features, and to give to its popularity an aspect of mystery which it is difficult to solve,

except upon the principle that the fallen mind of man is so perverted in its operations as to be fascinated by grim infatuations from which, in a saner state, it would instinctively recoil. Dr. Porter has exposed one of these infatuations in a manner which ought to put all thoughtful and humane minds on their guard against it. Professor Rawlinson has brought together, into a compact form, the results of careful research on the subject of "The Antiquity of Man," and has, we think, conclusively shown that the new notions on that subject are entirely without foundation. Dr. Blaikie has special competency for treating "Palestine" as a "Witness to the Bible," and he here shows that "all the ascertained facts" concerning that land "confirm the truth of the Bible, and demand the supernatural for their explanation." These "Present Day Tracts" are written by learned and conscientious men for popular use, and we place them amongst the most acceptable of our modern defences of "the faith once delivered to the saints."

CALVINISM: ARMINIANISM: EITHER! NEITHER? OR BOTH? A Lecture delivered in connection with the Rye Lane Young Men's Christian Association, on Friday, October 27th, 1882. By John T. Briscoe. Baptist Tract Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

In this lecture the exclusive Calvinists and the equally exclusive Arminians will find a great many hard nuts to crack, and they had better be careful lest, in the endeavour to crack them, they break their own teeth. Mr. Briscoe shows them the "more excellent way" of taking the unquestionable Scripture truths which belong to both the "isms," and placing them side by

side in pleasant companionship. He avoids "the falsehood of extremes," and, while vindicating "the grace of God" in all its breadth and length and depth and height, he upholds the responsibility and duty of man, and shows that there is nothing in the Divine decrees to justify spiritual presumption, despondency, or indolence on the part of any human being in the world. The lecture is a very clever one, the production of a mind thoroughly fearless, but well balanced in the investigation of Divine truth. We have read it with much interest.

DR. ADAM CLARKE'S COMMENTARY.
New Edition. Parts 21 and 22.
Ward, Lock, & Co., Salisbury Square.

CLARKE'S Commentary differs in many respects from Henry's—chiefly in that it is more learned and critical; and this edition, which we have favourably noticed from time to time, has the advantage of supplementary notes which bring the work up to the present standard of Biblical knowledge. The two parts before us conduct the student to the commencement of the Book of Habakkuk, and they contain effective plates, giving a view of "Quarantana—Scene of the Temptation" and "The Sea of Galilee."

A NEW HANDBOOK OF ANTHEMS FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP. (Complete.)
Hodder & Stoughton.

WE are not amongst the now comparatively few who object to the singing of anthems in the public worship of God. We have never been able to discover any sufficient ground for the objection. All our best hymns are founded upon Scripture sentiments and truths; and if these can be sung in Scripture language,

as most of them can, it is surely desirable that they should be used in their original form. Some musical culture is, no doubt, requisite for this; but such culture is now common; and our congregations can learn to sing such anthems as we have in the collection before us, almost as easily as an ordinary "hymn-tune." Thirty-six of these anthems are taken from the work prepared years ago under the supervision of the Rev. T. Binney. The remaining eighty are taken from various sources; and nearly the whole work has been "specially revised and arranged." We have looked through it with considerable care, and can give to it our hearty commendation.

THE BAPTISTS AND QUAKERS IN
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE: 1650—1700.
By the Rev. J. Jackson Goadby,
F.G.S., Author of "By-Paths in
Baptist History," "Timely Words,"
&c. Northampton: Taylor & Son.
London: T. Fisher Unwin, 17,
Holborn Viaduct.

A REMARKABLY interesting lecture delivered by Mr. Goadby in College Street Chapel, Northampton, in October last, with the Rev. J. T. Brown in the chair. It appears to be one of a series of lectures on the history and literature of Northamptonshire. Mr. Goadby's work, entitled "By-Paths in Baptist History," fully justified the selection of him for the task of research and of historical narration involved in the lecture before us. It is crowded with interesting and well-stated facts. We thank Mr. Goadby for the "better acquaintance" he has given us "with men who had so high a conception of duty, of the sacredness of conscience, and of the claims of the

eternal law of Christ." The "Appendix of Notes and References" adds to the usefulness of the work.

ASHEN HOLT CONFERENCES: a Series of Conversational Essays, chiefly in Vindication of the Divine Dealings, Permissive and Direct, with Man-kind. By Quæstor. London: E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

WE wrote a laudatory notice of this little work three or four months ago which has been unaccountably lost. We regret this the more because our space will not at present allow of our saying more than that the work is a serious and devout attempt to relieve our religious faith of some of the chief intellectual difficulties by which, in many earnest minds, it is beset. These relate to "The Primal Test of Obedience and the Origin of Evil," to the question of the "Freedom of the Will," to "The Hereditary Transmission of Sin," and to "The Nature and Reasonableness of Prayer." Inquiring minds, harassed by these subjects, will find much that is helpful to healthy views in the considerations to which the author directs them.

A CHILD OF JESUS. (From the popular book of that title.) Compiled and Arranged as a Musically Illustrated Service, in Staff and Sol-fa Notations. By John Burnham. London: W. Nicholson & Sons, 20, Warwick Square, Paternoster Row; Weeks & Co., 14, Hanover Street, Regent Street; J. Burnham, 24, Keston Road, East Dulwich Road.

"A CHILD OF JESUS" is evidently a popular story of child-piety, 150,000

copies of it having been sold. It is well known in Sunday-schools, and Mr. Burnham has greatly enhanced its attractiveness by the seventeen very fitting "musical illustrations" which he has given to it. They are simple, tuneful, and not without some freshness. The work thus makes a good "service of song."

THE PREACHER'S ANALYST. Conducted by the Rev. J. J. S. Bird, B.A. Elliot Stock.

WE continue to receive this excellent homiletical magazine, which is different in style from all other periodicals for preachers with which we are acquainted. The Pulpit Helps are usually by no means commonplace. They are terse, varied, suggestive, and true to the cardinal doctrines and requirements of the Gospel. The first sermon of each number is usually by the editor, and is a complete sermonic treatment of the chosen text. The others are given in outline. There are also useful articles on miscellaneous themes interesting to preachers. We are glad to repeat our cordial commendation.

REASONS DEMANDING AN ANSWER: an Inquiry into the Basis of What is Commonly Called Christianity.

WHY this pamphlet has been sent to us we do not know. It is simply, from beginning to end, an arrogant, sneering denial of the truth of our religion—sometimes Straussian and sometimes Bradlaughite in its spirit, but utterly destitute of "Reasons Demanding an Answer." We withhold the publisher's name, because we do not wish any of our readers to waste their time, their temper, or their money upon so atrocious a publication.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1883.

The "Spiritualist" Craze.



E should, in all probability, have had no thought of asking the attention of our readers to this singular phenomenon of our times, deplorably prevalent as it is, but for the fact that it has been somewhat rudely thrust upon our notice by some pages at the end of a very innocent-looking book which has been sent to us for Review, and which we shall notice in our next issue. That work consists of twelve chapters on the twenty-third Psalm; and in the concluding chapter, suggested by the last words of the Psalm—"I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever"—an attempt is made to establish the fact of a future life for the sheep of the flock in such a way as to convince those who have yielded to sceptical impressions. Such an endeavour is, of course, legitimate enough in itself; but we gravely doubt whether the author has carried it out by a legitimate method. We have not now to do with the argument as a whole; our attention will be restricted to one part of it. The particular section to which we refer, is thus introduced:—

"Were the spirits of two persons once living upon the earth to make their appearance, and to identify themselves to the perfect satisfaction of several witnesses of the most trustworthy character, there would be in such a case no longer any doubt of the soul's conscious existence beyond the grave. In the affairs of life, any judge or jury in court would consider such evidence as conclusive."

Then follows a quotation of the account, in the Gospel of Matthew, of the appearance of Moses and Elias at the Transfiguration of our

Lord, accompanied by certain proper and well-known considerations which go to show that that account is perfectly credible. So far well. The author proceeds:—

"But the proof which the Gospel historians have recorded of the re-appearance of the dead fails to convince the sceptical mind. Persons of this class have no faith in the leading doctrines of the Bible, and therefore set aside its authority. They want evidence of a stronger and more direct kind. Can such evidence be given? Is it within the range of human experience and testimony? . . . To meet the demands of the sceptic, . . . the reader will not, we trust, be offended, should we take the liberty of culling a leaf from the pages of modern spiritualism; for any evidence which can confirm so grand a truth as the immortality of the soul must meet the acceptance of every one who wishes well to his fellow men."

Now, we cannot but think that the author would have shown more wisdom had he ignored the so-called evidence from "the pages of modern spiritualism" altogether. Most people who have examined the matter with any fair degree of intelligence and discrimination, are unable to escape the conclusion that those pages are so defiled with falsehood and imposture, as well as with hasty and blundering inferences from misapprehended facts, as to require to be put out of court when any scientific or theological issue has to be tried. At any rate, many of their statements are so obviously the sheerest fabrications, and many more of them so unmistakably the product of the wildest delusion, that, if we put ourselves to the trouble of looking into them at all, we may well do so with very little expectation of finding in them any facts upon which we may confidently rely.

But what are the cases which Mr. Allan, the author of the book now before us, quotes? We need not reproduce them *in extenso*; the main incidents will suffice. In the first instance, we have an account of the reappearance to her husband, on five occasions, after death, of the wife of Mr. John Miller, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The first of these is said to have occurred on the eighth day after the funeral, and the remaining four at different times during the ensuing six months. On the first occasion she was clothed in white; but she then stated that she should subsequently "appear in clothing similar to that which she wore before her death, in order that all who knew her might the more readily recognise her." And so, we are told, she did. When she first appeared, "an accident respecting her ring was referred to by her; but no one in the room, not even Mr. Miller himself, could give any explanation. On his return home, he learned from Miss Miller that what had been stated respecting the ring was perfectly

correct." On one occasion she was recognised by other persons, as well as by her husband. Such is the first case. It was taken from a weekly journal, called *The Medium and Daybreak*, and the reappearances described are said to have occurred at *séances* conducted by a Mrs. Esperance. The second case is taken from the same number of the same journal, and is similar in kind. A Mr. Matthew Fidler, an enthusiastic spiritualist, tells of a friend of his, a Mr. Hugh Biltcliffe, who had been dead about twelve months. He was well known in Gateshead, and was an active temperance advocate and Sunday-school superintendent.

"Both he and Mrs. Biltcliffe were Spiritualists ; but she had never attended a *séance* for materialisation before the one I am now describing. When the *séance* was, as we thought, about to be closed, there appeared, at the opening of the curtains, a fine, tall, well-built man, with dark whiskers, dark hair, and clothed in long white robes. . . . In an instant I recognised in him my friend Mr. Hugh Biltcliffe."

He was also recognised by his wife, and by another lady who was present. Two gentlemen, sitting farther away, saw him, and asked if they were correct in their surmise as to who he was. He came near to Mr. Fidler, "and reached forward to shake hands. His grasp was firm and vigorous, as was his wont during earth-life." Two of his daughters—one thirteen years of age, the other seven—were present, and he kissed and caressed them. The younger one saw him again seven days later,

"and, without hesitation, went to him, when he took her in his arms, and kissed her. She clung to his neck as though she were not going to be parted from him again. Many, many questions did she ask him, such as 'Where did he get all the white clothes from that he had?' 'What did he do with them when he went away?' 'How did he get into the room?' . . . 'How queer it is; he's dead you know, and he's alive; how's that?'"

Such questions would be natural enough, no doubt, under the circumstances, but we do not learn that they were answered. If the departed Mr. Biltcliffe could thus re-appear in materialised form to his family, and could kiss and caress his children, he surely might have been good enough to gratify, at least to some small extent, the innocent curiosity which his re-appearance had occasioned. For aught the narrative tells us to the contrary, he was, to those who loved him, and who, on seeing him again, might well wish to know something of his "spirit life," as obstinately silent during the interview,

as he had been during the whole year which had elapsed since death first took him away.

Such cases as the above are not to be catalogued amongst the ordinary stories of ghosts and apparitions, about the authenticity of which the opinions of wise and good men have widely disagreed. The formal and professional *séance* makes all the difference. The friends of these departed worthies were already believers in the reality of the alleged "Spiritualist" revelations. They went to the *séance* with the feeling of supernatural mystery strong upon them. Imagination was morbidly active and receptive. They expected spirits from the unseen state to appear to them in "materialised" form. They were precisely in such a condition of mind as to be easily operated upon by illusions, and their common sympathy and expectancy in regard to the business which had brought them together, made it the most natural thing in the world for the same illusion to affect all of them alike—even to the odd circumstance of the ring, which may have been more a matter of *clairvoyance* on the part of the medium than anything else, and that, too, without his being dishonestly conscious of it at the moment. We have seen cases of *clairvoyance* quite as wonderful as this. But *clairvoyance* and "Spiritualism" are two very different things. Yet a preacher of the gospel of Christ adduces flimsy stories to secure admission for the doctrine of a life after death into the minds of sceptical people whom neither reason nor Scripture has sufficed to convince!

With the case of Mr. Joseph Barker before us, we would not go to the extreme of saying that a man who disbelieves in the reality of a life after death may not find his unbelief shaken by a "spiritualist medium." Mr. Barker's scepticism had reduced him to utter mental wretchedness; and, whilst in this state, he met with many persons who had been led, by means of spiritualism, from infidelity to, a belief in God and a future life, some of whom pressed him to visit some "medium" in the hope that he might witness something that would lead to his conversion. He resisted their importunity, until, at last, a friend persuaded him to call on Dr. Redman, a "medium" in Philadelphia. He then tells us in detail how the "medium" went to work, and concludes his account of the interview by saying: "I had had enough. I felt no desire to multiply experiments; so I came away—sober, sad, and thoughtful." And

farther on he says: "I was satisfied that there was more in this wonderful universe than could be accounted for on the coarse materialistic principles of atheism." Yes, undoubtedly. But when Mr. Barker had found his way back into the clear light of Christianity, he must have felt that he ought never to have required the fantastic devices of a so-called "spiritualist medium" to convince him of so obvious a truth; and if his heart had not already begun to hunger for "evidence," while yet his spiritual taste was too perverted and depraved to appreciate the mass of evidence of the best kind with which the "wonderful universe" around him abounds, we cannot imagine that Dr. Redman's skill, extraordinary as it was, would have had even the small influence which he admits it to have had in leading him over the line between unbelief and faith. The whole process, as he describes it, looks significantly like a feat of legerdemain, combined, perhaps, with the mysterious faculty which some persons are said to possess—the faculty of "second sight."

Some three years ago, Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. published an anonymous little book entitled, "Realities of the Future Life." Misled by this very attractive title, we purchased a copy, when we found it to consist of alleged "messages given, for the most part, by relations and friends of the medium, who have passed into the unseen world." Interest in the publication was naturally changed into curiosity; but we must acknowledge that our curiosity was very meagrely rewarded, and that, in its turn, it had to give way to disgust. What do these "messages" amount to? We will condense them as fairly as we can.

The first of these friends was taken from the room where he was lying at the time of his death "into a beautiful country," and bidden by his guardian spirit to wait until the time came for him to be conveyed to the home he was intended to live in. He came back and saw the distress of the friends he had left behind, and longed to comfort them. He was refreshed after his illness, before he entered on his work. The next friend's "earth-life" was "cut short by a sudden accident." When he "knew anything," he found himself in an indescribably beautiful country, "refreshed after the violent wrench in leaving the earth-body." By and by he "awoke to a more complete feeling of where he was," and was "aware that A. was with him," that he was "in the spirit-world," and that his "life of

happiness had begun." The next had died after "a lingering and painful illness." "I saw the earth-body left on the bed, and my mother in such trouble; but I could not comfort her." Why not? Words of comfort to the mourning mother ought not to have been more difficult than the words thus communicated to surviving friends. But probably there was no "medium" at hand at the time! "A bright angel carried me away; and I awoke refreshed, wondering where I was. But it is all right, and I am very happy, and gaining happiness, being taught by spirits who love God more than I do. We have beautiful flowers and trees." He next "awoke on a wide plain," and found himself "in the company of bright and shining beings," who greeted him with a loving welcome, and told him that he was to go with them elsewhere. The journey was accomplished with surprising celerity, but without fatigue. The place of destination was "beautiful" "with flowers and music," and there was "rest for a time." Another awoke "from what seemed to have been a long sleep." There were many "bright beings," amongst whom his (or her) mother and brother were recognised, whose speech was "intelligible, though different from that of earth." The second messenger returned, and spoke of "an intermediate place, or limbo, lying midway between earth and paradise"—"a purgatory, though some of its inhabitants" were "not unhappy." We select some additional statements from other messages. "Thought is the spirit-language; it is very quick and explicit; we can have no secrets here; each can see another's thoughts, and so holds converse, and reaches the learning of the higher spirits." But there are sounds of voices—not speech, but "murmurings," "like soft breathings of the wind, which sometimes break into sounds of praise and thanksgiving." "Distance is not known." "The wish to be in a place carries us there." "The colour of the sky is the deepest blue." The ground is "a carpet of the greenest grass." "What would appear water on earth is the most delicious wine." The leaves of the trees have "an aroma which they give forth into the air; this nourishes our spirits." All the scenery is "symbolic." "The birds sing very sweetly; and I have my flowers to take care of." "Our minds construct our buildings. We fashion our houses with our thoughts." "Some" houses in the spirit-world are "dreary." "There is much to be corrected—a great deal to learn." One spirit gives a detailed description of the mansion he inhabits, just as an emigrant might write of the pleasant

residence he has found in the United States or in Australia. Another had his "favourite dog" with him; he had "given it life from his love." Among some of the spirits "prayer does not cease; there are many subjects for prayer—more than you would think." The more advanced spirits teach those whose knowledge is cruder. "What we care for most we are taught." "I have my books, and free opportunities of studying." "The poets—what happiness they find in letting their thoughts flow!" "What people loved and did best in earth-life—which was right—they carry on here, with added light through the teaching, above all, of the Spirit, and by intercourse with great minds similar to their own." "There is no distinction or favour because of ~~some~~ supposed mark of grace or election; each receives what is his due, and what he has justly earned." "Judgment awaits each in the spirit-world, and is not in the distant future." "In cases where the judgment must be very solemn and awful, time is given, and such unhappy spirits are tried in different ways; they are brought through dark paths, and taught hard lessons; they are led on to see that the judgment is an escape for them, and a blessing." What can that mean? Will it be taken to favour "the larger Hope"? "What I ask is for you to pray that I may know something of what is around me, and that I may understand why I am here; for it is not so well with me as at first." Prayers for the dead!

It is obvious that if many of these "messages" are to be accepted, we must extensively revise our theology. Much of the teaching of Scripture, and especially of Christ and His apostles, must be repudiated as a mass of error, calculated not only to mislead, but also to corrupt. We must surrender what the editor of this new revelation calls "the popular Protestant doctrines concerning the vicarious sufferings and imputed merits of Christ, and the consequent miraculous transformation of the whole nature of all who benefit by these acts of grace." People who have tried to do right on earth according to their light, "will find themselves in harmony with the laws of the unseen world, and after brief penance (!) pass easily onward to greater knowledge and holiness." People who have "stified their moral sense find that, before they can even begin their future course of life, they must learn, through more or less bitter chastening, to submit their will to those eternal laws which had been partially revealed to them here, but which they refused to obey." Punishment is "temporal and purgatorial." "Nothing can

avert punishment when due, and remission, in any particular, is never hinted at." As to the physical surroundings of the departed, the sphere they occupy is just another earth, but perhaps more ethereal as well as "beautiful and pleasurable." The old tastes are retained, and the old (congenial) employments are assumed. Such is pretty nearly the whole—certainly the major and most important part—of what, according to this "medium," these spirits have to tell us of the "Realities of the Future Life." Does it not look remarkably like a jumble of fragments of mundane speculation, in which adventurous thinkers are fond of amusing themselves? We do not believe that God has thus left "the gates ajar" for the dwellers beyond thus freely to come back, re-materialised, to be seen and chatted with. Those "gates" have been occasionally opened. Moses and Elias appeared with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration; not, however, to disclose any of the secrets of the unseen state, but to converse with their Lord concerning "the exodus which He was to accomplish at Jerusalem." Lazarus was restored, for a little while, to his sisters and friends from the grave; but there is no hint of his having given a scrap of information respecting the mysterious region into which death had taken him. At the crucifixion of Christ, "the tombs were opened, and many bodies of the saints which had fallen asleep were raised; and, coming forth out of their tombs, after His resurrection, they entered into the holy city, and appeared unto many." But what did they tell of the Hades from which they had come? Paul was caught up into "the third heaven," but his readers are none the wiser for the extraordinary miracle of which he was thus the subject; he "heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter." We have the grand Apocalyptic visions of the apostle John; but the record of them is for the most part only a vast collection of gorgeous symbols, which inspire and awe the imagination, which are full of terrible warnings for the evil, and of magnificent hopes and encouragements for the good, but which none can translate into literal matter-of-fact speech. Had it been our Lord's will that the "realities of the future life" should stand revealed, He Himself would surely have revealed them. He was familiar with them in all their multifarious details; yet He said but little about them, and what He did say pointed to subjective principles rather than to objective circumstances. When he alluded to these latter, as He did occasionally, it was chiefly in figurative,

poetic terms. According to these "Spiritualists," however, the circumstantial knowledge of the next world, which, upon the supposition of its intrinsic lawfulness—a supposition open to grave doubt—might so fitly and authoritatively have proceeded from the sources to which we have referred, but which, for some reason or another, those sources did not supply, is, after all, within easy reach! Attend the *Seance*; bring out your table; complete your "circle;" secure the prescribed, conventional conditions; let your "medium" get to work; plenty of spirits from the land of the departed will congregate around you; and visibly or invisibly, with articulate voice or by "raps" which you know beforehand how to interpret, they will tell you, with elaborate, and even with preposterously petty minuteness, all about the sphere or spheres into which they passed when they "died," and how life has fared with them there! And what is the value of these "revelations" when we have them? Even at the best, the "realities" disclosed are not worth dying for. They are infinitely inferior to the grand and inspiring suggestions of the written word of God. They might be reached readily enough, and many of them are often transcended, within the limits of the present economy.

Sometimes an error swells out into such vast proportions, and assumes such hideous forms, as utterly to horrify a well-ordered mind. It is so to-day with this tremendous delusion of "Spiritualism." We have stigmatised it as a "craze," and assuredly it is a craze of the most appalling character. The Rev. Joseph Cook, in a recent lecture to his great audience in Boston, gives an account of a new "Christian Spiritual Bible," which has not yet been published, but which has been "copyrighted" and is already in private circulation, a copy of which Mr. Cook had obtained, and which he had examined in conjunction with his German friend, Professor Zöllner, who died a little while ago. The book is issued by the son of a deceased "medium," to whom the pretended revelations were made. Of this son Mr. Cook says that he is "a person apparently of judicial mind. He is a lawyer," Mr. Cook continues, "and he conversed with Professor Zöllner and myself in the coolest manner." And now, what do our readers think of the following:—

"The blasphemous claim is made in the 'Christian Spiritual Bible' that, in a closed camera at Terre Haute, Indiana, a photograph was taken of our ascended Lord; and here in this book, a copy of which I hold in my hand, is a picture which claims to have been produced from a negative obtained in that camera.

But the picture is nothing but a reproduction of a common lithograph, which, I presume, many of us have seen again and again in the print-shops ever since we were boys in our teens—the exact face! The claim is further made in this volume that photographs in closed cameras have been obtained of all the apostles and of most of the great characters of religious history, as materialised in a glorified human form. . . . According to this 'Spiritual Bible' there have been four incarnations of our Lord; the first in Isaac, the second in the author Bhagvat Gesta, the third in Sakya Muni, and the last in Christ. Our Lord, therefore, personally taught the Old Testament religion, and also that of the uncorrupted Indian Scriptures, as well as that of the New Testament. In the latter, only the Gospels are to be taken as wholly authoritative representations of religious truth. This [man had seen his father, as a materialised spirit, transform water into wine. Some of the manufactured liquid was shown to us in a vial. I was shocked and alarmed by the claim which he made that, through the aid of the Terre Hante, Indiana, medium, he had frequently seen the risen Saviour of mankind, and had been entrusted through him with this Spiritual Bible, with copies of which he was to enrich German professors."

Mr. Cook further states that he received the other day, "the prospectus of a mighty book, as large, nearly, as one of our pulpit Bibles, containing revelations which, it is claimed, are to supersede Christianity. It is," he says, "worth mentioning side by side with this other Christian Bible of the 'Spiritual' sort, in order that you may see from the floating of these air-bubbles which way the currents run. The bubbles amount to nothing; but the currents amount to much."

Such atrocities as these may well excite an unrestrained indignation in every devout and reverential mind. Some may think that they are the extravagances and abuses of phenomena which may, nevertheless, be worthy of confidence—outbreaks of fanaticism and imposture in connection with a system which is, after all, supported by facts. What right have you, it may be asked, to plant yourself upon the supposition that all actual intercourse between the "living" and the "dead" is an impossibility? We do not plant ourselves upon that supposition, for we believe in the supernatural and the miraculous. But if God has been pleased occasionally to allow of such intercourse—and we know from the Scriptures that He has done so—that is no reason for leaping to the conclusion that such intercourse may become normal and common, and that we are justified in seeking it. Much less is it a reason for placing ourselves, however tentatively and cautiously, in the so-called "Spiritualist" current, which is sweeping in so large a volume and at so fierce a pace through society in these strange days. If we are asked whether we

assert that *all* the alleged "manifestations" are impostures, we reply that so many of them have been proved to be of that character that the rest are sufficiently discredited. If the rejoinder be, that it is our duty to sift the wheat from the chaff, the answer is that, if there be any wheat at all, it is so poor as not to repay us for our trouble. Besides, even if we were to admit the existence of a little wheat in the shape of facts, we are not required thereupon to propound some theory by which the facts may be elucidated and systematised into a science or a philosophy. What philosophy have you of the snowdrop, of the rose, of life, of the elemental forces of the universe? If you have any philosophy of these things, it is speculative, not positive; partial; not complete; loose, not fixed; hypothetical, not authoritative; an attempt of the human reason which cannot, without the most contemptible arrogance, proceed upon the assumption of its own infallibility. Let science explain what it can; but do not tell us that when strange phenomena appear we are bound to accept your explanation of them, or otherwise to propound some better explanation of our own. We prefer to wait, and to allow the phenomena to multiply, if they are to multiply, *in the natural order of things*, and not to plunge ourselves into nobody knows what possible blundering, or into nobody knows what inevitable bewilderment, by our meddlesomeness. Carnivorous animals which have once tasted flesh never relish anything else so well. An insatiable curiosity seizes those who have once allowed themselves to be drawn into the "Spiritualist circle," and unless they have strength of mind enough, in the initial wonderments that crowd upon them there, to wrench themselves away once for all, their curiosity knows no bounds, and they soon become ready for the wildest delusions. They will consent, if it should happen so, for the *séance-table* to put its foot upon the most sacred principles of their religious faith, and will offer no protest even when Christ Himself is contradicted!

One thing is plain enough, the Bible gives no sanction to the "Spiritualist" passion which is now so rife. Even if the alleged "communications" be possible, they are, on Bible principles, *unlawful*. The Old Testament abounds with expressed or implied condemnations of them, and Paul writes to Timothy: "The Spirit saith expressly that, in later times, some shall fall away from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and teachings of demons, through the hypocrisy of men that speak lies, branded in their own conscience as with a hot

iron." The sorcerer, Simon Magus, figures by no means reputably in the narrative of the Acts of the Apostles. Paul exorcised the "spirit of divination" which possessed the Pythoness at Philippi. Her soothsaying was lawful if it was lawful for people to consult her, and in that case Paul ought not to have destroyed her power as a "medium" merely because she became an inconvenience when she followed him and his friends, saying, "These men are the servants of the Most High God, who show unto us the way of salvation." He ought rather to have been grateful for a supernatural attestation of his mission! True, Christians "are come to the spirits of just men made perfect," and some "Spiritualists" are fond of quoting the words. But what do they mean? "Ye are come" to them in the same sense as that in which "ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable host of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn who are enrolled in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better than that of Abel." "Ye are come to the spirits of just men made perfect," not for verbal intercourse, but as being already spiritually identified with them—one with them. "Ye are come to them" in that ye share the faith through which they were saved, are struggling for the same perfection as that to which they have risen, and are blest with the first elements of that glory of which they are now partaking in such rich fruition.

This thirst for communications from the dead is so much the more pitiful and mean because it implies an ungrateful dissatisfaction with the more substantial privileges which God has placed within our reach. We have great poets with whom we can commune. We have Shakespeare—a universe of thought and feeling populated with great worlds of glorious idealisms, and decorated with every grace of art. We have Milton, whose harp bears celestial strings, and whose strains sound as though caught from the grand epic of God. We can company with Bacon, and find our minds, under the spell of his philosophic insight, becoming clear and strong. Newton or Herschell can take us by the hand, and conduct us about the universe, laying bare to us the secrets of its magnificent mechanism. Better still, we can know the ancient Hebrew patriarchs, with all their strange alternations of experience; and Moses with his battles, his victories, and his law; and David with his lyre; and Isaiah touched with the

griefs and shouting in the triumphs of Emmanuel; and Jeremiah weeping amid the ruins of Zion; and Daniel away with his captive brethren in exile, and writing the history of the coming centuries; and Ezekiel rapt in the splendour of his mystic visions, down to Malachi the last of the mighty prophetic train. The "Baptist," and Peter, and James, and John, and Paul, may become familiar to us as our own brethren or fathers. The wonderful women of Scripture need not be strangers to any of us. Yea more. We have a beautiful world of our own in which we may live—a world of thought, of imagination, of poetry, of enrapturing visions. We may find music in silence, might in meditation, power and victory in secret prayer. We may find the Ineffable overshadowing us, the Infinite near. The gentleness of God may make us great. Oh, that men would revere the nature which God has given them! Oh, that they would appreciate the appliances of mental growth and of spiritual culture which He has lavished upon them! Then would they find something better to do than roving about from *séance* to *séance*, from "circle" to "circle," from "medium" to "medium," from ghost to ghost! Then would they desire to prepare for the Future Life after the manner which God has disclosed in His Word, and for the fuller knowledge of that Life would be content to "wait all the days of their appointed time till their change come."

EDITOR.

Tremont: a Glance at Family and Social Life in Normandy.



OW often is good taste offended, and our moral nature hurt, by unqualified censure and hard judgments passed, both on individuals and on whole peoples, while the speaker can have had but little acquaintance with their circumstances so wholly unlike those of England, and is most likely altogether ignorant of their beliefs and of the real life within! So sympathies become dulled and narrowed, and a hard surface of cynicism forms over the delicate, subtle, and impressible spiritual essence, and in such a soil no soft and gentle flowers can

open and shed their sweet perfume around. Are not different nationalities as so many family groups under various training—some under adverse conditions or in unwholesome localities—yet still our neighbours, and watched over by the one Almighty Father? A happier and more interesting world this would be if we listened for harmonies instead of discords; if Christians would live Christ, and more fully show the light of His truth, instead of being so eager to detect heterodoxies, errors, and failures.

We too often wrap ourselves in our insular prejudice when we visit the scenery of the Pyrenees or Alps, or rush on to the Eastern world. We may admire the beautiful Gothic churches of Normandy, or linger on the boulevards of Paris, and all the time the words "Superstition," "Hopeless frivolity," "Insincere politeness" may be on our lips or in our minds. Travellers who would like to see below the surface of things amongst the working classes of Paris would do well to inspect Mr. Robert McAll's mission stations there, when valuable opportunities would be afforded them of showing sympathy and of lending a helping hand in the endeavour to sow evangelical truth and to make society purer. Mr. McAll saw that the people were hungering for something more than ever-recurring political restlessness and agitation, and that they had hearts to respond warmly to kindly acts. In an apostolic spirit he gave himself to them, and holds up before them Christ's ideal of life, wasting neither time nor strength in a war of argument against Atheism, Communism, or Popery, but quietly going on in the work of winning thousands for the Kingdom of God.

Some years ago my own notions were a little enlarged by near and pleasant intercourse with a French family, beautified by domestic love and social fellowships. Perhaps some glimpses of this family in the family home and in the social circle, may not be uninteresting to the readers of this magazine; whilst, in the exercise of writing about them, their excellent qualities will be pleasantly recalled to my own mind. I shall not say much about the distinctively religious life of my friends, but shall leave it to be understood that religion influenced their life as a whole.

It was on a lovely day in June that I reached a country-house in Normandy. Arrived at the end of the avenue, my heart beat with some excitement and much timidity, as I saw Madame Raynal standing, ready to receive her visitor, at the head of the *perron*. Two charming young women were near her, one of whom was the wife of the only

son, who, as usual in France, after marriage still dwelt under the parental roof; the other "Madame's" only daughter, who, with her husband and two children, was on a visit at the chateau. In the hall two *bonnes*, in neat dress and picturesque caps, held two baby grandchildren in their arms; and little Lucile and Albert completed the group with which I, a weary and rather dusty traveller, so suddenly became acquainted. Not too dusty or weary, however, to take in the graceful scene and the pretty surroundings of flowers and verdure. Yet I was glad to retire to my own room to pick up my wits, and to find the view from the window pleasant and restful. Beyond the undulating and wooded foreground peeped the village spire, and wreaths of smoke curled lightly upwards amid the foliage in a very English manner. After a time came in Madame, who kissed my brow, looked kindly into my eyes, and murmured, "*Cette chère Maria.*" So I felt she had already taken me, a stranger, to her heart for my sister's sake, whom she had known and loved. I really think that, without this link, I must have re-crossed "the silver streak" the next day, and remained ever after in my island; for, until my ear became trained to the volubility of French conversation, I was perfectly aghast at my deficiencies, and overflowing with repentance for having alighted former opportunities of gaining facility in expressing ideas in a language other than that of my own mother-tongue. But M. Raynal—so representatively French, with the cordon of the Legion of Honour at his button-hole—at whose side I was placed at dinner, ignored my confusions of mood and tense, finished my broken sentences, and indulgently said, "*Vous manquez l'habitude c'est tout !*" To my gratification, I found that the two younger ladies spoke English extremely well, and that they were gifted with musical talent which had been carefully cultivated. Too little time, however, was devoted to books, and too much, perhaps, to the embroidery frame. When we met, day after day, to breakfast at 11 o'clock, I wondered at the ease and smoothness of all the household arrangements. There was an air of leisure and brightness over the party. The plans for the day were clear and complete. No grievance was ever aired in public, no vexations descanted on. Each spontaneously contributed a share to the conversation, and no *asides* were indulged in. The two senior children were generally admitted at breakfast, and seemed to be influenced by the good breeding and wise instructions of their elders. One day, however, the little girl was guilty of some slight disobedience,

and was told by her mother to leave the *salle á manger*, when her cousin Albert, five years of age, stood on his chair, stretched out his small arm, and claimed "grace pour Lucile," as only a French child could plead for pardon. It was accorded, and smiles returned to the group around the circular table well furnished with omelettes, *patés*, fish, cutlets, fruit, and light wines. *Café-au-lait* was served in our rooms at an early hour; so the family met only twice at the table during the day. I asked young Madame Alphonse the secret of the good household management I saw. "Pardon!" she replied; "we all rise early; I am dressed at seven o'clock, and attend to all my difficult work before breakfast. I do my accounts; I write my letters; I visit my nursery. As to Madame ma mere, she inspects every part of the house; she investigates everything, and gives her orders to the servants." After the breakfast hour, it was Madame Raynal's habit to walk in the shady grounds, when I invariably accompanied her; and she never became weary of talking of my sister, and relating many incidents that were fresh and grateful to me. We visited the flower-beds (the lawn, I remarked, was not so smooth as our English lawns), and the well-stocked fruit garden, where the trees were so well trained, and the promise of fruit was so splendid. We wandered on to the meadow, and saw how the recently-cut hay was being gathered in bundles. She evidently understood the process, and made a quick inventory of the number of the "*bottes*." As she gave instructions to the "*Fermier*," I perceived she had great powers of administration, and a strong, clear mind. She also took kindly interest in the man's family. His speech was the *patois* of the locality, which I vainly tried to comprehend, as he stood, with red kerchief on his head, talking before the lady in the shade of the lime trees which skirted the meadows. The conversation ended by a desire that, when next his wife brought up the eggs to the chateau, his little daughter should come also. Well do I remember the entrance of the little peasant maiden of four years of age into the smaller salon—the closely fitting cap on the child's head, the high dress with sleeves long to the plump wrists, and the clap-clap of the little wooden shoes on the polished oak floor. To my surprise, regardless of out-stretched hands, the child advanced quickly towards the window, to which she was attracted by a bright brass ornament, pendent from the cord which regulated the curtain, and then kissed the shining object, exclaiming, "*Le bon Dieu!*" The sun-burnt mother smiled, and explained that

her little one thought it was an image of the Saviour! This brought strongly to my mind the fact that I was in a Roman Catholic country. Yet, from shyness and inexperience, I never once visited the village and the church whose matin and vesper bell came so sweetly to my window. My host and hostess were Protestants of an old Huguenot family, and each Sunday, when in the city, attended the services of the "Temple." Madame's kindness to the poor was proverbial, and, from her position and ability, she was the heart and soul of all good societies, on which she expended liberally her strength and time.

Some days were passed by us at the spacious old town mansion. After threading staircases, and traversing rooms opening one into another, how amused I was by looking out on the "Grand Place" on a market day, observing the groups of blue blouses, the dress and picturesque Normandy caps of the women, and the strangely fashioned vehicles, on one of which I spied a dentist extracting teeth for the suffering country folk! I penetrated to the kitchen of the old house, and admired there a large iron plate, wherein burnt many small charcoal fires, at which a large dinner could be cooked with a small amount of fuel. The metal vessels and stew-pans were bright and in beautiful order; but the display of dinner-service and the open fire-place were absent, so that there was none of the trim cheerfulness of an English kitchen. Arsene, the handsome *chef*, however, in white waistcoat, apron, and cap, was himself really ornamental.

To have an opportunity of improving my own toilette and studying fashion, I accompanied two ladies to the dressmaker's, and commenced attentively observing the deftness of the *couturière*, her care in fitting, her study that all should harmonise with style and figure, that the *garniture* should be exactly suitable, &c. But my eyes soon strayed to the view from an open window, to which I quietly withdrew, and, as the room was large, only faint echoes of "*ravissante*," "*cela va très bien*," &c., &c., reached me there. I saw the river rippling under the bridge, and at the edge of the stream, in deep shadow, were several washerwomen, each with a flat board, on which the linen was being cleansed in the clear, cool current. The method seemed very primitive, but I may add that I never anywhere saw dresses more beautifully washed and "got up." Above this scene of common life—not unbrightened, however, by bits of colour—and close to the bridge, towered, fair and beautiful, the Gothic church of St. Pierre, embodying the religious feeling and taste of the fourteenth century; its flying but-

tresses and fretted pinnacles bathed in light, and its spire rising far into the serene summer-evening sky. How long I remained at the window I know not; but the beauty of that scene has lived in my memory and heart ever since, though I missed a good lesson in learning French conversation, as also in the art of dressing with taste.

To a dear old friend of Mdme. Raynal's, whom I will call "Agnes," I owe many of the peeps I had into French provincial life. At various times she invited me to accompany her in visits to friends, high and low, rich and poor—for which she did not always prepare me, disregarding, as she did, more than any one I ever knew, the arbitrary etiquette and externals of society. From her lovingness of nature and charm of manner, she was privileged to enter where ordinary mortals would have met a repulse. Thus the little dramas that came before me were all the more piquant and fresh. Perhaps the visit was to some poor folk, whom we might find preparing vegetables for the *pot-au-feu*, and living in a locality where the drainage was not perfect. At least, however, there were no rags, and invariably there was politeness, and, at times, a glass of *eau sucré* was offered in the pleasantest way. Or Agnes would enter a large, fine house, where the *concierge* would bid you mount the stone staircase, and, after traversing a *suite* of rooms, you would be ushered into a beautiful bed-room with blue satin and lacey textures, and a rather invalided lady, seated in a satin *fauteuil*, would receive us. Or, may be, it was at a convent, with 800 years of historic interest attached to it, that Agnes made her call; and Madame St. Clair, in her nun's dress, and with her sweet, lovely face, appeared behind the grille, and conversation would follow on Christian living and on Him they both loved supremely, wound up, however, by the nun saying, "Why will you be a Protestant, Agnes? You are too good to rest there. Come with us," and then, turning to me, "Would you like to see the Hôtel Dieu?" when, guided by a Sister of Charity, we crossed a quadrangle and were led through wards where many a wounded soldier lay. With Agnes, the service at the "Temple" was a very earnest thing, and she drew near to all Christian souls as opportunity offered. "Ah, good Clementine lives here!" said she, as we were returning from our Sunday morning worship; and we entered a rather humble shop, and chairs were placed for us by the counter. "My duty to my old mother, who is a Romanist, keeps me with her," explained Clementine, "though I often entreat her to close her shop on Sundays. Things are so different with you, mademoiselle!" Dif-

ferent, truly! Even at the excellent Pasteur's the children played with their dolls that same afternoon; but, as we gathered at the twilight hour in his drawing-room, to have tea served for the English friends, how elevated was the tone of conversation! How real the presence of Christ seemed! And how evidently He was loved by one or two of the party who had made great sacrifices in leaving the Roman Catholic Church!

This summer-time passed all too quickly. The walks and drives, so full of new interest to me, ended; and the society that partook of the graceful hospitality of M. and Mdme. Raynal at Tremont never all met again. The day before my departure, how beautifully the dinner-table was adorned with flowers, the arrangement of which was such as not to intercept one's *vis-à-vis*. At my side sat tall M. Rochigarde, *l'avocat* from Paris, who asked the Anglaise about the opera in London, the parks, &c. Discerning my incompetency to answer him on these points, he said, "Ah! I see, you live in a cottage all embowered in roses and trellis work, and read Tennyson;" and then he diverged into a chat about English authors. How different he was from the "exquisite" I expected to meet. So rich in delicious playfulness and humour; well might his wife look proud and happy. As I glanced towards that charming little figure in the daintiest of toilettes, I caught a question on her face, "Is my Alphonse bored by that English girl who speaks French so indifferently? And he never utters a word of *her* language correctly!" *Café noir* was served in the large, airy hall, where groups could circulate freely, and where the perfume of flowers came in at the open windows. The Préfet, the Maire, and other notables of the neighbourhood chatted gaily to the ladies, who did not retire to the drawing-room from the dinner-table, as is our English custom. We all descended to the terrace to enjoy the fine evening air; and from thence my eyes rested on a clump of dark evergreens in the distance, which I knew marked the last resting-place of the Raynals, within the precincts of their own domain.

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Ten years passed ere I again visited them. A political storm and a commercial crisis had occurred, and many a fortune that seemed as "a mountain that cannot be moved" had been wrecked. The Raynals had suffered with others, and I found them in a "maisonnette" in the suburbs of Paris. Madame welcomed me with a tear in her eye, but

said, "I will not murmur; my husband's honour is clear, and God has spared his life. There is my little 'dot' for us old people to live on." Lucile, now grown to womanhood, used often to leave her own luxurious home to cheer the loneliness of her grandparents. A marriage had been arranged for her, but she seemed to know little of her future husband. To a remark of mine, she replied, "It is the custom of my country. As to my own tastes, I am not clear what they are. I confide absolutely in my mother's estimate of his character." M. Raynal was polite, as in prosperous days. He made no reference to his fallen fortune, but was terribly shaken, and leant more than ever on his brave "Fannie," whilst she superintended her small *ménage* as wisely as, in former years, she had presided at Tremont. No incongruous bits of gilding lingered about; the rich laces in which she had once indulged were all banished, and her brown *cachemire* dress was entirely plain and simple. One rose-bed in the tiny garden was in bloom—the result of her own care!

Dear Madame! In her adversity she commanded my esteem and love even more than when Opulence smiled upon her. I think her state of mind can be best expressed in the words of M^{de} de Sévigné: "How foolish it is not to enjoy, with gratitude, the consolations which God sends us after the afflictions which He causes us to feel! There is, it seems to me, great wisdom in enduring storms with resignation, and in enjoying the calm when it pleases Him to restore it to us. Life is too short to halt long in one frame of mind; one must take the days as they come."

L. E.

The Relict of the Reverend Eliakim Twig.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

(Continued from page 121.)



It is not within the scope of these brief records to follow the Reverend Mr. Twig through the details of his professional career; but his wife, we must remember, had to. Life to her was one dread attendance upon the moods, and dependence upon the mercy, of church committees. Between the apathy of parishes and the undoubted superiority of Mr. Twig's

gifts her unspeculative soul vibrated with piteous helplessness. When he was in search of a pulpit, she trusted the Lord and fiercely adored her husband. When he had one, she felt that the world was more appreciative than she had given it credit for; but kept one eye on the senior deacon, to see how the long prayer struck him. When Mr. Twig became a travelling agent for a denominational society, she perceived that now, for the first time, he had found the right field for his talents, and in her secret soul gave thanks that the day of deacons was over. When the society no longer required his services, she made him an omelette for supper and did all her crying after he was asleep. When he taught classes in elocution, she experienced a rising tide of admiration for him. When he assisted in editing a religious paper, she stood in awe of him. When he wrote a book on Samuel Hopkins, she taught an infant school to help him. When the book failed to find a publisher, she took boarders to support him. When he started out as an evangelist, she stayed at home and prayed for him. Thus life dealt with her.

The gray was heavy in her hair and the fire low in her heart when their first and only child was born to them. They had been married fifteen years, and the baby took by surprise a struggling and dejected home. To the father he was a phenomenon, to be regarded alternately with a certain inevitable stirring at the heartstrings, or with a sense of extreme personal inconvenience. For the mother he added another to the terribly unquestioning devotions, raptures, and agonies of her life. When her husband was irritable, she kissed her child. When she went without meat to save seventeen cents a week to buy the boy shoes, she thought less about Mr. Twig's misfortunes.

The boy grew fast, and did not, even his mother acknowledged early develop a spiritual temperament. He was a big, hearty, rollicking fellow, who stamped through all his boots before there were any more, even after she had given up eggs and cut down her tea. He had curly hair, and did not like his father. He objected to being punished for whistling at prayers when Mr. Twig read an imprecatory psalm on Christmas Eve. The boy expressed bitter disloyalty to the professional environment of the family, and many unfilial intentions to see "a world that wasn't pious;" and one New Year's night, he being then thirteen and a handsome fellow, more full of vigour than conscious of tenderness, his mother missed him, and the child of prayer and patience, like any offspring of neglect and vice, turned his sou from her that bore him, and vanished in the mighty world.

Obedience Twig aged fast after this befell her ; and when, while still in the prime of life and looking much younger than herself, her husband too disappeared into that mightier world whose mysterious relation to this he had undertaken to interpret to men of less vocal gift, and perhaps of less real loftiness of purpose, but alas ! of more common sense—when Mr. Twig had pneumonia and died, like any common man, Obedience for a time confidently expected to follow him quite soon. He had a brief illness—it seemed mysterious that he could give way at the lungs, after all ; and he was very gentle and patient, and told Mrs. Twig that the Lord would provide, and that she had been a good wife. In one of his delirious moments he said that perhaps he had better have stuck to the tobacco ; but he passed away, repeating sonorously a Biblical quotation, and when Obedience passionately cried : “ Mr. Twig ! Mr. Twig ! Speak to me once more, Eliakim ! ” he put his hand upon his wife’s head and finished the most beautiful of all apostolic benedictions : “ The Lord cause His face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace.” And so, like wiser men, Mr. Twig took upon himself the dignity of death.

At first, as I say, his wife expected to follow him. That physical death which hid under the snow and frozen sod seemed a far less palpable fact than the moral disintegration of her personality. Her meek little pinched face looked like a lamp that was going out. What remained for a woman who had been the wife of the Reverend Eliakim Twig ? She looked at his gray slate tombstone enviously dreaming of the day when she, like other “ relicts ” in Hatfield churchyard, should rest from her labours beside her lord. She was worn out, poor soul. There was, indeed, very little of her left over after Mr. Twig’s abundant voice had, for the first known occasion in his life, faltered in that final benediction.

But Obedience Twig, like stronger women, learned that, however little is left over when the heart is broken, death does not come because he is expected, still less because he is desired. The smoking flax burns long, and the bruised reed, because the first to bend, may be the last to break.

One thing was left to her. She had a dignity to maintain. She had been the wife of Eliakim Twig. When people asked her what she intended to do, she gently replied ; “ Something suitable will open,” and prayed the Lord for respectability as fervently as she ever had for sanctification or a call. She fought for it in the

unnoticed way in which such women battle. She resumed the infant school. She gave (may art forgive her!) lessons upon the piano. She embroidered and kept boarders. She trimmed bonnets and sold tatting. She had no near relatives, and when one of Mr. Twig's cousins in South Hatfield invited her to spend Thanksgiving and half of the following week, she declined. For ten years she kept her body, if not her soul, alive. She was then over sixty years old, and it grew hard.

It grew hard and then harder. She felt compelled to offer her services as a housekeeper. She had never heard before of a minister's wife advertising for such a position. She pictured Mr. Twig as declaiming (chiefly from the Book of Revelation) to a large celestial audience and feeling very much ashamed of her. The position proved to be that of what is called a working housekeeper, in a family engaged in some business obscurely known as "fish" in a cheap seaport town; and the old lady found herself virtually the servant of a salt-cod packer and his seven noisy children. She wondered patiently what any of the people in East Economy would have said to see her in this place; and when, indeed, one of that now almost mythical community happened to find her there, and called upon her, she put off her cooking-apron with trembling hands, and choked, blinded, when she saw the man's face, for pride and shame. "I am very comfortable, Deacon Bobbley," she sobbed, "I want for nothing. I have a very respectable and suitable position. I have prayed, night and morning, for twelve years that I might be kept out of the—out of the—that I might be kept from a dependence upon charity. And I think the Lord will hear me, Deacon Bobbley—for Mr. Twig's sake," she added, unconscious of the pathetic irreverence of those four words.

As she grew older and feebler, her sturdy American dread of becoming an object of public charity deepened to a horror. No one in her presence pronounced the one word which never passed her own lips. People who knew her turned sharp corners in conversation to avoid mention of an almshouse or a pauper.

This was more noticeable in Screwsbury, a little town in Connecticut, to which she had wandered back, after having a slow fever at the salt-fish packer's, and receiving her notice to leave. In Screwsbury she took a tiny room, and advertised for plain sewing and light nursing, and here, for a time, in a forlorn way, she found ease. People treated her civilly in Screwsbury. She felt that they understood that she had been a clergyman's wife. She had a seat in the

minister's pew, till his boys came home from college and filled it. He was an excellent minister, but she wished he could have heard Mr. Twig unite in prayer.

It was in Screwsbury that Mrs. Twig began to feel that she was growing old. She did not go out, except to church and upon her business. One road in town she carefully avoided. It led to the Screwsbury poor-house. It was said that she had never seen the place. As her body grew feebler, that horror grew stronger. It was very strong in Screwsbury.

She had no friend or old neighbour in this place, and her little straits and economies and silences had the sad shield of age and obscurity. Nobody quite knew or much cared how poor she was, until fit after fit of sickness brought her condition to the knowledge of well-meaning people, who gave currency to that little notion of hers about the poor-house, and so drew her case under the attention of the town officers. She had commanded a certain respect in Screwsbury, from her tenderness to the sick and the uncomplaining reserve, called Christian, with which she withheld her own sufferings from the compassion of others. What should Screwsbury do with her?

"I cannot go to the ———. I cannot be dependent on charity," she said, with gentle insistence. "I shall be better soon. I have supported myself for twenty years. The Lord will provide. You must not send me to the ———. It would not be suitable. I am a minister's wife. My husband was the Reverend Mr. Twig."

It was a hard case; but what could Screwsbury do? She had her own paupers and invalids and decayed gentility to the manner born; but Screwsbury found herself uncomfortable to leave a woman of seventy years without a fire in March; and to let her die from insufficient food and attention, because she insisted on it, was asking a good deal even of Screwsbury. Cold and hunger and nakedness, the town auditor could understand; but for that starving need called delicate feeling the treasury had made no provision. Screwsbury was puzzled. A certain sum was raised, and the old lady made comfortable in a desultory way till spring. In the summer she sewed a little, and a little more was collected in the irregular manner known to village charity. Nobody was responsible for her, and when the weather chilled again, with the chill of her seventy-first autumn, Screwsbury shook its head.

(To be continued)

Illustrations from a Preacher's Note-Book.

(Continued from page 36.)



40. *Promptitude in doing Good.*

IF we know of persons who are in need of help whom it is in our power to assist, we should *make haste* to do them what good we can. A few hours' delay may seem to be of no consequence to us, surrounded as we are by all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life, but to them it may mean anxiety prolonged to the point of agony, distress deepened to the very verge of despair. When a celebrated philanthropist heard of a clergyman who had fallen sick, and was very poor, and could not possibly provide for his numerous family, he gave a friend the sum of fifty pounds, and asked him to carry it as soon as he could to the clergyman's house. "I will take it early in the morning," replied his friend. "You will oblige me," said the philanthropist, "by taking it directly. Think, sir, of what importance a good night's rest may be to that poor man." Good intentions—especially when the wants or the woes of others are concerned—should never be allowed to wait for their fulfilment till a more convenient season may arrive. Before that season can come the good intentions may become of no avail, because the circumstances of need or of suffering which called them into life may have passed beyond our reach or our relief. What we feel impelled to do for others let us do at once, lest the opportunity of doing it slips from us, and we lose the rich recompense of that mercy which is "twice blessed, blessing him that gives and him that takes."

41. *The Teachings of Experience unheeded.*

An eminent naturalist, who has given special attention to the manifestations of mind in the animal creation, tells us that we can safely infer intelligence only so far as we can observe an individual profiting by its own experience. If this be true, then I fear that vast numbers of the human family cannot be credited with a very high measure of intelligence. One of old declared: "I have learned by experience;"

but his case was exceptional rather than common. The great bulk of men, even in relation to the most momentous matters affecting human welfare and happiness, ignore altogether the teachings of experience. Some of the animals the lowest down in the scale of organised life, as Mr. Darwin has shown us, know how to profit by experience, and, when taught the futility of one mode of accomplishing their object, resort to another, and another, and another, until they find out at last the one that succeeds. Would that men everywhere would do the same with respect to the higher yearnings and nobler needs of their nature! But, alas! they rest content with what they know can never still the cravings of their spirits and give them pure and perfect peace. Experience has taught them again and again how vain it is for them to trust in the sweetest and best things that this world can supply for inward satisfaction and rest; and yet they wilfully ignore all the oft-repeated lessons of experience, and cling tenaciously to what they have proved to be but "broken cisterns, which can hold no water" for the quenching of their inward, eager thirst. Experience shows that, apart from Christ, men labour and are weary, finding nothing that can touch the springs of their life and give them healing and strength. Oh, that men would heed the voice of experience, and come without delay to Christ!

42. The Law of Combination.

It is a law in nature that, before two bodies can combine, one of them must be fluid. A similar law prevails in the human sphere, and determines the combination of men with men. If two persons have been living apart from each other in a cold, hard hatred and antagonism, one of them must lose his solidity and flow out towards the other in forgiving gentleness ere they can become one in the unity of love. As Christians we ought not to wait for others to relax their stiffness, to put away their hardness; we ourselves ought, by virtue of the fire of Divine Love which is in us, to be the first to melt into tenderness and forgiveness.

43. The Formation of Christian Character.

It is with the building up of Christian character as with the formation of crystals. In order that a crystal may be properly and perfectly formed, at least three things are needful; there must be ample time in which all unnecessary fluid can be dissipated, and the

component parts of the crystal come gradually together; there must be sufficient room for all the angles and planes of the crystal to attain their requisite size; and there must be the absence of agitation so that all the points and proportions of the crystal shall be evenly and symmetrically formed. Christian character, when it is what it ought to be, is more beautiful than any crystal that Nature's laboratory ever produced; and, in order that it may reach its perfectness, time is necessary. It is a thing of quiet growth; it has to rise gradually, and by many stages, into form and beauty; to hurry through religious processes will be to mar and spoil the result; we must "let patience have her perfect work." And space is as needful as time. If we shut ourselves up in a narrow place, if we go away from the broad open world and confine ourselves to a monk's seclusion, to a hermit's solitude, we shall be cramped and restricted; and, while some parts of our character may become finely and delicately developed, others will be stunted and dwarfed, and the character, as a whole, will be anything but perfect. The absence of agitation, too, is important. Whatever may be going on upon the surface of our life to interrupt its tranquillity, deep down in the depths of the spirit in which character has its beginnings, and from which it grows, there must be the unruffled calm which trust in the Father's will, and power, and purposes never fails to inspire; otherwise our character will be built up by fits and starts, and so will lack the fullness of harmony, symmetry, majesty, which it ought to possess.

44. Impressions left for Good.

Many forms of organic life that tenanted our globe countless ages since, roaming through its forests, disporting themselves in its seas, and sunning themselves on the banks of its rivers, have passed completely away, leaving no trace whatever of their existence except the impressions which we find preserved in stone in our cuttings and quarries. But those impressions are fixed and indelible, and will remain to interest and instruct the thoughtful so long as the world stands. It is with us very much as with these early forms of life. We may live out our little day, and we may hand down to the generations following neither name nor fame, neither pedigree nor history; all that we do may be to leave behind us a few impressions; but if those impressions be of good and not of evil, so that when

men see them they shall be constrained to say, "Here are the marks of righteousness; some pure and holy character has evidently shed its influences here"—that will be enough. We need not wish for anything more, for anything better.

45. The Influence of Christian Speech.

We should use every opportunity which comes in our way of speaking to others respecting their spiritual welfare. Such opportunities are given to us all. In our intercourse with those around us there are times when, without seeming to obtrude our religion upon their attention, we can say a word or two which will show that we feel a brotherly interest in their good, and which may be the means of stirring them to reflection upon their spiritual condition, and to a true dedication of their hearts to Christ. On one occasion whilst Harlan Page was going through his school with a view of ascertaining how many of the teachers were really the followers of the Saviour, he said to one: "Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?" The teacher was obliged to say, "No." "Then," said he, in a tone of sorrowful complaint: "I will put you down as having no hope." Harlan Page went away and said no more. But that single remark made so wisely and tenderly, sank deeply into that young teacher's heart. He went home, and there seemed to be ringing constantly in his ears the pathetic words, "I will put you down as having no hope." Those words had their designed effect. They acted as a goad to that young man's spirit, driving him to penitence, and from penitence to prayer, and from prayer to a life of earnest-hearted devotion to Christ. We should never omit to say a word that may be of service to our fellow-men when a fitting occasion presents itself; for on the utterance of such a word the most momentous issues may depend.

B. WILKINSON, F.G.S.

Who Wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews?

BY THE REV. G. H. ROUSE, M.A., LL.B.

PART I.

UNFASHIONABLE as it is at the present time to express such an opinion, our reply is, the Apostle Paul. No doubt there are difficulties in the way of the Pauline authorship; but we believe that there are far greater difficulties in the way of any other hypothesis, and that the arguments in favour of it are stronger than those which can be alleged against it.

Some things are perfectly clear, being acknowledged by almost, if not quite, all commentators.

1. The Epistle was written before A.D. 70, the year in which the Temple was destroyed, for the whole letter implies that the Jewish polity was, at the time of writing, still in existence. At the same time, it is clear that many years had elapsed since the death of our Lord. That the epistle was written between A.D. 62 and 68, is pretty universally acknowledged.

2. The writer was a Jew. The whole tone of the Epistle implies this.

3. The Epistle has many points of similarity and many points of dissimilarity with the acknowledged Pauline Epistles.

4. The teaching of the Epistle is Pauline, and if not written by the Apostle it was written by one of his associates.

5. Paul's chief associates were Timothy, Titus, Mark, Aquila, Silas, Clement, Barnabas, Apollos, and Luke; if the Apostle did not write the Epistle, one of these must have done so. The list is taken from Alford, one of the strongest opponents of the Pauline authorship.

Timothy is excluded by Heb. xiii. 23. Titus is excluded by the fact that he was not a Jew. Mark is excluded by the fact that his Gospel and this Epistle are so dissimilar in style that the same man could not have written both. Of Aquila and Silas we know hardly anything to enable us to judge whether they could or could not have written the Epistle, and there is not a shadow of historical testimony in favour of their having done so. No one advocates their claim.

There is more to be said in favour of Clement. Origen states that at his time some said that Clement was the writer, but whether that means that the Epistle was sent out in his name, or that he merely wrote it from the Apostle's draft, is uncertain. We have extant an Epistle of Clement, written to the Corinthians. In it he quotes several passages from Hebrews, but in such a way as to give the impression that he is rather quoting from an inspired writing than repeating what he had written many years before to an altogether different class of readers. There is little to be said in favour of the Clementine authorship, and I believe it is not now advocated by any one. There is something to be said for Barnabas.

Tertullian speaks of the Epistle as that of "Barnabas to the Hebrews," in a way which makes it likely that that was the general opinion in Northern Africa. Barnabas was a Jew, a "son of consolation," who might perhaps have been able to compose such an Epistle, and he was an Apostle, who therefore would be able to write with the tone of apostolic authority which, with all the writer's conciliatory spirit, pervades the Epistle. Hence, in default of a better claim, we might receive it as possibly the work of Barnabas ; but it is evident that the authority for its being so is very small. The only positive testimony is that of Tertullian, and in regard to internal evidence we have little data to proceed upon. All agree that the Epistle, if not Paul's, must have been written by some one who had been in long and intimate companionship with him, so as to imbibe his thoughts and phrases. But Barnabas was with him only in the earlier years of his ministry, and then as an equal, perhaps he thought himself superior, so that he was not likely to bear much impress of the Apostle's mind. He had quarrelled with and separated from the Apostle about fifteen years before the probable date of the Epistle, and does not appear to have met him since then.

Next comes Apollos, the present favourite, but the word "present" should probably be emphasised. There is a fashion in everything, from ladies' dresses up to—it may be more polite to say down to—theological speculation and Biblical criticism ; and the present favourite idea is to regard Apollos as the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews ; but we believe this fashion will share the fate of its sister, crinoline. It is a pure hypothesis, unheard of till the days of Luther, and practically it rests only on one verse, Acts xviii. 24 : "A certain Jew, named Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures." The argument is that Apollos is just the kind of man that might have written the Epistle, therefore he did write it. But this is a mere assumption ; we need more positive evidence than this, and such there is none. If Apollos was really the author, it is strange that there should not be the shadow of a tradition to that effect, and still more strange that, he being an Alexandrian, the Alexandrian Church should never mention his name, but always that of Paul, as the author.

Another objection is this. Alford, a strenuous advocate for Apollos, says that the writer had "such a degree of acquaintance with the thoughts and writings of St. Paul as could hardly, at such a time, have been the result of mere reading, but must have been derived from *intimate acquaintance*, as a companion and fellow-labourer, *with the great Apostle himself*. The same inference is confirmed by finding that our author was nearly connected with Timotheus, the son in faith, and constant companion, of St. Paul." The italics are the Dean's. Now we have no proof in the New Testament that Paul and Apollos were much together. I believe that 1 Cor. xvi. 12 is the only indication that they ever once met. His name never occurs in the Acts among the Apostle's companions, nor in the Epistles among the many brethren whose salutations are given. The Epistle to the Hebrews shows that the letter was written either in Italy, or to a church there (xiii. 24) ; it is a pure supposition that Apollos ever had anything to do with that country. Heb. xiii. 23 evidently implies that the writer had a certain amount of authority over Timothy, for he says, "With whom, if he come quickly, I will see you." But why should Timothy, as soon as he was released, hurry to

Apollos? And why should Apollos be so confident, without asking him, that he would accompany him on the long journey to or from Italy? Moreover, is there not a tone of *authority* about the Epistle, which no man less than an Apostle could adopt? Look, for instance, at a solemn passage like chap. vi. 4—6, containing a statement of doctrine differing from, and at first sight almost appearing to contradict, other Scripture passages, a solemn declaration, almost for the first time in the New Testament, of a most solemn truth. Yet we have no apology, no defence, no appeal to Scripture, no reference to apostolic authority, but a simple solemn statement: "It is impossible." All through the Epistle, notwithstanding the conciliatory spirit breathing throughout it, there is the same quiet consciousness of authority in the declaration of the truth. Could Apollos write in that strain? If so, we might ask him, "Who gave thee this authority?" The Apollos theory appears to be a mere assumption, and, even as such, with more to be said against it than in its favour.

The only remaining name is Luke. Col. iv. 11—14 is usually taken as implying that Luke was a Gentile; if this be the case, the matter is settled, for the writer was certainly a Jew. Besides, we might ask with regard to him some of the questions we put with regard to Apollos. True, Luke went, more than once, to Italy; but, we ask, had he such authority over Timothy that the latter was sure to go to him as soon as he got out of prison, and was certain to be ready to go at his bidding wherever he sent him? And had Luke apostolic authority to give, in his own name, dogmatic Christian teaching? True, he was inspired to write the Gospel and the book of Acts; but it is generally believed that those books were composed under the eye of the Apostle Paul, and substantially contain his teaching. Hence, I do not think we can hold Luke as, strictly speaking, the author of the Epistle; but there is much to be said in favour of the view that the Epistle to the Hebrews is, like the books of Luke and Acts, the joint work of Paul and Luke. There is this difference, that the Epistle to the Hebrews, being partly a treatise, yet also a letter, must have been written definitely in the name of one or other of them. My idea is this, that we are shut up to two hypotheses: either that the Epistle is simply and purely Paul's, written by him; or that he gave a draft of it to Luke, or possibly some other man, who wrote it in accordance with the draft, and the Apostle then adopted it and sent it off as his own. But, in this case, it is still the Apostle's letter. Suppose the Viceroy of India has to prepare an important letter or minute; he does not necessarily write it himself; he may ask his Secretary to do so. He himself will draft the minute, the Secretary will write it, in his own style, in accordance with the draft; the Viceroy will read it, alter it perhaps here and there, and finally adopt it as his own. And it is fully *his own*; nobody would say that it was in any sense the Secretary's minute. So we believe with regard to the Epistle to the Hebrews. Either Paul himself wrote it; or, wishing that the treatise should be in a more polished and smooth style than his own, he gave the substance to Luke or some other associate, who "put it into good Greek for him;" he then read it, perhaps altered it here and there, added xiii. 18—25, which has a thoroughly Pauline "ring" about it, and adopted it and sent it as *his letter*; which in that case it would be as really as if he had written the whole with his own hand.

It appears to me that the Pauline authorship is already proved by the "exhaustive" process ; that is, we have gone over the names of all possible authors, and all seem excluded except Paul. But some say that he is definitely excluded, and they bring the following objections against his authorship.

1. If the Epistle be Paul's, why did he not sign his name ? The same question might be asked whoever is the author. But very good reasons may be given for the absence of a name.

a. The Epistle is, though a letter, yet mainly of the nature of an essay ; hence the omission of the name is appropriate.

b. The writer probably meant the Epistle to be read by other Jews than those to whom it was immediately addressed, but, however friendly these latter might be, the Jews generally would be much prejudiced in reading an essay headed by the hated name of Paul.

2. Paul was the Apostle to the Gentiles, why did he write to the Jews ? We reply that Paul's practice everywhere was to go *first* to the Jews (Acts xvii. 1, 2) ; he loved the Jews so much that he could be ready to be "accursed from Christ" for their sakes ; is it any wonder that, after writing thirteen letters to or about Gentile Christians, he should write one to his own kinsmen after the flesh ? It would rather be strange if he had not done so.

3. The style of the Epistle is dissimilar to that of Paul's Epistles. No doubt there is much dissimilarity, though not so much as is often thought. But, on the other hand, there are many points of similarity, both in thought and style. And could not so many-sided a man, who was "all things to all men," vary his style considerably ? Moreover, let it be remembered that it is very possible the Epistle was put into shape by some other hand, though adopted and sent out by the Apostle.

4. If Paul was the author, why has there been so much doubt in the matter ? The two facts just referred to, that the Epistle is anonymous, and its style in many points dissimilar to that of the Pauline Epistles, would readily account for doubts arising as to the authorship.

5. Heb. ii. 3 is inconsistent with the Pauline authorship :—"Which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him ;" whereas Paul always claims that his Gospel was received direct from God (Gal. i. 12). Our reply is that the two statements are in no way inconsistent with one another. Paul received his doctrine and some facts (1 Cor. xi. 23) by revelation ; but the main facts of the Gospel history, which are referred to in Heb. ii. 3, 4, he probably received by testimony, as the others who were not eye-witnesses of them. Besides, while Paul laid stress upon his apostolic authority, where it was questioned, yet in writing an epistle-treatise, anonymously, to be read probably by many circles of readers, why should it be thought strange that he should put himself in the same class with those to whom he was writing, especially when, as a fact, he had not been an eye-witness of the events of our Lord's life ?

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

THE ALLEGED SCRIPTURAL FORMULAS OF BAPTISM.

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—The interesting question raised by your correspondent "Addi" as to the words to be used at baptism can, in my opinion, only be answered in one way. We are all so accustomed to the powerful influence of traditional usage in matters of religion, that it is difficult to come with a fresh mind to the consideration of Scriptural doctrine and practice. When we do so, however, we find that neither is there any direction given us in the New Testament about any formula of baptism (i.e., any form of words to be used), nor is there any instance of any formula having been, as a matter of fact, used in apostolic times. To baptize "into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit" (Matt. xxviii. 19), or "in the name of Jesus Christ" (Acts ii. 38), or "into the name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts ix. 16), or "with Christ Jesus" (Rom. vi. 3), or "into Christ" (Gal. iii. 27), does not mean to baptize with the use of any of these forms of words, but to baptize on confession of these Holy Names or Name. Since "he that confesseth the Son hath the Father also," and since "no man can say Jesus is Lord, but in the Holy Spirit," these various descriptions of the object of the baptismal confession are of one and the same meaning, only that the first of these expressions better suits a general reference to "all the nations," and the latter ones are more appropriate to the baptism of converts from Judaism, who had previously believed in the Father and the Holy Spirit.

The meaning of the words "the name of" is illustrated by what St. Paul wrote about his anxiety that none should think any had been "baptized into the name of Paul." Clearly, he did *not* mean that he feared that any should think he had used a "formula" in which the name "Paul" occurred, but that any should suppose that he had disciplesd men to himself instead of to the Master.

Moreover, if there had been any special form of words used at the apostolic baptisms, so many of which are recorded in the New Testament, we should surely have had it mentioned. The fact is, the age of formulas and liturgies had not yet come.

So early, however, as the time of Justin Martyr (A.D. 150) it was usual to mention the Holy Names at the moment of baptism. "That we may obtain [writes Justin] the remission of sins formerly committed, there is pronounced in the water over him who chooses to be re-born, and has repented of his sins, the name of God, the Father and Lord of the Universe. And in the name of Jesus Christ, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate, and in the name of the Holy Spirit, who, through the prophets, foretold all things about Jesus, he who is illuminated is washed." In this famous passage it is to be noted that, while the

act of the pronouncing of the Holy Names is referred to, the exact words of the Commission are not given, so that we may infer that Justin did not regard them as a formula. Fifty years later it was otherwise. We find Tertullian writing, "The law of baptism has been imposed, and the formula prescribed. Go, saith Christ, teach the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit."

This traditional rather than Scriptural opinion of a prescribed formula has come down to us in the English Canon Law, as confirmed by the Ecclesiastical Courts, according to which the "sacramental words" are regarded as "an essential part of baptism" (see the services for the private baptism of infants); and only if these words are used is the baptism recognised as valid by the State.

The greatest of modern commentators on the New Testament (to whom I am indebted for the above references) puts the case concisely thus:—"It is a mistake to speak of Matt. xxviii. 19 as *the formula of baptism*, for Jesus is not to be understood as merely repeating the words that were to be employed on baptismal occasions (and, accordingly, no trace of any such use of the words is found in the apostolic age), but as indicating the particular aim and meaning of the act of baptism. The formula of baptism, which (in its strictly literal sense) has no bearing whatever on the essence of the sacrament, was constructed out of the words of this text at a subsequent period." His opinion of that aim and meaning of the act of baptism, the great critic expresses with his usual point and courage: "The dedication of the believer to the Father, &c., is, of course, to be regarded as practically taking place in the course of the 'baptizing into the name, &c. ;' for, though this is not directly intimated by the words themselves, it is implied in the act of baptism." Commenting on the following verse, he adds: "A certain ethical teaching must necessarily in every case accompany the administration of baptism" ("*while ye teach them to observe*," &c.)—i.e., this moral instruction must not be omitted when you baptize, but it must be regarded as an essential part of the ordinance. That being the case, infant baptism cannot possibly have been contemplated in "baptizing them into," &c., nor, of course, in "all the nations either" (Mayer on Matthew).

I conclude, then, that there is no "discrepancy between Our Lord's command and the practice of the Apostles," simply because in neither passage was any formula (or liturgical form of words) given, intended, or used. While the use of the usual formula is binding on Episcopalians, and legally necessary for burial in consecrated ground, and while the use of that formula is very reverent and suitable, we who follow the Scriptures only are perfectly at liberty to use either of the formulas above referred to, or to dispense with any formula at all. At any baptism we do well to *read the words of the Commission*, but let us guard ourselves against the idea that these or any other "sacramental words" are necessary to the ordinance—just as, in the other Christian rite, we avoid the superstition of the Church of England in repeating the words of the institution of the Lord's Supper if any more bread is to be "consecrated." If we use a formula, we cannot do better than do what the Church of the second century appears to have done—viz., make a formula out of the words of the Commission. But if, after reading those words as they stand in the first gospel (and this not as some-

thing necessary, but as something eminently suitable) we should enter the water and baptize in perfect silence, or else while praise is being sung ; although, in so doing, we depart from general custom, we should do what is entirely within our right, and follow what was probably the apostolic custom still more closely than we do at present.

H. C. LEONARD.

Penzance.

PS.—If the use of a formula constructed out of the words of the Commission could be proved to be necessary to the validity of baptism, the Church of England is clearly wrong in using the blundering mistranslation of those words (*"in"* for *into*), in which the compilers of the Prayer-Book and King James's translators followed the early error of the Vulgate. Nothing is more certain than that our Lord did *not* say or mean "baptize in obedience to My precept." To baptize *"in the name"* means one thing ; to baptize *"into the name"* means quite another thing.

May I take the liberty of recommending my brethren to use the wording of the Revised Version when they baptize ? No doubt many of us have done so long before the Revised Version was begun. If we say, "I baptize thee *in* the name," we indicate our authority for baptizing. When we say, "I baptize thee *into* the name," we indicate the candidate's authority for being baptized.

The Late Rev. G. Gould : Memorial Volume.



OUR readers are aware that a volume of Sermons and Addresses by the late Rev. George Gould is in preparation, and we are happy to announce that it is nearly completed. Some portions of it have been kindly sent to us in advance, and from these we can promise to Mr. Gould's many friends a rare delight in its perusal. In addition to the sermons, &c., it will contain a full memoir written by the Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A., of Bristol. This memoir we have read with intense interest. It is a worthy tribute from an appreciative and accomplished son to a noble father. The volume is also to be adorned with an excellent portrait. It will contain twelve sermons and two addresses—one on "Sacerdotalism," and the other on "The Early Baptists." The subscription price is five shillings, and friends who intend to purchase should send their names at once to the publishers, Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings, London. The orders are sure to be numerous, and it would be a pity for any who may wish to possess themselves of a copy to risk disappointment by delay. We understand that the work will be issued in a fortnight.

"Exhaled, like a Dew-drop, into Heaven."

DELICATE child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to the noonday. "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with the heat, or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after, came rain and a rainbow, whereupon his father pointed upwards: "See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops, gloriously re-set, a glittering jewellery in the heavens, and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop, into heaven.—*From the German of Jean Paul Richter.*

Obituary.

MRS. BUCKLAND.

DIED, April 5th, 1883, in her eighty-fifth year, Mary, wife of the late William Thomas Buckland, of Wraysbury, Bucks. In the year 1826, she, with her husband, joined the Baptist church at Hammersmith, then under the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Uppadine. Through a long life of active home duties she sustained the Christian character, and by her gentleness and amiability endeared herself to all who knew her. On their removal to Wraysbury, her husband was chiefly instrumental in erecting the Baptist chapel there, and, although a layman engaged in a large business, became the pastor of the church meeting there until his death. Surviving her husband some twelve years, she retained her interest in this cause to the last. Shortly before he died, her husband wrote her character in a birthday-gift, quoting from Proverbs xxxi. 26-28: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and calleth her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her." Her last illness was but short, and in it she said, "Whatever be the will of God, I am satisfied." When unable to speak, she pointed to a text on the wall, "GOD IS LOVE," while her face lighted up with heavenly radiance. Thus she gently sank to rest in perfect trust and perfect peace. Her coffin, covered all over with wreaths of flowers, showed the love of the children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and friends from near and far who wept around her grave.



Reviews.

THE CITY OF GOD : a Series of Discussions in Religion. [By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE welcome another work from Dr. Fairbairn, the greatly gifted Principal of Airedale College, author of "Studies in the Life of Christ," "Studies in the Philosophy of Religion and History," &c., and the new President of the Congregational Union. Dr. Fairbairn has won for himself a foremost place in the higher religious literature of our day. He has certain mannerisms of style which must be pronounced faulty, which frequently mar the rhythm, and sometimes even the completeness of expression, but which might be easily cured without in any wise detracting from the proper individuality which any writer of true independence of mind will naturally exhibit and maintain. He has, however, so much power, and his power is so healthy, and is at the same time consecrated to such exalted aims, that there is no need to notice more particularly the trifling defects alluded to. It is a privilege of no ordinary value to come under the influence of a mind at once so natively strong and so richly cultured, especially when it is known that the natural effect of that influence will be a deepened acquaintance and an intensified sympathy with the essential truths of our holy religion. Dr. Fairbairn does not teach by conventional methods. He takes us away—sometimes very far away—from the tracks of thought along which many of us have been accustomed to move; but we feel at every step that we are near to a Divine Saviour, who is to be trusted the more implicitly and served the more devotedly because He has, for the sake of saving us, come into our own nature, and partaken of our own life, His life for us perfected by His obedience, and His obedience for us perfected by His sacrifice.

We do not quite understand why the volume before us has received the title which it bears. The phrase, "The City of God," affords very little suggestion respecting either its general contents or its specific aim. It is only in the last chapter that the idea properly embodied in the phrase comes into full view. The second title, "A Series of Discussions in Religion," is more explicit and appropriate than the first. The author has brought together a number of miscellaneous essays or discourses, and has so arranged them that the reader can pass from one to another without any break or disturbance of thought; and, taken as a whole, they set before us very impressively the relations of our divinely-revealed Christianity to the human mind, and its bearing upon man's character, life, and destiny.

We have an introductory "lecture," which was delivered in Airedale College at the opening of the session of 1878, on "Faith and Modern Thought." The author observes—for the most part, as we think, correctly—that

"Ours is, in a high degree, a reverent age, and much of its doubt has come, not from dislike, but from love of truth. . . . It is not always the men that love her best that

find her most easily. . . . It ought to be remembered that, if faith has its rights, so has the intellect, and those who require man to believe, ought to present their truths in forms that shall command his belief. A living religion can never repose on the past, be satisfied with its actual and achieved history ; it must be ambitious to live a vigorous and progressive life. It is not enough that the Christian faith has done well : it ought to show that it is doing and can do still better. . . . We have no right to ask them to spare our faith for its past services ; but the best right to require their belief, if it can be proved to be the highest truth for the intellect, the surest light for the conscience, the purest life and love for the heart.

"A religion always on the defensive is weak ; an aggressive religion alone is strong. A science is best vindicated by its discoveries, proves by them at once the reality of its being and its right to be ; and a religion that can show itself to be real, is certain to be able to prove itself right. . . . Men like Leo, the virtuoso, need apologists ; men like Luther trust God, do what He sent them to do, and are justified by their works. And, as then so now, the best apologist for faith is the man who can best make it a living, reasonable, and therefore victorious belief."

The terms "Faith and Modern Thought" are thus explained :—

"Faith is here used as the comprehensive name for the beliefs that form the heart, as it were, of the Christian religion. It denotes the intellectual content or substance of Christianity as presented in its sacred literature—its spiritual essence as distinguished from its political institutions, its creative as opposed to its created facts. The Christian faith is not the synonym of the Christian Churches. . . . Nor is Christian faith the equivalent of Christian theology—the thought of the churches formulated, affirmed, and made historical. Theology is an attempt to interpret the faith—to translate it into language intelligible to the reason. . . . The thought that claims to be, by pre-eminence, modern, and is here opposed to faith, is thought that would either deny its truths and facts, or so explain them as to destroy their meaning. This thought is not the synonym of modern knowledge. Knowledge is our science or consciousness, but thought our theory, of what is. When we know, we perceive ; when we think, we reason ; and so what is here termed modern thought is not modern knowledge of man and nature, but reasonings based upon it, interpretations of phenomena, scientific and philosophical speculations as to what is, and how what is has come to be."

The conflict between these two, "Faith and Modern Thought" is painfully patent to every observer. But it is not often so definitely and vividly described as Dr. Fairbairn has described it. Faith, he says,

"lives surrounded by real or potential enemies. Science cannot publish her discoveries without letting us hear the shock of their collision with the Ancient Faith. The political philosopher seeks to show how the State can live and prosper without religion ; the ethical thinker, how right can exist and law govern without God. A philosophy that denies the surest and most necessary truths works in harmony with a criticism that resolves into mythologies the holiest religious histories. A large section of our literature, including some of the finest creations of living imagination, interpret Nature and man, exhibit life and destiny, from the standpoint of those who have consciously renounced belief in God, and can find on earth nothing divine but humanity. Our working-men listen to theories of life that leave around them only blank material walls, within them no spiritual reality, before them no higher and larger hope. With so many forces inimical to faith at work in our midst, men find it easiest to assume an

attitude of absolute antagonism either, on the one hand, to Faith, or, on the other, to Knowledge. There is so fine a simplicity in such an attitude that the simplest person can hold it, and feel himself both strong and safe. Yet that position alone is secure and permanent where the man can say, 'Faith and reason are alike sons of God, and have alike the right to be and to be honoured. The realities of the world are truths of God; the truths of God are realities of the Spirit; and all that has its being in Him must be perfect and harmonious as Himself.'"

Some pages are given to a development of the process by which Modern Thought has taken the form of the positive and constructive "Pan-Physicism," which we now see it for the most part to be—"an attempt to explain nature through nature, without any appeal to any power or person above it;" and the question is asked, "How ought the representative of faith to behave in its presence?" The germ of the first reply to this question may be found in this single sentence:—

"It is not by affirming the faith in the forms fixed by the past that living thought is to be penetrated and possessed by religion, but by carrying the religious idea into the regions that thought explores, proving its right to live there, its claim to be the only rational interpreter of the universe."

It follows from this that religious thought must be "constructive," "not satisfied with developing doctrines and defending Churches, but courageously attempt the interpretation of the universe from the standpoint of religion. . . . There is no theory of the universe so rational as Theism, and there is none that so little need fear an appeal to reason." Calvinism is right in its methods, but not sufficiently comprehensive in its range. "It is a system of splendid daring, of courageous consistency in all its parts, in premiss, process, and conclusion. . . . It was the universe, in its making, in its rule, purpose and destiny, explained by a given conception of God," and "it entered like iron into the blood of nascent and incoherent Protestantism, and braced it to the most heroic endurances and endeavours. . . . What we need is a system as constructive, comprehensive, and sublime as Calvinism, but more generous—an interpretation of the universe through our higher idea of God." Further, greater prominence is needed for the ethical element in religion. "Christianity is full of untouched ethical riches; its mines of moral teaching are almost unwrought;" a remark which, by-the-way, seems to us less true in our day than it was in some days not very long since gone by.

Coming to the main body of the work, we find it divided into four parts, the first of which embraces two chief topics, "Theism and Science" and "Man and Religion." This first section of Part I. was preached in Salem Chapel, York, 4th September, 1881, during the sittings of the British Association. Dr. Fairbairn has no antipathy to science, for he is a theologian, and theology is itself a science, and requires for those who become adepts in it the distinctively scientific mind. "Theology is a science that has well and variously served her sister sciences," whilst "these have splendidly enriched and enlarged her province." Science, however—taking the term in its ordinary sense—has its limits. Much that is of immense moment to man lies beyond its range. This is set forth in one of the finest passages in the book, as follows:—

"Man has noble instincts and impulses that impel him to seek the true, to admire the-

lovely, to worship the good, to feel after and find the Infinite Perfection in which the true, and right, and beautiful blend into a divine and personal Unity. Man has deep moral convictions of rights that are his due, of duties that he owes, of an eternal law he is bound to discover and obey. Man has sad and remorseful experiences, the sense of unfulfilled duties, of wasted hours, of sorrows that have turned the anticipated joys of his life into utter miseries, of mean and unmanly sins against conscience and heart, against man and God, of losses unredeemed by gain, of the lonely anguish that comes in the hour of bereavement, and throws across the life a shadow that no sunshine can pierce. And out of these mingling instincts and impulses, convictions and experiences arise man's manifold needs, those cravings after rest, those gropings after a strong hand to hold and trust, those cries for pardon, those unutterable groanings after light shed from a Divine face upon his gloom, in which lie at once the greatness and the misery of man. Moments come to the spirit of man when these needs are paramount, and it feels as if nature and her laws were engines to crush the human heart by which we live. And in these supreme moments, whither does man turn? To science? Does not her talk, then, of nature, and law, and force, and invariable sequence seem like the sardonic prattle of a tempter persuading to belief in a religion of absolute despair? Those are the hours, known to many a spirit, when the soul breaks through the thin veil of words woven by the spell of man, and seeks to stand face to face with the Eternal Father."

To this succeeds an elaborate and splendid discussion of the question :—"Does science, the latest and surest knowledge of nature, contradict the belief in a God who made and rules the world?" Into this discussion we cannot enter, but it gives great weight and impressiveness to the words with which it closes :—

"While scientific metaphysics may preach a doctrine that is the death of all intelligence in nature, all reason in man, all order in history, all morality in society, all light and chivalrous gentleness in civilisation, let us stand fast in the ancient faith which believes that God has been our dwelling-place in all generations; and, while rejoicing in the knowledge, and wisdom, and culture of the present, ceases not to pray, 'Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yes, the work of our hands establish Thou it.'"

The second section of Part I. was preached before the London Missionary Society in 1879, and is founded on Acts xvii. 26, 27. It is a superb demonstration of the two facts that man is constituted for religion, and that Christianity is the only religion which satisfies his religious needs—the demonstration conducted in the full face of "Modern Thought;" and it abounds in splendid passages from which we should gladly quote if our space would allow. The second part has three sections—"God and Israel," "The Problem of Job," and "Man and God." The vocation of Moses was to "create a people and to found a religion," and his preparation for that vocation is traced with a master-hand. The principle which regulated Israel's religious development is stated to lie in "the idea or conception of God expressed in the name *Jahveh* and explicated by the Ten Words."

"The God they reveal is a being of a new order, altogether different from any before believed in by man. He is distinguished at once by nature and character; by nature, for He alone is, the one truly real, ever active Being; by character, for He is righteous,

holy, the giver and guardian of law, pleased with no service that is not moral. . . . The god who is not righteous cannot be the one God—may be personified patriotism or passion, blinded by partiality, zealous for his tribe, hostile to man ; but the righteous God loveth righteousness more than any people, could befriend no people that forgot it, could forget it only by renouncing Himself. Idolatry ceases to be possible when Deity is believed to be moral ; the belief in a God who made and administered a moral law was the death of idolatry and the birth of a victorious and reasonable monotheism.

And this is the aggregate result :—

"What the new idea of God and the new notion of religion have done for man we may not attempt to tell. They have changed him within and without, strengthened all his moral qualities, created in him a nobler and sterner ethical spirit, exalted his ideal of manhood, brought elements into his social and collective life that have enormously enriched his best civilisations. Our order is not the Greek cosmos, the beautiful but merciless harmony that man could not but admire, that yet crushed without pity the man who touched it. Our order is moral, the region of a living and righteous Will, which never spares guilt, but is ever merciful to the guilty. Our conception of the universe, of Providence, of the law that is supreme over man and his destiny, is penetrated through and through with moral ideas. From these we cannot escape, we conceive of them as reigning in the time that is our own, in the eternity that is God's, yet reigning as the God who pities, and not as pitiless law. Let these facts and beliefs, with all that they imply, witness that Israel has not lived in vain. Jehovah called Israel out of Egypt to serve Him, and Israel's service of Jehovah has been, in the noblest sense, service to man."

To our minds the finest and most valuable part of Dr. Fairbairn's book is that which deals with "The Problem of Job." The forty-seven pages devoted to this profoundly interesting theme are so crowded with thought, and the thought throughout is so subtle, that no analysis is here possible, and brief quotations would furnish no idea of the intellectual and spiritual wealth which our readers will find in this remarkable essay. Other essays follow on "The Jesus of History and the Christ of Faith," "The Riches of Christ's Poverty," "The Quest of the Chief Good," "The Love of Christ," and "The City of God"—i.e., the Divine Society which God has been building up by all His "dispensations" to man. "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God," and these "glorious things" seem to us to be more glorious than ever now that we have read Dr. Fairbairn's version of them.

These glimpses into the book are sadly inadequate, but they must suffice. We will not be pedantic enough to point out the few matters—most of them very trifling ones—in which we differ from the author. We thank him for a really great book for the times—"a word fitly spoken," which is, indeed, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

ROMANISM : a Doctrinal and Historical Examination of the Creed of Pope Pius IV.

By the Rev. Robert Charles Jenkins, M.A., Honorary Canon of Canterbury, and Rector of Lyminge, Hythe. Religious Tract Society.

ROMANISM is not dead, neither is it asleep. Though it seems to be decaying in some parts of Europe, it is largely actuated by the spirit of propagandism. It has

a firm footing amidst many of the immense populations of the East ; it is pushing itself into quarters where it has never before been known ; it is busier in England than it has been for hundreds of years, and it is prosperous in America. Our High Anglicans, whether intentionally or not, are doing much to further its interests. We, therefore, hail every new exposure of its unscriptural and monstrous pretensions, as helping to keep people, who might otherwise become unwary, on the alert against its insidious advances. Among these exposures the work issued by the Religious Tract Society from the pen of the Rev. R. C. Jenkins deserves a prominent and influential place. Those who have need to be informed as to what Romanism is, and what are the facts and arguments by which its claims to the abject submission of the human reason, conscience, and heart may be refuted, will find everything requisite to answer the purpose concisely, intelligibly, and convincingly set forth in this admirable volume. It covers a wide area. After a brief account of the Christian Creeds, in which that of Pope Pius IV. figures largely as representing "in succinct form (though not always with perfect fidelity) the dogmatic decrees of the Council of Trent," and "resting on the authority of that Assembly," we have a discussion of Tradition as claiming to be "A Co-ordinate Rule with Scripture," of "The Claims of the Church of Rome to be the Authoritative Interpreter of Scripture," of "The Seven Sacraments," of the Creed of Pius IV. on the important subjects of "Original Sin" and "Justification," of "The Sacrifice of the Mass and Transubstantiation," of "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in One Kind," of "Purgatory," of the "Worship of Saints and the Veneration of Relics," of "Image Worship," of "Indulgences," of "The Claims of the Church of Rome to Supremacy," of "The Roman Pontiff as the Successor of St. Peter," and of the way in which "Decrees" have been "accepted" and "heresies rejected." The Creed of Pius IV. is the pivot on which these discussions are made to turn.

"At the close of that Council [the Council of Trent] Pius IV. (having already put forth, in 1560, a long form of confession to be exacted from the bishops and clergy) promulgated a summary of its decrees, in which, after a recital of the Constantinopolitan Creed, a number of clauses are added, embodying the determinations of the Council, and apparently intended to form thereafter an integral part of that great formulary. This profession of faith was put forth in two Bulls. One (*In Sacrosancta*) rendered it binding upon all universities, and all persons graduating therein. The other (*Injunctum nobis*) exacted a belief in it from all holding any ecclesiastical benefice or dignity. By this limitation, which the concluding clause of the Bull establishes very plainly, it would appear that Pius IV. did not intend to make the whole body of the laity subscribe to his new creed ; though, without doubt, the belief in all its articles would have been as easily exacted through the tribunal of the confessional as by the still more formidable arm of the Inquisition. For the terrible Bulls of his successors, especially the *Cum ex Apostolatus officio*, would soon deprive all who questioned a single article of it of 'all the comforts of humanity' (*omni humanitatis officio destituant*).

"But there was not wanting, ere long, a synodical authority (though only a provincial one) for the extension of this most illegitimate production to those who were received from any 'heresy,' above all, the heresy of the Reformation, into the Roman Church. A Council of Rouen, in 1581, prescribed the use of it for all who were received from any heresy whatever into the communion of Rome ; and this example seems to have been

followed everywhere, and especially in England, from that day to our own. Editions of it are now everywhere to be had, intended for the use of converts, and prescribing the terms upon which the Papal Church will admit them into her body."

The author appends to this work a valuable Appendix, containing chapters on "The Doctrine of Intention and its Results," "The Pre-Reformation Doctrine of the Eucharist as Illustrated by Bishop Tonstal," and "The Illegitimacy of the Present Roman Church." In the last of these three chapters, he details four breaks in the Chain of Pretensions—(1) The Absolute Extinction of the Legitimate Papacy in the Tenth Century ; (2) The Illegitimacy of the Bishops of Rome during the seventy years' schism in the fourteenth century through non-residence ; (3) Their Illegitimacy by reason of the Illegal Election of Martin V. at the close of the great schism ; (4) The utter Extinction of the Legitimate Papacy (even supposing the former links to be repaired) in the fifteenth century, on the ground of the simoniacal election of Alexander VI. and its results upon his successors. Thus "the Claim of the Roman Pontificate" is proved, from the point of view of the Roman Church, to be "void and of none effect." We regard the work before us as a valuable contribution to our Protestant literature, by which the great Protestant cause ought to be largely promoted.

THE TRIPARTITE NATURE OF MAN : Spirit, Soul, and Body. Applied to Illustrate and Explain the Doctrines of Original Sin, the New Birth, the Disembodied State, and the Spiritual Body. By the Rev. J. B. Heard, M.A. Fifth Edition. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark, George Street.

WE shall convey, in fewest words, an idea of what this book is intended to teach by mentioning, from the "Summary" at the end, the points which the author considers himself to have established. These are :—(1) that "man is a *τρίμενης ὁντογίας*, a union of three, not of two natures only ; body, or sense-consciousness ; soul, or self-consciousness ; and spirit, or God-consciousness." (2) "That out of the union of these three natures in one person there result two tendencies, called, in Scripture, the flesh and the spirit. Soul, or self-consciousness, as the union point between spirit and body, was created free to choose to which of these two opposite poles it would be attracted. This equilibrium between flesh and spirit is the state of innocence in which Adam was created, and which he lost by the fall." (3) "That the fall was not a solitary act of disobedience, but an inclination given to the whole nature of Adam in the direction of flesh, by which the spirit or image of God was deadened in him ; and that this carnal mind, or natural bias to evil, must descend, by the law that like produces like, from Adam to his posterity through all time." (4) "That the posterity of Adam, though spiritually dead, still retain the germ of the pneuma." It is this germ which, according to the author, constitutes the natural conscience—the distinction of man from the brute and the witness within him for God." It is as conscience that the Holy Spirit works in the unregenerate, accusing or else excusing, but never, unless blinded by self-righteousness, approving our conduct. It is through the conscience that the Holy Spirit convinces the world of sin ; and, though the world cannot discern this witness for God, it is, nevertheless, the standing testimony that God has not left Himself without a witness within as well as without, that 'we were made for God,

and that the heart is restless till it rests in Him." (5) "That the new birth is the quickening of the conscience or pneuma by the Divine Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life." (6) "That the grounds on which reason rests its hopes of existence after death are either fallacious or prove too much. Of the soul, or the seat of self-consciousness, we cannot say either that it is mortal or immortal. Life is not an inherent and essential property of mind any more than of matter. The soul, or self-consciousness, can only exist through its union with spirit or God-consciousness; so that the proofs of the life everlasting must rest, not on the argument for the natural immortality of the psyche, but on the gift of eternal life to the pneuma, when quickened and renewed in the image of God." (7) "That, while the separation of soul and body would lead to the inference that the intermediate state is a state of unconsciousness, the contrary inference results from the view that the disembodied soul, when put to death in the flesh, is quickened in the spirit, so that the spirit-soul is conscious even while absent from the body. Thus, as our lower or psychical life is maintained by the union of body and soul before the spirit is quickened, so the higher or pneumatical life is continued by the union of soul and spirit, although the body sleeps in the grave." We may say, in passing, that whilst this way of putting the matter points to the consciousness of the *regenerate* in the intermediate state, it implies that those who die *unregenerate* pass into a condition of unconsciousness. This, however, is not the author's opinion, as we see from p. 268, where he says:—

"As two chords in music make a harmony, but not less than two, so either the animal or rational, or rational and spiritual, will combine to sustain what we call life or consciousness in man. The loss of one will deprive him of part of his powers, and this is the first death. It is an instance of the first death when Adam transgressed, and in consequence the spirit, or God-consciousness, died in man, leaving only the animal and rational life remaining. In this sense we are born into the world, dead in one sense, though alive in a lower sense. Conversely, we can understand that though the body dies, yet, if the union of soul and spirit is still undissolved, there is ground for supposing that consciousness will survive the first death."

This passage follows some sensible remarks on the teaching of the parable of Dives and Lazarus in relation to the question of consciousness in the intermediate state, and there is nothing to suggest that the words we have quoted are not intended to apply both to Lazarus and Dives equally. We conclude, therefore, that, in treating of the parable, the author lost sight for the time of his theory that in the *unregenerate*, the pneuma, is "dead," and that, unless it be divinely quickened, it can contribute nothing to the consciousness of the man after death has dissolved his being as it exists in the present world. There seems to us to be some serious confusion in the author's mind in regard to these matters. There is one more point upon which the author considers his theory of the tripartite nature of man to have thrown an important light namely, (8) the nature of the spiritual or resurrection body. The "transformation of man from a psychical to a pneumatical body is analogous to the transformation of insects. In the larva the nutritive life is at its height, in the imago the sentient. The imago, or butterfly, is thus a type, not of the disembodied psyche, as the ancients thought, but of the resurrection body. The resurrection is thus not a rising *again*, but a

rising *from, or out of, the dead world of matter.*" It may be well to supplement this statement by a quotation from the separate chapter on the resurrection body. Mr. Heard says :—

"Redemption has delivered us from this bondage of corruption, and hence the crowning work of redemption will be to restore us our bodies, but so raised in the scale of being that we shall never come under the like conditions of frailty in which our first parents found themselves. They fell through the desires of the nutritive system, as well as the weakness of the *excilo-motor*. In the resurrection body there will be no nutritive system at all ; no appetite or desire of food, through which they can be tempted ; and the nervous system, which we have reason to think will be restored to us, will become, as it ought to be, the organ of the intelligence—an intelligence purified from carnal desires, and filled with the love of God."—(Page 310.)

We do not wish to disparage Mr. Heard's treatise when we say that it is highly speculative. He has desired to propound a philosophy of man's nature and destiny which shall accord with the teaching of Scripture, and so far the effort is a laudable one. We do not think he has succeeded at all points ; perhaps it would be too much to expect any man to succeed. The subject, from a Scripture point of view, transcends all possible human philosophy. Mr. Heard has thrown out many valuable suggestions, but his statements do not always cohere ; sometimes they clash. Frequently he seems to give fair promise of solving difficulties, only, however, in some instances, to disappoint us when our hopes are highest. We accept the tripartite theory, but we cannot say that all his developments of it are satisfactory, and much less can we say that all his deductions from it are conclusive. Nevertheless, we have studied his book with interest and profit, and do not think that any thoughtful and devout reader would begrudge the time which an adequate perusal of it would occupy. This fifth edition is enriched by an interesting and useful essay, at the end, on the relation of the tripartite theory to the Fatherhood of God.

THE GREAT MEMORIAL NAME ; or, the Self-Revelation of Jehovah as the God of Redemption. By P. W. Grant, Author of "The Bible Record of Creation True for Every Age," &c. Hodder & Stoughton.

MR. GRANT has developed the truths illustrated in this elaborate and eloquent treatise from the suggestions supplied to him by the words : "And God said moreover unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, Jehovah, God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you : this is My Name for ever, and this is My memorial unto all generations." He thinks that we have here "the true key at once to the manifold end and to the peculiar method of Divine revelation ;" and that "the proper use of this key will enable the student of Scripture and of human history to take a correct and comprehensive view of the progressive work of redemption, and to find in the prophetic delineation and historical accomplishment of that work an independent demonstration of the being and character of God." This Name, it is observed,

"of itself carries our minds no farther back than the times of these patriarchs.

Whilst the redemptive work has been carried on from the beginning, and whilst the primitive history aids us in the interpretation of the patriarchal promise, we are thus led to think of the Abrahamic race as the grand medium of the world's salvation on the one hand, and of the revelation of Jehovah as the God of salvation on the other. It is not implied that the other races had been abandoned, far less that nothing had been done for their saving good. It so far proceeded on the fact that they had perverted, corrupted, or lost the truth previously revealed to them. It involved no injustice to them, and no neglect of them, though it certainly raised the peculiar race to a higher level of spiritual advantage; not than that which they might have enjoyed, but than that to which their neglect or abuse of early privilege caused them to sink. The establishment of the patriarchal covenant thus formed a new beginning in the history of redemption, from which, down to the present time, we are to trace the real and consecutive development of the redemptive work, and the like real and consecutive development of the revelation of Jehovah."

This revelation was to be, from the first to last, historical.

"God is there represented as entering the field of universal history, associating His name with the development and destiny of a peculiar race, and yet carrying on His most glorious work in relation to all nations to the end of time."

These extracts will suggest the purpose of the book. In working it out, the author devotes six noble chapters to an exposition of the revelation of Jehovah as the God of Redemption, as given first in primitive, and afterwards in patriarchal times; then through the instrumentality of Moses, with his marvellous history as the deliverer and lawgiver of Israel, followed by the conquest of Canaan, and the Times of the Judges and the First Israelitish King; then through the instrumentality of the Prophets; then by the Advent, Teaching, Miracles, Social Life, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension of Christ; and, lastly, by the subsequent history of Christianity through Apostolic, Patristic, Papal, and Reformation Times, to the present hour. The survey is broad, comprehensive, clear-sighted, and discriminating. Having taken it, the author feels himself free to say:—

"As we trace the progress of human redemption, or of Divine revelation, we can now behold the Holy Spirit working from age to age, and gradually and continuously evolving and unfolding the whole system of Divine and saving truth, and enlightening and sanctifying the children of men. Just as science enables us to trace the operation of Divine power, combining the material elements, building them up into the frame of things, consecutively developing the countless orders of organised being, and finally establishing the present system of the world; so the sacred history, conjoined with our knowledge of Christian times, enables us to trace the operation of the Divine Spirit from first to last, revealing the mind of God, imparting, more and more fully, Divine truth to man, setting forth that truth in its greatest fulness through Jesus Christ, and finally, by means of it, raising Christian society to its present height of illumination, and of moral and spiritual elevation."

Mr. Grant takes an encouraging view of the present times. But, whatever the signs of prosperity, it may be asked:—

"Does not this religion, so far, at least, show unmistakable signs of decay? Are not the opponents of Christianity more mighty, intellectually, than ever? Do not our advanced men of science anticipate her early, at least her certain, dissolution? Do not her friends fear and tremble for some coming shock of arms? Doubtless it cannot be denied that great and many are the difficulties now present to the ablest thinkers and defenders of 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' Still, that faith

has weathered many a storm, and come triumphantly out of many a conflict. Never were the most enlightened Christians more sure of victory than at the present time. They know how former contests have ended. They have confidence in Him who has been leading His people in all generations; and, though they by no means ignore the difficulties in question or despise the present antagonists of the faith, they see that Christianity has all the attributes and evidences of truth, that she is wonderfully adapted to meet the nature and wants of man, and that she must be in harmony with truth of every other kind. They are assured that, so far as the philosophy of mind is concerned, whatever certain philosophers may think, there is no inconsistency between the real findings of philosophy, the true facts of human consciousness, and the grand and essential truths of Christianity. As to the science of matter, they may see difficulties in the way of a present satisfactory reconciliation with those truths; but they are better able to appreciate the real function of science in its relations to Divine and redemptive truth. They know that in Scripture those aspects of the visible universe are set forth which are of merely general character, and which best fall in with the vastly enlarged ideas of creation which science now suggests. In this way our advancing knowledge simply expands our minds, and enables us to rise to higher conceptions of the God of Revelation as being the God of the Universe. The reconciliation of certain definite affirmations of Scripture with certain scientific conclusions either goes satisfactorily onwards, or is left calmly for future completion, or is regarded as of no essential importance on the ground that Scripture was not designed to convey exact information as to matters of no religious nature. Perhaps difficulties of a critical character as touching the structure and inspiration of the Bible are at present more or less deeply felt by many. In dealing with them, two distinct ideas of the sacred volume are kept in view—the one that the Bible is a revelation, the other that it simply contains a revelation. All may be perfectly assured that, as the evidences of the Divine truth and origin of Scripture are complete and overwhelming, let Christians differ as they may in their treatment of the difficulties in question, they ought not, in the slightest degree, to shake the faith of any. They will yet be all duly solved, or at least be ultimately found no more to affect the truth revealed than the spots of the sun are found to prevent the illumination of the world. As time advances, the discordant views, which are due to imperfect knowledge, will cease to annoy, and finally be forgotten. With the progress of true interpretation on the one hand, and of the spiritual enlightenment of the race on the other, the Bible will be so regarded as the sole, the all-sufficient, and the inestimable fountain of Divine and saving light that all, rejoicing to walk in it, will feel that in it, as in its great Author, ‘there is no darkness at all.’

The last chapter—to our minds, the ablest of the series—sets forth “The Perpetual Memorial, or the Revelation of Jehovah in Jesus Christ as the God of Redemption,” as being “complete, true, and eternal.” We commend the work to our readers as a valuable contribution to the exposition and vindication of the Christian Faith, well suited to our times. The author displays a wonderful command of the immense mass of details which necessarily belong to so great a theme, and makes them tell with fine precision, and with resistless force, upon the high purpose to which his studies are addressed.

A HISTORY OF THE COUNCILS OF THE CHURCH. From the Original Documents. By the Right Rev. C. J. Hefele, D.D., Bishop of Rottenburg. Vol. III. A.D. 431–451. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1883.

Our estimate of the authority of the so-called Œcumenical Councils differs very

widely from that in which they are held by theologians of the Roman and Anglican Churches, and, as we gain a fuller knowledge of Scriptures on the one hand and of ecclesiasticism on the other, our veneration for these august bodies does not increase. It would, of course, be absurd to deny that they played an important part in the formative processes of theology. They gathered up and expressed the mind, if not of the entire Church of their day, at any rate of its more influential leaders; and, though we cannot recognise in their canons any binding authority, we must have a thorough acquaintance with their constitution, their deliberations, and their decisions if we are to gain an accurate and comprehensive view of Church history. No previous writer has brought to the elucidation of this subject such resolute thoroughness and patient detail of research, and so much apposite learning, as the Bishop of Rottenburg. His history is by a long way the most careful and elaborate work which has yet been produced on the Church Councils, and is already recognised as the standard authority on the subject both in this country and on the Continent. The present volume possesses a peculiar interest from the fact that it is, in a sense, a history, not only of the Councils, but of the Church of the period of which it treats. It is, to a large extent, a discussion of the most momentous doctrines of our faith. The controversies it narrates relate almost exclusively to the person of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Nestorianism and Eutychianism were the two heresies which had at this crisis to be suppressed, and, whatever may be our judgment of some of the methods which the orthodox party employed, we cannot be too thankful for their courageous and effective enunciation and defence of the truth of Christ. Their canons are the basis on which our Evangelical Christology (in a theological as distinct from a Biblical sense) still rests. The Council of Ephesus rightly claimed for Christ more than a loose mechanical conjunction of a Divine and human nature, even a vital and personal union; as, on the other hand, the Council of Chalcedon would not suffer the distinction of the two natures to be sacrificed to the unity of His person. It asserted that the incarnation was not a mere absorption of that human nature by the Divine; and of the prolonged and eager controversies to which these questions gave rise, no account that has hitherto been given can compare, for fulness and precision, with Bishop Hefele's. As an adherent of the Church of Rome, liberal though he be, he advances positions with which we cannot agree; and, apart from the question of the primacy of Rome, his treatment of the character of Cyril of Alexandria is more lenient than, as it seems to us, it should be. With Cyril's doctrines we are in substantial harmony. With his hardness, his want of charity, his censoriousness, and his violence we have no sympathy. The view taken of this great ecclesiastic in Canon Kingsley's *Hypatia* is, perhaps, overclouded by a noble—if occasionally an unrestrained—indignation against intolerance and tyranny, but, in the main, it is correct. With prominent acts of Cyril's life, Hefele has no direct concern, but they can scarcely be ignored. The work, however, is a magnificent monument of its author's industry and learning, and an invaluable aid to the study of one of the most deeply interesting periods of Church history. The translation, also, is excellent.

* * The Editor regrets that a large number of Reviews, already prepared, have to be postponed to a future number.

THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1883.

Our Annual Meetings.



Y necessity, our remarks upon the Denominational meetings held this year in London are late, and may, therefore, well be brief. The details have been fully set forth in our denominational papers, and duly commented upon; they have also received ample, and on the whole kindly, notice in other quarters. Our readers are familiar with the facts, and have probably formed their own definite opinions respecting them. We have no heart, and see no occasion, for hostile criticism. On the contrary, we rejoice that there was no sign of a lowered spiritual tone in the prayers and addresses, or of a diminution of zeal in the various departments of Christian work.

We ought not to dissociate what we might properly call the Spurgeonic meetings from the series. The Pastors' College is as truly Baptist as any institution we have. It exists, as do the rest of our colleges, for the denomination, and its work is part of our denominational work. Its friends had on this occasion to regret Mr. Spurgeon's absence. Sudden and severe illness had prostrated him. He was, indeed, able to speak his greeting at the introductory service, and to say a few characteristic words about the old Gospel as being preferable to some modern versions of it; but the enemy which has tormented him so often was upon him then, and the next morning he had to report that it was upon him "furiously." He hoped that "as the attack was so sharp it would not last long;" but it proved sufficiently obstinate to separate him from his work for several weeks. We give God thanks for the measure of restoration he now enjoys. The Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, Vice-President, took his place, and extem-

ranously addressed the brethren with power. The Rev. D. Gracey discoursed on the relation between the faith which saves and the faith which is exemplified in the apprehension of truth and in the rendering of service. On the following day a racy and suggestive address on preaching was delivered by Dr. Stanford.

On the Thursday preceding the "Mission Sunday" (April 19th), the Rev. J. Bigwood presided at the Mission House Prayer Meeting, and spoke at considerable length on the need of a fuller realisation of the priesthood, the apostolate, and the consecration of every Christian. We did not hear this address, but have read it with deep interest, and wish that it could be prayerfully pondered by every member of our denomination, and by every Christian in the world. On the following evening Dr. Stanford preached with remarkable power to a large congregation in the City Temple on behalf of the Home and Irish Mission. His theme was "The conversion of the Church preparing for the conversion of the world;" and was founded on Luke *xxii.* 32. In its forcible yet easy delivery, its frequent quaintness of remark, its wealth, splendour, and perfect aptness of illustration; in the brotherly boldness and tenderness of its reproofs and admonitions; and in the fine Evangelical unction of its whole spirit, the discourse was characteristic and worthy of the preacher, and admirably suited to the occasion. Blessed be God, the loss of vision has not proved to our brother the loss, or even the diminution, of his power to preach. We listened to him with wonder, delight, and thankfulness.

The "Mission Sunday" was, happily, fine though cold. We trust that the presence of Him who came to seek and to save the lost was manifest in our congregations. The Union Meetings opened the next morning at Bloomsbury Chapel, and the attendance was fully up to the high mark of recent years. The Chairman for the year is the Rev. J. P. Chown, and his "Inaugural" was great in its Evangelical simplicity and earnestness. His plea was for more of Christ in the Christian and in the Church. The plea is not a new one, but it is none the less timely, and cannot be laid too much to heart. The Report, which was taken as read, but upon some points of which the Acting-Secretary, the Rev. S. H. Booth, briefly addressed the assembly, referred in suitable terms to the lamented death of the Secretary, the Rev. W. Sampson, and to the provision made for his widow. Allusion was also made to the death of Dr. Steane (a former Secretary), and to the removal of Messrs. Harvey and Higgs, by which the Union has

sustained a double and very heavy loss. The funds were in fair order, with the exception of that which is devoted to the education of the children of ministers, and which does not flourish so much as is desirable. We were glad to learn that the scheme for lectures to Nonconformist Undergraduates at Oxford and Cambridge, in which Independents and Baptists are to unite, has been pecuniarily provided for, and will shortly be carried into effect. Of course, Mr. Booth was unanimously requested to become Mr. Sampson's successor, and we heartily rejoice that he felt himself free to accept the call. The post is a laborious and harassing one, but we have no man better fitted for it. May our brother be favoured with all needed help from on high. It was gratifying to learn that Leicester had generously offered to receive the Union in the autumn. It is singular that on its last visit to that remarkably vigorous town—famous in the annals of Nonconformity—a Bloomsbury pastor (the late Dr. Brock, of honoured memory) was its President. If Mr. Chown is not in the line of the apostolical successorship, who of his brethren can claim to be? Another appointment gave special satisfaction—that of the Rev. R. Glover to the Vice-Presidency. This appointment was moved by Dr. Landels, and seconded by the Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A., in singularly graceful terms. The Annuity Fund seems to have taken a new start. Mr. Chown was able to announce new donations from friends who had already largely contributed, which showed a total of £4,000; and he looked forward to a considerable increase during his year of office. The morning's sitting closed with a discussion on the propriety of forthwith petitioning Parliament to pass the Affirmation Bill. The discussion was sharp, but short. Mr. Houghton, of Liverpool, vigorously led the opposition, but his supporters were few in number, and the petition was carried by an overwhelming majority. Our own feeling about the matter is that, while we would by no means sanction what is called a "Bradlaugh Relief Bill"—if that were the real and whole intent of the measure—yet the Parliamentary oath has long been but little else than a profane farce, and ought, therefore, in the interests of morality and of religion, to be abolished. The remarks of Dr. Underhill, in seconding the adoption of the petition, appear to us to be unanswerable.

The Union resumed its work at Walworth Road on Thursday, when the Secretary spoke in favourable terms of the evangelistic services which had been held, and of the need of more ample funds for this

useful enterprise. The morning was mainly occupied with the subject of an unusually valuable paper by the Rev. W. Woods, of Nottingham, on Home Mission work as affected by the relations between the Union and the Associations. A writer in the *Christian World* devoted a long paragraph to a disparaging criticism of this discussion. The disparagement was for the most part gratuitous. At the same time, it is a pity that initial questions of this kind should have to be renewed year after year. What really is the obstacle to united and energetic action? We have been listening and reading wistfully all along, but no definite answer to the question has yet reached us. Some phases of the subject were dealt with at the meeting of the Home and Irish Mission on the preceding evening; but the haze enveloping the real difficulty was not cleared away. Does it lie in a conservative dread of centralising tendencies? If so, it is a pity that it cannot be distinctly recognised and courageously examined.

All the Foreign Mission meetings were successful. We intensely relished the sermon preached by the Rev. H. Stowell Brown to a noble congregation on the Wednesday morning, on the lessons deducible from the missionary career of the Apostle Paul—though we did not quite like his suggestion that, intellectually considered, Paul was not, either naturally or by education, a very extraordinary man; nor do we think that this suggestion was needed to make the main purport of the discourse sufficiently weighty. The chairmen at the two larger meetings, Sir Richard Temple and Mr. Baxter, M.P., rendered incalculable service to the mission cause by the splendid testimonies which they gave respecting the work in India. The speaking was all good—that of the Revs. W. J. Henderson, Arthur Mursell, S. Vincent, Dr. Bevan, and James Smith, of Delhi, exceptionally so. We rejoice that, financially, the year ended much more favourably than many had anticipated. More men, more faith, more prayer, more zeal, more liberality—all are imperatively needed. May the churches have grace to supply them!

Our sketch is sadly imperfect; but it is the best we can offer in our limited space. We close by expressing the gratification with which we heard of the advance on the part of the British and Foreign Bible Society to the Bible Translation Society, by which it is possible that the old differences between the two may be cleared away without any compromise of principle on either side—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

The Late Mr. R. W. Biggs, of Devizes.

BY THE REV. ISAIAH BIRT, B.A.



N 1796, the Rev. James Biggs, the grandfather of Dr. Biggs, entered on his ministry at Sheep Street, Devizes, which continued for thirty-four years. "He became the honoured instrument of reviving and establishing the cause of Jesus Christ in this place, . . . and peacefully closed a long and useful life on the 19th day of July, 1830, in the eighty-first year of his age, and the sixtieth of his ministry, having continued his public labours until within ten days of his decease." His son, Mr. Richard Biggs, became a power for good in the church which owed so much to the father, and his name, associated indissolubly with that of the late much beloved Mr. Paul Anstie, is prominent in the history of the cause of Christ which he faithfully served. His son Richard Williams Biggs, the subject of this memoir, was born in 1816, two years later than his brother James, who died in boyhood, an event which produced a deeper impression on the surviving brother than was known at the time even to the nearest relatives. He received the first part of his education at the school conducted by his father, and, at the age of sixteen, entered at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1832.

In reference to his University course, his son, Dr. Biggs, of Galway, thus writes:—

"His aim appears to have been rather to take advantage of as *much* of the instruction given as possible than to attain special distinction in any one department. Hence, while he won numerous prizes in Mathematics, and graduated in honours in Philosophy, he diligently carried on his classical reading, gaining a very wide acquaintance with Latin literature in particular, and delighted to attend the classes of such distinguished lecturers as James O'Brien (afterwards Bishop of Ossory) in Divinity, and of Sir W. R. Hamilton (the celebrated inventor of quaternions) in Astronomy. Of these men and their work he often in after-life spoke in glowing terms of admiration. Among his companions at College, and at the house of his future father-in-law, J. Purser, Esq., of Rathmines Castle, may be mentioned Dr. Gotch, of the Bristol College, and the late Dr. Benjamin Davies, of Regent's Park. With the latter, till he lost him by death, he maintained a relation of the warmest friendship."

After graduating in 1836, he at once took his place as his father's assistant. He had become a member of the Baptist church at Devizes the year before, but no details bearing on his religious decision can be obtained. In 1842 he established the school which soon became so favourably known. The number of pupils was strictly limited, and he could not be induced to receive more than twelve boarders and six day scholars, these being as many as he felt he could satisfactorily superintend. It came to be considered a fortunate opening, and one well worth waiting for, to be able to place a boy at Dr. Biggs' school.

"His work as a teacher," writes his son, "was as far removed from eye-service as can well be conceived. Its two most salient features were breadth and thoroughness. Under his system it was impossible to become a specialist. Classics, Mathematics, French, the principles of Physics and English, especially Composition, were taught side by side, and none could be neglected for another. There would be time enough to specialise afterwards, he said. All subjects furnished excellent educational material; and though we might, by all means, when we left school, aim at knowing everything of something, the best preparation was first to know (within reasonable limits) something of everything. But this 'something' was very far indeed from a mere smattering. Whatever was learned had to be learned *well*; and progress that was not sound, and on a sound basis, was not allowed to be considered progress. Eager spirits sometimes chafed under the apparent slowness of the advance; but I have often since heard it acknowledged by pupils who have highly distinguished themselves, some having become teachers in their turn, that the most important of all lessons—*how to learn*—was taught with remarkable persistency and success."

Dr. Biggs adopted some peculiar and original methods for stimulating the industry and correcting the faults of his pupils, and most efficacious they proved in his hands. A bright, effective description of his remarkable mode of conducting his school appeared in *Good Words* for May, 1867, where he is entertainingly but lovingly depicted, under an assumed name, by a former pupil, whose graphic, natural style makes a lifelike impression on the reader, combining the ease and zest of a schoolboy's narrative with the practised skill of a mature writer. We see the significant phenomenon the Doctor himself was to his boys; but the more admired the better he was understood, while his quick penetration into their characters and ways would nonplus and yet gratify them. We see the working of his contrivance by which they earned in "paper currency" amounts proportioned to their diligence in each department of knowledge,

adjusted with all fairness to their varying abilities and acquirements. So much per week of their earnings they were bound to pay to the master, but the surplus went towards a holiday fund. Their holidays, all of which had to be earned, were signalised by delightful excursions to Marlborough Forest, Stonehenge, Silbury Hill, &c., a large tilted waggon and a pair of horses conveying them to the scene of the day's picnic, which was all the more enjoyable because they had obtained it by their diligence. Whilst they were thus stimulated by payment, which, though made only in cardboard shillings and sixpences, could purchase such high gratifications, there was also thus secured an effective check upon misconduct by means of fines levied upon the same earnings, and strictly enforced. Rigid in his maintenance of authority, the Doctor is, notwithstanding, represented as one with his boys in their games, and their cheerful, active companion in their walks. He made them thoroughly happy, and won a peculiar influence over them.

"The respect, and love, and pride," says the writer in *Good Words*, "we all had for our dear master it is impossible for me to describe. My own recollections of the Doctor and his school are among the most pleasurable of my life."

Many are still to be found with similar happy and healthful recollections of days which are indeed far back in the "Auld lang syne." One of his former pupils, now a clergyman in the Church of England, thus writes, in a letter of sympathy addressed to Mrs. Biggs:—

"Your dear brother has written to tell me of your sad loss, as he knows the respect and affection with which I regarded your dear husband, to whom I owe so much, not only for his valuable instruction at a very critical period of my life, but for the noble example he set to all his pupils of the life of a true Christian. I shall never forget the impression produced on me by one little incident which occurred in my presence when I was at school at Devizes. Dear Dr. Biggs had sentenced an idle boy to some slight punishment (I forget what), and the boy struck him in the face with his clenched fist, and gave him a black eye. 'My boy,' he said, 'if you had done that to any other person in the school I should be obliged to have you caned, but as you have done it to me I can let you off.' I am quite sure the boy would rather have been caned than so let off, and that Dr. Biggs did more for the discipline of the school by not punishing than the severest punishment would have effected. The discipline of love was more powerful than the discipline of the cane. It was, in one sense, a little matter, but it showed a great and noble mind, which was exemplified in all his after-life. . . . How pleasant to think of him still living to God and for God in the Paradise of the redeemed, where 'the path of the just is the shining light that shineth more

and more unto the perfect day.' I remember well, it was a point he often dwelt upon, that the life of the departed is not an idle life of pleasing lethargy, but a life in which, even more than here, we may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when we shall see His face, and know even as we are known."

Dr. Biggs was ever one to labour faithfully, and almost too unsparingly, in his vocation ; and that of schoolmaster was of a kind to keep him constantly on the stretch. His son thus writes of him when twenty years had passed since he first started the school in connection with which he is so gratefully remembered :—

"Such entire devotion to school work as my father's—from the highest branches of instruction down to the smallest details of economy—proved a too severe strain upon his powers. In 1862 symptoms of cerebral uneasiness seemed to him to enforce the alternative of working at reduced pressure, or giving up altogether. He chose the latter, and that Christmas the school ceased to exist, save in the loving memory of its alumni. While a schoolmaster he conscientiously refrained from entering into any engagement in the church, or in society, that could withdraw a moment of his time or a fraction of his attention from what he looked upon as his own vocation."

An exception to his practice of abstinence from taking any active part in church matters occurred in 1852, when he felt impelled to exert himself in favour of "free sittings" as distinguished from the pew-letting system. The occasion was the erection of a new chapel, and very earnestly did he endeavour, in a paper which he read, to convince his fellow-members that the mode hitherto adopted involved a non-recognition of one of the distinctive marks of "Him that should come," that "the poor had the Gospel preached to them," and fostered that "deference to wealth in Christian assemblies so positively condemned by the Apostle James." He instanced the Mohammedans, Roman Catholics, and Puseyites as exemplifying the principle of "the levelling of all worldly rank in the worship of God ;" and besought those "enjoying Christianity in its purest form not to do that which common-sense and natural religion forbid, and which is especially contrary to the spirit, as well as the letter, of that religion which declares us all to be brethren." He grounded his appeal on Christian principle, but he also added minor yet important considerations which favoured his contention and lessened the force of objections. That he felt strongly on the subject is evident from the mere fact of his interposing at such a time with an expression of his views ; and,

though he did not find many to agree with him, he ever retained his objections to the pew system.

After his retirement from scholastic life, another twenty years followed of active and useful engagements, increasing in number as time passed on. He became a deacon in his own church, to which office was afterwards added that of treasurer. He also, a few years later, undertook the work of superintending the Sunday-school. He had long been known as a willing contributor to the various good objects which appeal to public support, but he was now able to take a more active part, and his presence at committees was felt to be a valuable acquisition. For some years before his death he was, as a magistrate, frequently engaged in sharing with his colleagues the duty of hearing cases from the bench. His scholastic training and employment prepared him to take special interest in the British schools, in connection with which he long filled the office of secretary. He was a true lover of Christian union, yet he was not ashamed of, nor feebly interested in, denominational efforts. In the Wilts and East Somerset Association, to which the church of which he was a member belonged, his strong sympathy with Christian work, and his intelligent and systematic notions, brought him into very natural prominence. The circular letter issued by this Association in 1867 on "Christian Politics" was written by Dr. Biggs. It expresses his views on a difficult department of Christian life, in which he was himself enabled to maintain a course honourable for its consistency and unshrinking fidelity. His utterances on this momentous question are evidently the well-weighed results of deep consideration, and evince sagacity as well as piety; the style is condensed and sententious, and frequently accompanied by his characteristic qualifying parentheses. His introductory statement makes his position clear. Answering affirmatively the question whether the Christian has a part to take in "public affairs—politics, local or national," he argues:—

"His 'doing good to all men' should not surely be confined to supplying their bodily wants, but should seek to supply the no less natural—and more important—wants of their minds or souls (we speak not now of the immortal spirits, to which, however, all is subservient) in educational, social, political elevation. If, indeed, as is often inconsistently said by Christian men who are at the same time ardent politicians, 'religion has nothing to do with politics,' we have nothing to do with politics. There is, however, a limited and truer sense in which the words may be used; meaning merely that theology is not a proper

subject for human legislation, and that no man forfeits civil rights by religious opinion."

He briefly, but closely, examines the few passages of the New Testament that directly instruct us on the subject, adding an important comment on that from 1 Pet. ii. 17: "Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king."

"Of these last clauses, the first three appear to be a climax, and the fourth a caution against paying *divine* reverence to the Roman Emperor, which was usual among the heathen. The passage may be paraphrased, 'Beside honouring all men, love the brotherhood and fear God; but pay only human honour to the king,' the words used in the first and fourth clause differing only in tense."

He calls attention to

"the difference of the two words translated 'ordinance;' one, *κτίσις*, meaning 'creation,' every human institution; the other, *διαταγή*, 'arrangement,' giving all constituted government Divine sanction, but conferring no more divine right on kings than on inferior officers, or on the elective magistrates of a republic. The fact, not the form, of civil government is of Divine appointment; the latter may, therefore, be legally altered, though we should not be given to change. Loyalty has no necessary connection with royalty, but means attachment to the law. With us, happily, the Queen is a *real* impersonation of the law, and entitled to all our allegiance."

What significance is condensed in this passing observation!—

"There is no need here to combat the State-Church theory. The 'Church-State' theory, properly understood, is only premature."

The grounds on which chiefly, if not solely, politics had interest for him appear in these closing extracts:—

"When we think of the petty and temporary and selfish considerations which form so large a part of politics as they are, we may almost be content to say of them, as of worldly amusements,—'Let the dead bury their dead.' Don't let this just contempt for the common objects of pursuit, of low ambition and the pride of kings, make us indifferent to wrongs done to our fellow-creatures, especially those done in the name of the representative government of which we are the constituents. Let us care for them *at least as much* as for wrongs done to ourselves. Be Christian statesmen (the most eminent of them have been and are) distinguished for their efforts to relieve the oppressed, whether by game-preserving squires, intolerant Churchmen, greedy grinders of the faces of the poor, or nigger-hating colonists; for honouring all men in their public capacity. While disliking monopolies, beware of thinking or *feeling* that there is a monopoly of wisdom, virtue, or religion in any political party—Whig, Tory, or Radical—Conservative, Liberal, or Advanced; in any class or rank, upper or lower or

middle; or in any religious sect, however firmly we hold our own convictions. Not only do justly by, but *honour all* men, as created in the image of our Father, and for whose sins Christ died. While ready to assist any party in doing the right thing in the right way, think not that the end justifies *any* means; remember that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal—neither the sword nor intolerant Acts of Parliament—and keep out of mere party movements.”

The foregoing extracts contain much that applies as fully to the political action becoming in Christians at the present time as sixteen years ago. Dr. Biggs showed himself then, that which he continued to be all his life, a thoughtful and an earnest observer of the progress of public affairs, and of the effects of legislative enactments. The last words he was ever permitted to write testified to his strong and intelligent interest in matters of national concern. In a letter to his son, written on the 16th February, after a brief but touching reference to letters received from Sunday-school teachers at Devizes, he proceeds:—

“Thanks for the *Spectator* received yesterday. I have mostly read it. Did you read the reviews of Christ Church Cathedral, and Commercial restraints of Ireland? . . . When will the present tension in and about Ireland cease!? There is *some* comfort in seeing *how* bad things have been in former days. Is it a case of ‘greatest darkness just before the dawn’? I *cannot* believe that the ‘healing’ measures of recent legislation will be worse than thrown away; though I see how *some* of them may for a time produce an apparently bad effect. Did you observe a letter in the *Spectator* two or three weeks ago from an Orangeman, speaking of the *deep* irremovable dislike which *all* Irish have to every thing and person English? Have you any such impression? The *religious* difficulty (of government) seems now removed. I travelled with a Roman Catholic priest (apparently of rank) who told me of his and . . .”

He was interrupted at this point, and, after driving to the railway station and returning, the attack came on which ended so speedily in his death. He attempted, notwithstanding the seizure, to finish the letter in pencil, but, finding he could not, he desired that it should be posted unfinished. This was done, with the news of his illness added.

“But six hours before it reached me,” writes Dr. Biggs, of Galway, “the telegraph had told me of his death. His letter was eminently characteristic—warm friendship; unselfishness; interest in public affairs, especially in Ireland; faith in God’s overruling providence, thankfulness and hope. How one would like to know the rest—even the rest of the sentence!”

Here, then, we see “Christian Politics” worthily illustrated to the

last in this true servant of Christ, who regarded them as one phase of Christian life.

Dr. Biggs had left Devizes and was residing near Bristol at the time of his death, having found the change necessary from domestic causes. It was painful to him to quit a place endeared by the most sacred associations, and to break off co-operation with those who greatly loved and respected him, and to whom he was much attached. Almost the last act of the year 1882 was a farewell meeting with the Sunday-school teachers, when a testimonial of their affection and esteem was presented to him. It was unusual for him to show much emotion; but on this occasion his feelings of sorrow for the separation, and appreciation of the proofs of regard which he received, were too strong for repression, nor did he evidently wish to conceal how deeply he was moved. His words of acknowledgment and farewell were just what might have been looked for from him; frank, kindly, and serious, breathing a humility that was as instructive as it was touching, and aiming to encourage the band of Christian workers he was leaving to put forth renewed and increased efforts. Long will the impression remain of that sorrowful Sunday, February 18th, when the tidings reached his relatives, and were made known from the pulpit, that Dr. Biggs had departed this life on the previous day. Not only in the congregation with whom he had worshipped was his decease mourned, but throughout the town very many who had regretted greatly the necessity for his leaving now shared the widespread sorrow caused by his unexpected death. There had been nothing to indicate that such a stroke was at hand; but, sudden though it was, those who understood him best felt assured that, had he been granted a choice, he would have desired just such a departure, exempting him, as it did, and still more the loved ones to whom he would fain not be burdensome, from the distress of a protracted as well as fatal illness.

It would have been interesting and helpful could some record have been furnished of the workings of such a mind as Dr. Biggs's on matters that most nearly concern our spiritual conflicts and growth. He was a believer, in the genuine sense of the word; no mere traditionalist, or nominal holder of orthodoxy. To quote her words who most mourns his loss:—

“His faith was at once simple and firm. He saw difficulties, but was able, by the grace of God, to ‘rest before them,’ as he expressed it. He felt that there are so many incomprehensible questions which it is quite hopeless to solve with our

present limited capacities that we must leave them with our Maker. He looked forward with great pleasure to the time when his glorified spirit would explore such questions with quickened powers in the higher life to which I believe he has now attained. For so *thinking* a man he was wonderfully childlike in the simplicity of his belief, and *rested* in the perfect atonement made by our Redeemer for all who accept Him as their Saviour. His willing obedience sprang from grateful love to his Saviour, and a single-hearted desire to benefit his fellow-men, without regard to the praise of any but his Lord. We who loved him best, and knew his worth, would sometimes have wished him to take a more prominent position than he cared to have, but he was ever willing to humble himself and be the *servant of all*, so fulfilling our Saviour's command to those who love Him, and who desire to be indeed 'the greatest of all.'

If for a man to gain well-deserved honour in his own country and among his own kindred is proverbially difficult, and may be considered a high achievement, this exceptional distinction may be fully claimed for Dr. Biggs. Without doubt he might have made himself more widely conspicuous in some other locality than his own quiet, old-fashioned native town; and the originality which characterised him, and which to ordinary observers often appeared in the guise of mere singularity, might have found more fitting scope and recognition; but nowhere could he have made a deeper and more abiding impression than he has left hereof his excellence as a Christian and his value as a man. His very presence in the midst of the community amongst whom he dwelt was of itself a constant and living testimony for the right, as he quietly, without ostentation and without hesitation, identified himself with Christ's truth and with every cause to which principle demanded his adhesion. His independent position, and his having his time for the past twenty years at his own disposal, limited only by duties self-imposed, aided the influence of his established reputation for scholarship, piety, and irreproachable character. His diligence had true affinity with delight, and concerned itself as readily with the smallest things as with the greatest, provided they were right and good. For no man is the claim of faultlessness to be made; and it is an ungracious, unprofitable task to deal with the character of one who is gone as though the chief object were to refute such a claim. It is an ordeal, attended with many a failure, to be set "in that fierce light which beats upon a throne;" and there is a growing danger of more fierceness than light intruding into delineations of private life. In this instance, the estimate formed is more likely to fall short of what was due, in the judgment of those who knew

Dr. Biggs, than to be pronounced exaggerated. The qualities for which he was valued were solid and genuine. He sought not human praise, but, as he honoured God, was honoured by God. That honour was met with in very lowly paths, where he was constantly rendering unobtrusive service. He was eminently "faithful in that which is least," and those who were associated with him may well adopt the words—

"So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on itself did lay."

Glimpses of Scotland.

BY THE REV. F. TRESTRAIL, D.D., F.R.G.S.

No. XV.



THESE "Glimpses of Scotland" would be very incomplete if they were to close without a peep at the far-famed city of ABERDEEN, and its beautiful surroundings. In regard to population, extent, and commercial importance, it ranks as the fourth among the cities and towns of Scotland. Under the name "Aberdeen" are comprehended two towns, *Old* and *New Aberdeen*, which are, however, almost united by their respective suburbs.

Old Aberdeen, formerly *Aberdon*, is pleasantly situated on an eminence near the mouth of the River Don. It is of great antiquity, since, in 893, King Gregory is said to have conferred upon it some peculiar privileges. The town consists chiefly of one long street. A fine Gothic bridge of one arch spans the river, resting on a rock on each side, said to be built by a bishop of Aberdeen about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and is 67 feet wide, 34½ feet high above the surface of the stream, which is here of considerable depth.

The chief ornament of *Old Aberdeen* is the large and stately fabric of King's College. It is built round a square, with cloisters on the south side, and contains a chapel, library, museum, common hall,

and lecture-rooms, with a long range of modern houses for the accommodation of the professors and students. The old town, being once the seat of a bishop, had a magnificent cathedral dedicated to St. Machar; but, like many other similar edifices, it fell a sacrifice to the hot zeal of the Reformers. The only remains of it are two lofty spires and the nave, which latter is in a state of complete repair, and used as a church. These remains are the old part, and are built chiefly of granite—a remarkable, and perhaps a unique, circumstance for its age. The college was founded in 1594 by William Elphinstone, Bishop of Aberdeen, Lord Chancellor of Scotland in the reign of James III., and Lord Privy Seal in that of James IV. But this monarch claimed the patronage of it, and it has since been called the *King's College*.

New Aberdeen is the capital of the shire, situate on the German Ocean, at the mouth of the River Dee. As early as 1179 it received a charter from William the Lion, and seems, even then, to have been a place of some importance. In 1800 an Act was obtained for its general improvement, and since that period its whole appearance and plan have been changed. It is built on a gentle eminence rising from a small bay formed by the river, over which there is an elegant bridge of seven arches, built by Bishop Dunbar. It is very remarkable that so many of the public buildings in the kingdom have been erected by bishops.

The churches, hospitals, and charitable institutions are very numerous, and are well managed. The streets are spacious and well paved; the houses are built of granite taken from the adjoining quarries, and have usually gardens in the rear; bridges of communication have been erected, and other improvements executed, both ornamental and useful. The commerce and manufactures carried on in this city are extensive and flourishing. Not less than 20,000 artisans are employed in the cotton, comb, and spinning mills, and iron foundries. Aberdeen is chiefly famous for its granite, which, in one form or another, is sent to all parts of the world for paving, and for building docks, wharves, and bridges; and in the works of Messrs. Macdonald & Leslie it is manufactured into all kinds of ornaments, highly polished and of exquisite design, rivalling the famous granite sculptures of Sweden and Russia. Ship-building has been prosecuted with great vigour and skill, and in the mercantile navy the "Aberdeen clippers" were celebrated for strength, form, and speed all the world over.

New Aberdeen is graced with an elegant college founded by George Keith, Earl Mareschal of Scotland, in 1593. It has been lately rebuilt at a cost of £30,000, half of which was a grant from Government, and the other half from voluntary subscriptions. There are professors of humanity, Greek, natural history, mathematics, natural philosophy, moral philosophy, divinity, Oriental languages, chemistry, medicine, anatomy, and surgery, with lecturers on *materia medica*, midwifery, and Scotch law. The curriculum extends over four sessions, and a student's expenses, during each session, vary from £35 to £40. There are many bursaries founded to assist students in poor circumstances, and £1,500 are annually expended in these and in prizes. While Aberdeen is so rich in educational institutions, and in various establishments to meet the wants of the poor, the sick, and those suffering from chronic disease, no place, it is said, is better supplied with water and gas, both important contributions to the health and comfort of the inhabitants. Nearly one million gallons of water are raised every twenty-four hours, so that mills and private houses are abundantly supplied.

Any one sauntering up the banks of the Don would be reminded, if familiar with their memoirs, of two very distinguished students who were strongly attached to each other. Though very different in character, tastes, and sentiment, they were constant companions. Each had risen to great eminence in his classes. "They read together, sat at lecture together, and walked together;" and so well were their mutual studies known that it was not unusual for their classmates to point to them as they passed along, and say, "there go *Plato and Herodotus*." These students were Robert Hall and Sir James Mackintosh, and the friendship, formed in these student days, continued through life. The latter assured Dr. Gregory that he learnt more from his companion of *principles* than from all the books he had ever read; while the former maintained that his friend "possessed an intellect more analogous to that of Bacon than any person of modern times; and that, if he had devoted his powerful understanding to metaphysics, instead of law and politics, he would have thrown unusual light upon that intricate, but valuable, region of inquiry." The lives of these most illustrious men will always shed an unfading lustre on their Alma Mater. Many distinguished men have come forth from King's College since then, but it may be questioned whether there have been any who were students

together, who subsequently attained to such extraordinary eminence.

No tourist of any taste who happens to be in Aberdeen will miss, if he have time, an excursion up the Valley of the Dee, which, rising in the Cairngorm Hills, twenty-five miles above BRAEMAR, flows, at first, through a wild country, and then down the beautiful valley to which it gives its name for nearly one hundred miles, into the German Ocean. Its salmon fishery is one of the most valuable in Scotland. The rail goes up to Ballater, a picturesque little place in the midst of scenery which, if not striking, is very beautiful. A ride of a few miles will bring him to BALMORAL, "the Highland Home" of our gracious Queen. It was built mainly from the designs of the late Prince Consort, and throughout it are evidences of his exquisite taste and accurate judgment. It is extremely elegant, and at once suggests the idea of enjoyment and repose. To some it may seem that a structure of greater massiveness would more thoroughly harmonise with the bare and rugged aspect of the surrounding scenery, and that a castle less light and airy would be more fitting to such a site. But a residence more compact and beautiful can scarcely be conceived.

Can any one wonder, considering the anxious cares and heavy responsibilities of her exalted position—monarch over dominions so vast, and of nations so diverse in character, religion, social habits, and customs—that our beloved and honoured Queen should seek renewed health and strength in the quiet and seclusion of her "Highland Home"? Here, surrounded by members of her numerous family, with the occasional company of illustrious visitors, and attended by one of the Ministers of State, but chiefly by members of her devoted household, visiting her tenants, taking a lively interest in the poor, generously, and without ostentation, ministering to their wants, and maintaining the character of a sympathising friend rather than of a monarch, she is beloved exceedingly. Those who so loudly complain of her now comparatively infrequent public appearances in the metropolis make no allowance for her advanced age, the deep sorrows and severe trials of her domestic life, and the fatigue which such appearances entail—fatigue not easily borne, even by those in the full vigour of robust health. Doubtless it is owing to the influence of these quiet hours, and these seasons of comparative seclusion from the glare and excitement of public life, that her Majesty's health

is so good and her life has been so far prolonged. The effects of a recent accident, deemed at first trifling, too plainly show the necessity for care and repose. Her domestic troubles have recently been both frequent and severe. The death of her personal attendant in the prime of life, of Mrs. Stonor, a loved and faithful friend, and that of Dean Connor, one of her chaplains, only recently appointed to the deanery of Windsor, cannot but awaken general and heartfelt sympathy. Instead of complaints at her infrequent public appearances, rather should one be thankful for the noble example she sets before all her subjects, for her prompt, unfailing compassion for the bereaved and distressed, for the purity of her Court, and her blameless, exemplary life. None of us can tell how much, as a nation, we owe to that life—for all history shows how much the moral well-being of a people is affected by the personal character of the monarch—and for her unfaltering adherence to the principles of the British Constitution. May her successor have wisdom and grace to imitate her example, and to walk in her steps!

Though there was nothing to excite enthusiasm in the opening of the New Law Courts, her appearance on that occasion, and the hearty welcome accorded, must have afforded her solid satisfaction, and we do not wonder that she has given expression to it. A reception so sincerely and heartily loyal is no slight tribute to the wisdom of her conduct through a long and, at times, a most anxious reign. Her popularity is as great now as when she first ascended the throne, and when her youth and sex evoked all the chivalry and sympathy of the people; and this is mainly attributable to her amiable personal qualities. *Personal* regard to the Sovereign had most sensibly declined from the days of the Regency to the end of William the Fourth's reign. For the recovery of its power, prestige, and inherent dignity, the Crown is indebted to the conduct and character of the Queen. The next generation, who will read the history of her reign, will estimate the character and influence of QUEEN VICTORIA more correctly than we ourselves are competent to do.

The position of BRAEMAR, a few miles beyond Balmoral, is very beautiful. It is sure to arrest attention the moment it is seen. It stands on a very elevated site, and the mountains round about are lofty, rugged, and grand. The hotel is finely situated, and here her Majesty stops, in her frequent excursions, to change horses. Visitors staying in the village are often gratified in seeing their Queen coming

among her subjects without any pomp or state, but as a private lady, enjoying, like themselves, the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

There being no rail or coach to take me into Perthshire, where public engagements had to be fulfilled, I hired a conveyance. My route lay through the SPITAL OF GLENSHEE, and a more romantic and solitary ride I do not remember ever to have had, passing, for many miles, over roads made by General Wade when he so successfully forced an entrance into the Highlands. They have never been touched since, except to keep them in repair—a proof both of his daring and his skill. The rude lines, to which I have on a previous occasion referred, recurred very forcibly to one's recollection as I passed along—

“If you had seen these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.”

If, however, the beginning and middle of the journey were rugged and solitary, the termination proved a rich compensation; for, on reaching the crown of the hills which overlook the extensive valley through which the Highland Railway passes, a scene of extraordinary beauty burst suddenly into view. I felt much as Mr. Hall felt when he saw, for the first time, the view from Froster Hill, in Gloucestershire, and was asked what he thought of it. “Think of it, sir? Why the angel Gabriel, if flying on some momentous errand, would stop to look at it!” The beautiful hamlets of Pitlochry and Blair Athol, and the celebrated Pass of Killiecrankie, so renowned in Scottish history as the spot where “the bloody Claverhouse” fell, were seen at a glance. The River Tummel flowed through the valley, on its way to join the Tay. The mountains on either side, clothed with woods, were bathed in light of varied hues, while the villages and hamlets below were reposing in the splendour of a beautiful summer's eve. The scene was so peaceful, and looked so much as if happiness and contentment had taken up their abode in it, that one could not repress the exclamation, “What a beautiful world this is, after all!” Oh, if sin were banished from it, Paradise would soon be restored! Is the final conflagration, when the heavens shall melt with fervent heat, to destroy and burn up all this? Or, rather, will it not purify and restore to its pristine beauty a sin-stricken world? May we not hope that this process, though terrible in its character, may issue in the “new heavens and the new earth, wherein shall dwell righteousness”?

Dear reader, I have no more glimpses of Scotland to give you. I

hope you have not felt that they have been too many. I have led you from one end of the land to the other. We have climbed together some of its loftiest hills, glided over many of its most beautiful lochs, passed down numerous rivers, looked upon its rocky shores, and visited numerous islands. Incidents have not been wanting to enliven the narrative, and one may hope that the instructive lessons they suggest have been pondered and felt. We bade adieu to Bonnie Scotland last autumn, and it is not probable that we shall visit it again; but its memories will be ever pleasant and bright, and among the brightest will be the recollection of happy fellowship with a host of intelligent, generous, and godly friends, of whom one cannot think without emotions of gratitude for their unvarying kindness, many of whom we never expect to see any more until we meet them at the great gathering of the redeemed of the Lord!

Jesus at the Eucharistic Supper.

"I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's Kingdom."—
MATT. xxvi. 29.



THESE words give rise to some interesting inquiries, the study of which may serve to strengthen our love to our great Saviour and Lord, and our attachment to the ordinance of His Supper.

The first inquiry relates to the moment when the words were spoken. This question is important on two accounts. First, it touches the integrity of the sacred narrative; and, secondly, it affects our views of the relation of Christ to the Eucharistic meal, and of our relation to Him *in* it.

Looking at the narrative as it stands in Matthew, we should say that the words were spoken during the institution of the Eucharist.

"As they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it; and He gave

to the disciples, and said, 'Take, eat ; this is My body.' And He took a cup, and gave thanks, and gave to them, saying, 'Drink ye all of it ; for this is My blood of the covenant, which is shed for many unto remission of sins. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's Kingdom.'"

But now let us turn to the account given by Luke :—

"They made ready the Passover. And when the hour was come, He sat down, and the apostles with Him. And He said unto them, 'With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer ; for I say unto you, I will not eat it until it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God.' And He received the cup, and when He had given thanks, He said : 'Take this, and divide it among yourselves ; for I say unto you, I will not drink from henceforth of the fruit of the vine, until the Kingdom of God shall come.' And He took bread, and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and gave to them, saying, 'This is My body, which is given for you ; this do in remembrance of Me.' And the cup in like manner after supper, saying, 'This cup is the new covenant in My blood, even that which is poured out for you.'"

Putting the two accounts side by side, this apparent discrepancy arises, that Luke represents words equivalent to those at the head of this paper as having been spoken during the *Paschal Supper*, and previously to the institution of what is called specifically the "*Lord's Supper*," and makes no mention of them as having been spoken at "the Lord's Supper" at all ; whilst Matthew represents them as having been spoken at "the *Lord's Supper*," but says nothing of them as having been spoken at the *Paschal Supper*.

The difficulty is a purely chronological one ; but it rises into importance because of conflicting views as to whether our Lord Himself did, or did not, partake of the bread and wine at the Eucharist with His disciples. Those who maintain that He did not, and could not consistently do so, follow the narrative of Luke, and consequently have to consider that of Matthew as chronologically incorrect. I hold, however, that our theology is to be brought to the test of Scripture, not Scripture to the test of our theology. This question should be settled, not by theological prepossession, but (if it can be) on ground proper to itself.

It certainly is not difficult to make a consistent and consecutive narrative out of the two accounts, as thus :—

Jesus directed His two friends, Peter and John, to prepare the

Passover, that He might celebrate it with His twelve apostles. When the hour arrived, they all assembled together, and He said to them: "With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer; for I say unto you, I will not eat it, until it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God." There is a Divine pathos in the words. The heart of the Master is full of solemn tenderness. He is about to die and to leave the world, and he feels the sacredness of this last Passover, both to Himself and to His friends. He wishes them to prepare for the great changes that are at hand. He wishes also (if one might so say) to sublimate and spiritualise the Passover to their minds by another institution which shall be emphatically His own, which they can lovingly observe when He is gone, and which shall link them still more closely to Himself. The Passover proceeds. The first cup of wine is filled by Himself as the head of the company. He asks a blessing upon it, and then says: "Take this, and divide it among yourselves," and then repeats, in effect, the words which He had spoken before: "For I say unto you, I will not drink from henceforth of the fruit of the vine, until the Kingdom of God shall come." As the meal advances to its close, He gives it a new turn and a new meaning. He again takes bread, gives thanks, breaks it, and offers it to them, saying, "This is My body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of Me." He next takes the cup in like manner, and says: "Drink ye all of it; for this cup is the new covenant in My blood, even that which is poured out for you, shed for many unto remission of sins." Having passed the cup thus to His disciples, He reiterates, in effect, the remarkable words which He has uttered twice already during the Passover meal, but with deeper meaning because of the new relationship betwixt Himself and them which will spring from His death: "But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's Kingdom."

I find no discrepancy, then, between the two narratives. The one writer simply records what the other has omitted. Coming now to the second point which has been raised, what do the words before us teach as to the question whether our Lord Himself did, or did not, participate in His own ordinance of the supper with His disciples? I have said that this question is important, bearing, as it does, upon our Lord's relation to the Eucharistic meal, and on our relation to

Him *in* it. Ponder the words, "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's Kingdom." It is as if He had said: "This is not only the first time, but also the *last*, of My partaking of this bread and of this cup with you. I shall not do so any more, except after another manner, and under circumstances altogether different."

Now it is strongly believed by many that Jesus could not consistently share the Eucharistic meal with His disciples. The argument is this: The bread represents His body, the wine His blood. His people partake of these *symbolically* to represent their participation of that Divine life which He came to bestow through the medium of His death. If He also partook of the bread and wine by the same symbolical act, and if that act had the same symbolical meaning for Himself as for His friends, He must have partaken of Himself. Nay, more, He must also have partaken of that Divine life for man of which His death on the cross was the purchase price—an idea at once so absurd and revolting as to be altogether incredible. The Eucharist was to be observed *in remembrance of Him*. In it He is the object of an appropriating faith on the part of the participants; and, as He cannot share that faith with them, it would have been incongruous and unseemly for Him to partake of the emblems as they do.

Is this reasoning conclusive?

First; it does not very obviously accord with the words before us: "I will not henceforth do this;" implying, certainly, that He was doing it in that instance. Let us not put Luke into a position of historical antagonism to Matthew merely because some item in our theological creed seems to require us to do so; and if the two can be harmonised (as, in this case, we have seen that they *can* be) let both be accepted, even at the cost of a theological notion which may happen to stand in its way.

Besides, secondly, if the reasoning above mentioned has any cogency, it would equally forbid the supposition that *Jesus ate the Passover with His disciples*, in which case at least three of the four evangelists must be regarded as having made inaccurate records. For Jesus Himself was as truly, in the deeper sense, the central ingredient in the Passover as in the Eucharist. How could He partake of the Paschal lamb when He Himself was the antitype of it—"The Lamb

of God that taketh away the sin of the world"? Yet it is expressly asserted that He did partake of the Passover. Why, then, should it be thought incredible that, in the same way, He partook of the Eucharist?

But, thirdly, there is one view of these celebrations which the reasoning I am dealing with overlooks. That reasoning is true so far as it goes, but it does not cover the whole case. Jesus could not partake either of the Passover or of the Eucharist *in all respects* as His disciples did without being, in the disciple sense of the term, the Object of faith on His own part. *But these celebrations were feasts of mutual love.* The Paschal lamb was the symbolical expression of His love; so was the Eucharistic bread and wine. His partaking of these was the natural method by which He showed His sacred and holy joy in the love He had for them; just as their partaking of them was the natural method by which they showed their sacred and holy joy in the love they had for Him. Because each feast was thus, in its deepest reality, a feast of mutual love, He and they could appropriately participate in each of the feasts together.

This, however, was the only instance in which He was to share this Eucharistic feast with His disciples after the manner in which He was sharing it with them *then*. "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's Kingdom." When He made this declaration once and again during the Passover meal, He meant to say that He was then partaking of His last Passover with them after an outward, earthly fashion; and when He made the same declaration a third time—namely, during the Eucharistic meal—He meant to say that that was not only the first, but also the last, feast of that kind which He should enjoy with them here below. Bodily, He was going away, and soon they would see His face no more.

Nevertheless, He tells them, in the same breath, that the coming separation will be in seeming rather than in reality, and that, in so far as it must be real, it will be temporary rather than permanent. "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, *until* that day when I drink it new with you in My Father's Kingdom." The disciples are to celebrate this feast after He is gone; they are to do it in remembrance of Him. He will not be with them bodily; the outward relationship will be changed. But He will be with them spiritually; and in that deeper, closer, more sacred, because more spiritual, union

betwixt Himself and them in the new economy, the feast will be spiritualised. The wine will be "new"—not earthly wine, but heavenly. *They* will have the earthly wine to symbolise it, and to remind them of it; but of that earthly wine *He* will not partake with them. The wine of which He and they will drink together in the new economy will be "the wine of the soul"—the wine of holy, heavenly love. Thus the fellowship will become *transcendental*. The mutual love of the Lord and His people will find freer channels and nobler expression, and will lift up the heart to a loftier, grander joy. By-and-by there will be a more perfect economy still—the "Kingdom of the Father," not as we have it now on earth, but as it will be in the final heaven. Thus we have to give a comprehensive and far-reaching meaning to these beautiful words, and to find their first fulfilment in the hallowed fellowship between Christ and His people which pervades the Gospel dispensation, and their further and completer fulfilment in the still higher and more joyous fellowship which they shall have with Him in the perfected celestial state.

See what came to pass. As they go out, He says to them: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come; but when she is delivered of the child she remembereth no more the anguish for the joy that a man is born into the world. And ye therefore now have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh away from you." So much for the prospects of the disciples—immediate sorrow, but subsequent joy. What of the Saviour? The night passes on. In an hour or two He is in the garden, agonising in prayer, and "sweating, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Speedily He is betrayed by Judas, apprehended, bound, led away, hurried through a pretended trial, mocked, buffeted, spat upon, crowned with thorns, and by three o'clock the next day hangs dead on the cross. Dead! Yes; but though "dead" He could not fail, and "for the joy that was set before Him, He endured the cross, despising shame, and hath sat down at the right hand of the throne of God." From thence, in His blessed mediatorial supremacy, He fulfilled His sweet promise to His bereaved people: "I will not leave you orphans; I will come unto you." They recalled His words: "Eat of this bread, and drink of this cup, in remembrance of Me;"

and as they lovingly obeyed His gracious command, they knew that He was with them in the feast after the manner of the spirit, though not after the manner of the flesh. The wine of that fellowship was indeed "new"—sweeter far, richer far, more exhilarating far, than the wine of their earthly fellowship with Him had been.

And all this remains to the Church. Nearly two thousand years of Eucharistic fellowship between the Lord and His people have not worn out the sweet significance of the words. "The Kingdom of God" has come to us. The Gospel times are still revolving. The dispensation of "the Kingdom" is still open, and "the wine of the Kingdom" is still plentiful. Jesus still knows what it is to "take pleasure in His people," and His people still know what it is to "rejoice in Him with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Their redemption is His joy, because it is the triumph and gratification of His love; it is their joy also, because it is the occasion and inspiration of their grateful and adoring praise.

"Then cometh the end," the consummation for which He, their Saviour and their Lord, once died and rose again, and for which He now mediatorially reigns. What that consummation will be, we know not. Imagination cannot picture it; faith cannot realise it. The wine of that celestial banquet may well be designated "new;" for there love will be filled with its divinest spirit, and will exultate in its largest freedom. Everything will be "new" to the redeemed—"new heavens and a new earth;" a "new Jerusalem;" a "new name;" "a new song." So, also, "new wine." The saints will then be "ever with the Lord," who will have come "to make all things new" by making all things relating to His Kingdom perfect. In the wine of that heavenly fellowship no myrrh will be mingled. The joy will not be dashed either with bitter recollections or with painful forebodings. All days of mourning will be ended. "He that sitteth on the throne will dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their Shepherd, and shall lead them to fountains of waters of life; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." So will the blessed Lord, in the highest meaning which the words can carry, "drink of the fruit of the vine" with the beloved trophies of His grace "in the Kingdom of the Father."

Well it is for us daily, and especially at all Eucharistic seasons, to take for our own the words of one of our Christian poets :—

“ Bread of the world, in mercy broken ;
Wine of the world, in mercy shed ;
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead,

“ Look on the heart by sorrow broken ;
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.”

The Relict of the Reverend Eliakim Twig.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

(Continued from page 216.)



IN a sharp October day, a man not personally known to Mrs. Twig called upon her, with a couple of ladies who had sent her cranberry jelly, and explained to her that, owing to her feeble condition, it had been thought best by her friends in that town to remove her to a boarding-place, where she would receive every care and attention, and that arrangements had been made to that effect. He added that he would take her to this good place to-morrow, and one of the ladies at this point produced a new jar of jelly, and said it would be an excellent thing ; but the other one brought her a meat-pie and said nothing.

“ Did you say it was a *boarding-place* ? ” asked Mrs. Twig, after a painful silence.

“ Yes, marm, I—did,” replied the man.

“ Who pays my board ? ”

“ Why, some ladies and gentlemen that live here. We think, marm, you will be more comfortable.”

Mrs. Twig looked at the lady with the meat-pie, but she had turned her back. The jelly lady said it would be a very comfortable home. Mrs. Twig lifted her faded eyes with the fatal feminine trust that life had not drowned out of them, and simply said :

"You have been good to me. I do not think you would deceive me. I will go to this boarding-place, and I thank the ladies and gentlemen who have been so kind."

She was very feeble the next day; but she bravely got herself into her best clothes and rode away with the excellent man and the jelly lady. The lady who brought the meat-pie did not return to see her off, and Mrs. Twig sent her love to her, and said how tender the crust was. It was dusk when they called for her, and her eyes were a little blind with the scanty tears of age. She felt that the Screwsbury neighbours were kind, but she wished it had been some of "our people" down at East Economy to whom she might have been thus indebted—some of the ladies in the parish who said she was the most spiritual minister's wife they ever had, or one of those sweet Sunday-school girls who used to kiss her. She thought a good deal about the people as she rode to her boarding-house; but she said nothing of her thoughts, and thanked everybody, and was very docile and feeble, and went at once to bed, only calling the jelly lady back to say:

"I could not have gone to the ——. I am a minister's wife. It would not have been proper. I thank the ladies and gentlemen for this kind home."

She seemed contented, they said, and slept peacefully that night.

"Do you mean to say—" began the superintendent, when the selectman came down stairs.

"Yes, I mean to say just that. She don't know where she is. She would have froze in the street first. Seventy-one years old and nigh used up, and a little woman without much voice; but, I can tell you, she'd have done it, she'd have froze stiff as a pipe-stem, if she had known. She's that grit."

"It seems a pity," observed the almshouse superintendent.

"Wall, it dooz," admitted the selectman.

"But we'd collected a good while," said the lady who made jelly.

"You say she don't know?" repeated the superintendent.

"I wish she needn't," suggested the lady. "I might go on sending her jelly, to make it natural."

"By George, I wish so too," said the selectman. "I told you t'other day the women said so; but I told 'em it warn't possible."

"A great deal is possible in my almshouse," said the superintendent, drawing himself up. "*She never shall.*"

The selectman shrugged his shoulders, but the women believed; and the one who made jelly sent the superintendent a Christmas card, upon which a red angel practised gymnastics in a loop of blue roses and seemed to have missed his footing and come down hard.

If it were not true, it would be so preposterous a thing to originate that I might possibly expect to be believed; but, as it is no fiction, probably the fact will go hard with the reader. Nevertheless, a fact it is that she never did.

The poor old lady lived on to the end in touching gratitude to the ladies and gentlemen of Screwsbury who had provided her with such a pleasant boarding-place. No person undeceived her. She became bed-ridden and failed fast. They gave her a position of consideration in a small ward, and her nearest room-mate was deaf and dumb. The others regarded her with interest and spoke to her with caution. They acquired a certain skill and pleasure in deterring the old lady from the consciousness of their common fate. It became the pride of the institution to preserve her in this merciful delusion. Many ludicrous and touching instances are related of the efforts of these hapless beings to heighten her sense of her own privilege and of that precious self-respect for which she had fought so long. They did the thing. The Screwsbury paupers had that delicacy. She never knew.

But, as I said, she failed fast in her excellent boarding-place, and on Christmas week she wandered a little and talked a good deal about Mr. Twig, and now and then her boy. But only the deaf-mute was near at hand. She was a big woman and gentle, and Mrs. Twig liked her for a nurse. "I am a minister's wife," said Mrs. Twig. "I prayed night and morning for twelve years that I should never go to the poorhouse. I always knew the Lord would hear that prayer."

The deaf-mute nodded.

"This is a very pleasant boarding-place," said Mrs. Twig. "It would gratify my husband. My husband was the Reverend Mr. Twig."

On New Year's eve she seemed so weak that the superintendent, who had a message for her, hesitated at the door; but came in at length, and said that there was a caller for her, and would she see the gentleman?

"It may be some of our people," said Mrs. Twig, faintly. "Ask the deaf lady to find me my best cap. Maybe it is Deacon Bobbley."

But when the gentleman came in, it was not Deacon Bobbley. She

gathered herself, and seemed in a kind of terror for a moment to retreat from him; but against the thin little almshouse pillows she lay at bay. The gentleman came softly up and leaned above her; but no one spoke, until, in low, awed tones, that penetrated the silent ward, she said: "*Are you Mr. Twig? Am I dead already?*"

"Oh! mother, no! Thank God!"

She threw out her slender, shrunken hands and gasped, and he held her to the air, daring neither to speak nor to be mute, and praying, perhaps, that he might not have killed her—the first prayer of eighteen wandering years. He was a big, handsome fellow, and his face bore the marks of a reckless life; yet there was a certain touching likeness between the two. The paupers talked of it for many a day.

"I had a little boy," said the old lady, drearily. "He wore jackets and a round cap. His name was 'Likim. He was named for his father. His father was the Reverend Mr. Twig. He was a minister's son. He had a respectable home. He used to *seem* to love his mother."

The prodigal hid his face and groaned. The sound seemed to arouse her, and perhaps to clarify thoughts which she had no strength to express. She regarded him long and steadily, and, at last, she said: "It is very kind in you, my son, to come and see me."

Then the young man cried, it has been said, with an exceeding great and bitter cry: "Mother, you'll *kill* me!" And, brokenly protesting that he was bad enough, God knew, but not so black as he seemed, tried to make her understand some story that he had to tell about believing she was dead.

"I read it in a Connecticut paper (I was in Idaho)—Mrs. Obedience Twig. I thought it must be you. I thought there was nothing to come back for. I didn't care for father. He and I never got on. Mother, can't you live a *little* while?" And so on, piteously enough.

"Was it the *Reverend* Mrs. Obedience Twig," asked the old lady, distinctly. "It would have been the Reverend Mrs. Twig," she added, and sank away into a kind of faint.

When she came to herself again, she seemed to have accepted both her shock and her joy in a beautiful and placid manner. She held his hand and called him little 'Likim, and thanked him when he kissed her, and asked him what he was crying for. She said she felt much better, and that to-morrow she would tell him what a pleasant boarding-place she had.

"We will go away to-morrow," urged the young man. "I will find you a better place."

But the superintendent in the doorway motioned, putting a finger on his lips.

"It is a very pleasant place," said Mrs. Twig. "The ladies and gentlemen were very kind. I was afraid I should come to the ——. That would have—mortified—you. I knew that prayer would be answered. I'm very glad to see you, 'Likim, in my boarding-house."

But after this she talked no more for a long time. Only now and then she called him her dear son, and patted him upon the head, and said she was glad he had kept his curly hair and that he loved his mother.

Toward midnight she turned, and asked for the deaf lady, saying that she wanted to kiss her, which she did with a gratitude and tenderness most moving to see.

After this she asked for a pencil and paper, and laboriously wrote for some time. When she had written, she gave the paper to her son, explaining to him that it contained the inscription upon Mr. Twig's slate tombstone, and that which she desired to have added.

"If it doesn't cost too much," she said, timidly. "If you can afford it just as well as not, I should like it all put on. The engraver asked so much a letter when your father died, we had to do the best we could. Have you got a little ready money, 'Likim?"

"A little, mother."

"And you're sure you won't mind the expense of it, my son? It would be a comfort to me; but I wouldn't like to put you to expense."

But with that, for she saw how moved he was, she stroked his curly hair again and said:

"There, there, my son; never mind, dear!" just as she used to speak to his father, after candidating; and so said nothing after this again; and the deaf-mute cried; but the superintendent went downstairs.

By-and-by the young man read what was written on the wet and crumpled paper that he had been crushing in his hands:

"Here lies the body of
The Reverend
Eliakim Twig.

Who died in the hope of a blessed Resurrection."

"Put Strength in Me."

Then followed a date, and after that the addenda for which the engraver had charged too much :

"An earnest Preacher.
A devout Man.
A devoted Husband.
Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Here lies the body of
Obedience,
Relict of the Reverend
Eliakim Twig
And mother of —."

A space was left here for the young man's own name and for the date and circumstances of his death. Under this blank her trembling hand had scrawled :

"A KIND AND AFFECTIONATE SON.
A Credit to
His Godly Father, and
The World."

"Put Strength in Me."

WANDER in a weary land ;
I thirst, O Lord, and often faint,
And struggle hard against complaint ;
While hostile forms around me stand
To chill my heart and palsy me with fear.
O Thou, my great Deliverer, draw near :
"Put strength in me."

My human weakness leans towards Thee ;
The darkness of my soul inclines
To catch Thy love-light as it shines,
And earthward falls as tenderly,
Oh, as the moonlight fortifies the flower,
And alternates the freshness of the shower :
"Put strength in me."

What though my path be difficult,
And heavy burdens press me sore,
While weary leagues lie still before ;
I journey on and still exult,
If Thou, O Lord, each blessed livelong day,
Will drop Thy manna on my rugged way :
" Put strength in me."

Our weakness, Lord, Thou tookest here,
And bore it all Thy journey long,
To make our human frailty strong ;
Thy tears were shed our hearts to cheer ;
And from the grave, which chilled the piercèd heart,
Immortal strength for ever healed the smart :
" Put strength in me."

" Put strength in me," then toil is rest,
And life is all a victor's road,
That leads to blessedness and God ;
Hear, Lord, Thy weary child's request ;
What need have I to ask for ease or bliss,
If Thou, O Lord, wilt grant me only this :
" Put strength in me."

Mosul, on the Tigris.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

Who Wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews ?

BY THE REV. G. H. ROUSE, M.A., LL.B.

PART II.

HAVING cleared away difficulties, we are now in a position to consider the positive evidence in favour of the Pauline authorship, apart from the "exhaustive" process which has already led us to adopt it as extremely probable.

1. *External Evidence.*—The Eastern Church was substantially unanimous in regarding Paul as the author. Clement of Alexandria (A.D. 165—220) speaks of his predecessor Pantænus as acknowledging the Pauline authorship, which he also himself acknowledges. Origen (A.D. 186—253) says—"Not without reason have the men of old time handed it down as Paul's." The phrase "men of old time," brings us not far from the Apostolic age. Origen feels the difficulty as to style, and suggests that some one, perhaps Luke or Clement, wrote down the thoughts of the Apostle. The belief in the Pauline authorship a few years

later can be traced in the churches of Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor. In the West, specially in Rome, the Epistle for many years was regarded as not Paul's, until the fourth or fifth century, by which time the Pauline authorship was generally received in the Church. The external evidence thus is not strong, except in regard to the testimony of the Alexandrine Church ; still, there is a fair amount of evidence for the Pauline authorship, and very little in favour of any other.

2 Pet. iii. 15, 16, though not in itself decisive, yet lends support to the belief that Paul was the author of the Epistle. "And account that the longsuffering of our Lord is salvation ; even as our beloved brother Paul, also, according to the wisdom given unto him hath written unto you." To what Epistle was Peter alluding ? He was writing to Jews (1 Pet. i. 1) of Asia Minor. But Paul's acknowledged Epistles were to Gentile and some of them to European churches. If, however, he wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews, and if that were, as we take it, intended to be read by Jewish Christians generally we can understand the allusion. An exhortation to patient endurance in faith and obedience, remembering that God is longsuffering, is the essence of the practical teaching of the Epistle (x. 36—38).

2. *Internal Evidence.*—We can only briefly indicate this, because to trace out the points of similarity in thought and style between this Epistle and those acknowledged to be Paul's would take a large amount of space. They can be seen in Dr. Kay's Introduction to Hebrews, contained in the last volume of the Speaker's Commentary. He quotes 17 words found in this Epistle and Paul's writings or speeches, but not elsewhere in the New Testament or Septuagint, and the similarity extends frequently to their connection also. There are 34 words common to the Epistle and Paul, and not found elsewhere in the New Testament. There are also a large number of other verbal coincidences, as well as minute coincidences of thought. The comparison of the following passages will give some idea of these points of similarity, in phraseology as well as in thought :—

Rom. iv. 19, Heb. xi. 12.—Abraham's body "as dead."

Rom. viii. 15, Heb. ii. 15.—Christ the deliverer from "bondage."

Gal. iii. 19, Heb. ii. 2.—Law given by angels.

Col. ii. 17, Heb. viii. 5, x. 1.—The law a shadow.

2 Cor. xii. 12, Heb. ii. 4.—Signs, wonders, miracles.

Eph. iii. 12, Heb. x. 19—22.—Drawing near to God.

1 Thess. v. 25, 2 Thess. iii. 1, Heb. xiii. 18.—Pray for us.

Gal. iv. 25, 26, Heb. xii. 18—22.—The old and new covenants compared to Sinai and Jerusalem.

Phrases like "heavenly calling," "Mediator," "redemption," "promise," "conscience," "God of peace," &c., are strictly Pauline. So are many of the figures employed ; immature Christians like children, Christians "God's husbandry, God's building," our life a race, a fight, &c.

In 2 Thess. iii. 17, 18 the Apostle says : "The salutation of me Paul with my mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle : so I write. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." This salutation seems thus

to be the Pauline signature. We meet with it in one form or other in all Paul's Epistles. But it is found in none of the Epistles of James, Peter, John, or Jude. In 1 Pet. v. 14 we have "Peace be with you all that are in Christ Jesus," but we do not meet with the Pauline "grace," which occurs in the closing benediction of all Paul's Epistles. The Epistle to the Hebrews has the "signature," it closes with "*Grace be with you all.*"

Here and there in the Epistle we meet with passages which seem eminently Pauline. Chap. v. 12—14 looks as if it were written by the author of 1 Cor. iii. 1—3. One characteristic trait of the Apostle is seen in the tendency to look upon the best side of those to whom he was writing, which comes out in the praise given even to the Corinthian and Galatian Churches, in which there was so much of evil (1 Cor. i. 4—8, Gal. v. 10). And, we have the same in Heb. vi. 9—12. In this passage there is another Pauline trait, the use of the plural for the singular, "*We* are persuaded better things of you." And it must surely be very difficult for anyone to read the closing verses of the Epistle (xiii. 18—25), without feeling that he is listening to the words of Paul. The request to pray for him is one which Paul frequently makes, and the use here too of the plural, "*Pray for us,*" is striking, as there is no hint of the Epistle being sent in the name of more than one person. "*We have a good conscience*" is also Pauline in expression and thought; it occurs in Acts xxiii. 1, xxiv. 16, and 2 Cor. i. 12; and in this last quoted verse is also found the word translated "*live*" in the verse before us. The phrases "*God of peace,*" "*make you perfect,*" "*well-pleasing,*" are all Pauline, and so is the doxology, "*To whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.*" How much in accordance with Paul's gentle spirit also is the phrase, "*Suffer the word of exhortation.*" But, as we have seen before, v. 23 is so eminently Pauline that we might almost rest the authorship of the Epistle upon it. Who, except the Apostle, had such intimate connection with Timothy, and such authority over him, that he could order him about as he pleased, and decide, without asking his opinion or intimating that there was the slightest doubt in the matter, that he should accompany him on what in any case was a long journey, and probably was as long as that from Rome to Jerusalem?

We believe the Epistle to the Hebrews, whether actually composed in its present form by him or not, is "*The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews,*" either actually written by him, or adopted and sent out by him in his own name as his own epistle; and we believe it—first, because there appears to be no one else who could have been the author; and, secondly, because there is a considerable amount of positive evidence, external and internal, to prove that he was the author.

Correspondence.

THE BAPTISMAL FORMULA.

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Addi" has opened an important inquiry on the above subject in the April number, and, in the number for May, I think the Rev. H. C. Leonard has solved one side of the question. Permit me to add a few remarks which may harmonise the apparent discrepancies.

In Isa. xliii. 10, 11, we find the striking and solemn words, "Before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me. I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no Saviour." And in Isa. ix. 6 we have, "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a SON is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His Name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, THE Mighty God, The *Everlasting* FATHER, The PRINCE OF PEACE."

Now, it must be evident to all careful students of the New Testament, that up to the time of our Lord's resurrection, and, in fact, up to His ascension, His disciples could not understand either His own nature or that of His Kingdom. (See John xiv. 7.) Hence Philip's anxious request: "Lord, show us the Father and is sufficient us;" and our Lord's most definite and solemn reply: "He that hath seen ME hath seen THE FATHER," "Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me." (John xiv. 8, 9, 11.) Compare also, "I and the Father are ONE," "Before Abraham was I AM," &c., &c.

These emphatic utterances and constant testimony to the fact, that "in Him dwelt *all* the fulness of the Godhead (or Deity) bodily," failed to convince those anxious, and doubting, though loving hearts, that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto HIMSELF."

To effect this vital and necessary change in their views concerning Him, the Lord adopted various means, always taking care to identify Himself with the FATHER (compare John xiv. 26, xv. 26, xvi. 7, 15), and specially promised that His Spirit should guide them in all the truth. (John xvi. 13).

Nevertheless, their eyes were holden until after His resurrection. Nor did they even then quite understand Him, or His intentions with respect to His Kingdom, when He breathed on them, and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost" (compare Acts i. 6—8), and assured them that "all power had been given unto Him in heaven and upon earth," and that He was "with them alway, even to the end of the age." For it was not until the day of Pentecost that they appear to have understood that God was in Christ (note the construction, oft repeated—*not* Christ in God, which only occurs once, Col. iii. 3); and then, when they were enlightened, and perceived, through the influence of His Spirit—called also "the Spirit of

Jesus," Acts xvi. 7—that in the Lord Jesus was the Father, "they baptized *into* the name of the Lord Jesus," thus avoiding the confusion into which later Churches have drifted through the substitution of a "Trinity of Persons" in the "God-head" for the clearer and more Scriptural *Trinity* in Christ—Jehovah incarnate.

Now, inasmuch as the great object of Baptism was to symbolise the resurrection of the Lord and of the believer, and his union with Him, in its threefold aspect, it was necessary to shew this in no uncertain manner; for we all know that, as in our own day, so in the time of the apostles, the future existence of men after the death and dissolution of their material bodies was constantly denied, and hence the great counter-doctrine to such materialism was the "Resurrection of the Lord" (see Rom. vi. 3—5, viii. 11, Col. ii. 12, Acts xxiii. 6, xxv. 21, and many other passages), so that there were weighty reasons for "baptism into the name of the Lord Jesus"—("Name" being here, as frequently elsewhere, used in its most spiritual and comprehensive sense). First, as symbolising and expressing the belief of the convert in the resurrection of the Lord. Second, as showing that the convert participated in his Lord's resurrection, and thus looked forward to an existence beyond the grave. Third, and chiefly, as symbolising the death of the convert's old nature—the carnal "self," and his resurrection out of the living death of sin and self into the New Eternal Life in Christ His Lord.

The Lord Jesus was, therefore, the Alpha and the Omega of the Apostolic teaching, and consequently it was *into* His Name that converts were immersed.

I am glad that Mr. Leonard has called attention to the fact that the Greek prepositions are not properly translated in the English versions; even in the Revised Version this is the case in many instances, and your readers would do well to read a wondrous and convincing article on the Greek Prepositions in the *Quarterly Review* for 1863, in which their vital importance is fully demonstrated.

We are apt to forget that the Reformation was but partial, and that many of the articles and doctrines of the Protestant Church are as much imbued with error as were those of the Church of Rome, from whence she came. But the chief blessing of Protestantism has been a free and open Bible, by the light of which she herself will be condemned, or rather re-reformed. An exact version of the Holy Scriptures, with rigidly translated prepositions, is more needed than ever: when it comes we shall find that Jesus Christ is the only God, the Centre and Sun of the teaching of His own Word; that in Him we *have* the Eternal Life, the Eternal Love, and the Eternal Light, for He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning, and the End—the only object of our worship.

Let us, therefore, be faithful to Him and to His Word, and He will make us the instruments in His hands to bring about the time when there will be acknowledged one Lord, one faith, one baptism,—one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in all. So shall the kingdoms of the world become the Kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM BUGBY.

Ealing, W.

Reviews.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. By Charles Stanford, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

It will soon be forty years since we first heard Dr. Stanford preach. He was then a delicate-looking young man, with a silvery voice, a mellifluous utterance, a sparkling imagination, a nimble intellect, an intensely poetic temperament, a soul steeped in reverence for Divine things, and heart true to "the glorious Gospel of Christ" as the needle is true to the pole. Those who remember what he was as a preacher in that somewhat far back time are not surprised at what he has since become. The maturer day has not disappointed the promise of the fresh, bright morning. He was a charming preacher then, and he is an equally charming preacher now, with developed powers for instruction and edification, in which he is surpassed by few, if by any, of his pulpit contemporaries. He might with truth take for his own the pathetic words of Jeremiah: "I am the man that hath seen affliction;" but we never think of him as "the weeping prophet," and could much more readily fancy him saying with the heroic Paul: "We glory in tribulations; knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; and hope putteth not to shame, because the love of God hath been shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which hath been given unto us." If we are not mistaken, his first publication was an Association sermon on "Friendship with God," preached at Frome just thirty-three years ago—a sermon full, from beginning to end, with living and beautiful thoughts. Since then the printed productions of his gifted and consecrated pen have steadily and largely multiplied; and now we have his latest publication before us in these ten discourses on "The Lord's Prayer." We wonder how many great preachers have descanted on this fascinating theme. We ourselves could write out no inconsiderable catalogue of excellent volumes which it has suggested. If collected together they would form a goodly library, from which all the best elements and applications of Christian truth might be drawn; and amongst these the volume before us would be worthy of a foremost place. It has in abundance all Dr. Stanford's well-known and fascinating characteristics as an author. Public interest in these "homilies" will be heightened by a touching intimation in the Preface. "In November, 1881, while engaged in thus getting them ready for the press, it became needful for him to consult an oculist, and his sentence was, '*Glaucoma*: fast fading sight.' In consequence of this, much of the manuscript has been written by him with shut eyes, and much set down at his dictation by the hand that has helped him in all other things." If such an affliction had been taken as a Providential summons to rest after many a year of faithful toil persisted in through much physical infirmity, who would have thought the interpretation a mistaken one? But the mind was still busy, and the voice still free, while the millions still needed the Truth. Our brother cannot be silent as long as he can speak, and though the

familiar and beloved occupation of writing has been suspended, "the hand that has helped him in all other things" can still help him in this, and still delights to do so. If our words are too unrestrained, they are so at the impulse of grateful and admiring affection, and our brother will forgive them.

These discourses appear in the admirable series issued by the eminent publishers under the general title, "The Household Library of Exposition." We should like to quote freely, but are bewildered by the variety and the equality of excellence belonging to the quotable passages. As we have just completed our perusal of the book, we will content ourselves with its closing sentences.

"When, in the course of our fight with sin, we are in the very act of exulting over some great victory, it shoots us down again, and we are gnashing our teeth in the dust. When it seems to sink in one part of our nature, it seems to rise in another. As we felt the first bliss of forgiveness, we almost thought that we had done with it for ever, and that Christ would make it as easy for us to be holy as it is to breathe. We felt ready to borrow the exclamation, 'O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength.' But sin seems to be strongest when it has had its death-blow. The eagle, when down, strikes at you with a beak like a bolt of iron, and may flap you dead with its wing. The red deer, when down, may fell you with its antlers. The dying horse may, in the plunge of its agony, break a man's limb. A harpooned whale may dash a boat over. Sin is like that. Speared through by its conqueror, it may grasp us in its last convulsions, and seems to be stronger dying than living; but we shall soon spring out from it, and cry, 'Deliverance!'

"All the gladness that ever lived in that word as spoken by mortal lips, will be forgotten in the glory that shall swell in the word 'Salvation!' when spoken as the spirit of the prophet heard it in vision—'Lo, a great multitude, whom no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb!

"When did I die? Am I in the body, or out of the body? Is it all over? Is this real? can it be? Am I in heaven at last? Is this no bubble, to snap at a touch? no dream, to vanish at the cold light of day?

"After the first questionings of the wakening spirit, and the cry of the first rapturous 'Rabboni!' in the first flush of eternity, and the surprise of the first moment in heaven, each delivered one will deem no path to have been too steep, no trial too long, by which the spirit of God led to such an issue. The memory of the night will only brighten the miracle of the morning, and all the pains that have been fought through will enhance the blessedness of the final rest."

ONLY A WORD. By George Ebers. Translated by Clara Bell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

DR. EBERS is best known by his valuable researches as an Egyptologist. In his more recent literary ventures he has gained distinction as an historical novelist, and has depicted with rare power the social and ecclesiastical developments of mediævalism, particularly in the Netherlands, and under the dominating influence

of Spain. He has the skill of a true artist, and seizes as by instinct the salient features of an incident. "Only a Word" is the history of a youth, who follows successively the guidance of the words Fortune, Art, Glory, Power, and learns that none of these, but Love, is supreme—Love in its pure unselfish ideal form. The monastic institutions of the fifteenth century are brought vividly before us, and in the noble character of Costa and his unjust treatment by the ecclesiastical authorities, we gain a forcible idea of the indignities and insults to which the Jews were cruelly subjected. The glimpses we obtain of the splendours of the Spanish Court, of Philip II., his dependents and his allies, are memorable; and of still higher worth is the contact of Ulrich with the renowned Titian. As an exposition of the principles and methods of Art, this is a book of no ordinary value, and its careful study cannot fail to stimulate and guide the energies of young men in a wise direction.

THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS. With Introduction and Notes. By David Brown, D.D., Principal and Professor of Divinity, Free Church College, Aberdeen. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1883.

MESSRS. CLARK'S "Handbooks for Bible Classes," to which Dr. Brown's Notes on the Romans are the latest contribution, are among the most useful of the works issued by these eminent publishers, and cannot fail to promote a sound and healthy study of Scripture. Dr. Brown has produced a manual on this greatest of the Pauline epistles, which only an adept in theological science could have written. He makes no pretence to interpret the Epistle without either critical or dogmatic prepossessions, but approaches it as a liberal-minded evangelical Christian, who, by previous inquiry and prolonged experience, has tested the principles of which this remarkable Epistle is an inspired and authoritative declaration. There is nothing in his exposition of the text that strikes us as specially fresh or novel, but there are in every paragraph marks of patient thought and persistent research. Dr. Brown is conversant with the principal commentators of every school, and his views of the doctrinal and practical import of the text have been formed in a thoroughly careful and scientific manner. His Notes are pithy, sensible, and eminently practical. They will be highly valued by intelligent readers, and will be rich in their power to elicit, as well as to guide thought. Almost the only point on which we absolutely disagree with Dr. Brown is in his note on chap. vi. 4. "Whether the *mode* of baptism—by immersion—is here alluded to as a kind of symbolical burial and resurrection, as many think, is not at all clear. Indeed, it is by no means certain that baptism by immersion was practised in apostolic times. In the case of the 3,000 on the day of Pentecost, it would have been impossible. In the case of our Lord and the Ethiopian eunuch, it was certainly by affusion, not immersion," &c. A more reckless statement than this we have rarely seen, and are surprised that a man of Dr. Brown's standing could make it. In view of the utterances of recent Pædobaptist scholarship the "certainly" of the last sentence is remarkably blind and audacious. As to the transactions of the day of Pentecost, we will simply refer to Dean Plumptre's

notes on Acts ii. 38 *et seq.*, quoted in the March number of this Magazine; and, as to the significance of Rom. vi. 4, we beg to refer Dr. Brown to the lectures of Dr. Chalmers (*in loco*), whose authority he, as a Free Churchman, will not be disposed to question.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. With Notes and Introduction. By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Canon of Westminster. Cambridge: At the University Press. London: C. J. Clay & Son, 17, Paternoster Row.

THIS is Canon Farrar's second contribution to the "Cambridge Bible for Schools," and, like his Commentary on Luke, it possesses all the best characteristics of his writing. It is the work not only of an accomplished scholar, but of a skilled teacher capable of placing himself in the position of his pupils, and of discerning exactly the help they require for their intellectual stimulus and their mastery of the subject in hand. We question whether Dr. Farrar could have produced this book apart from his experience at Harrow and Marlborough. He accepts the belief, which is now so widely held, that the Epistle was written by Apollos. His discussion of this point is logical, forceful, and, in our opinion, conclusive. The Notes are brief, but by no means obscure. They abound in clear, pregnant sentences, in apposite illustration from classical and Rabbinical literature, as well as from our great English poets, and they are throughout full of life and interest. As a rule, we can endorse Dr. Farrar's interpretation of the sacred text, and sincerely thank him for so beautiful and suggestive a work.

A RELIGIOUS ENCYCLOPÆDIA; or, Dictionary of Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology. Based on the Real Encyclopædie of Herzog, &c. Edited by G. Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1883.

THE second volume of the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia has appeared with very little delay after the first. Our opinion in regard to the work as a whole, will apply, with slight modification, to the part now before us. Of the wide and general utility of such an encyclopædia, containing information on almost every subject in which Biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical students are interested, there can be no doubt. It is a book for universal reference, and if, from the very extent of its area, its information is neither minute, exhaustive, nor profound, it is always accurate and reliable; furnished by men who are specially conversant with the topics of which they write and able to reproduce, with evident tact, the points which are of first moment. Our acquaintance with the earlier volume has familiarised us with the design and possibilities of the entire work, and so prepared us to judge it more comprehensively and impartially. We have received a more favourable impression from our examination of the second volume than we did in the case of the first. Many of the articles appear to us more satisfactory. Those on Gnosticism, the Greek Church, Liturgy, Luther, Lutheran Church, Methodism, Missions, and New England Theology are among the ablest and

most concise, while there are an immense number of "paragraph articles," explanatory of current phrases and customs, &c., which have certainly very great worth, and supply an acknowledged want. Many of the short biographical notices are models of wise compression—*e.g.*, those on Robert Hall and Archbishop Leighton. The article on Sir William Hamilton is able, but the disciples of that great metaphysician have always complained that Professor Calderwood misunderstands his philosophy of the conditioned, and it might have been wiser to have procured a sketch of his teaching from one who had not been engaged in controversy with him. The same remark applies to the article on Dean Mansel. Dr. Godet's treatment of the question of Miracles whets the appetite for a fuller discussion from the same pen. For the purposes which the promoters of the work have had specifically in view, this volume merits our heartiest commendation. The circle of readers who demand such aid as only works of this class can give is continually increasing, and it is well that the demand should be judiciously met, as it is by Professor Schaff and his learned coadjutors. We must, however, guard against the temptation to let our knowledge be simply of the dictionary order.

DICTIONARY AND CONCORDANCE OF BIBLE WORDS AND SYNONYMS: Exhibiting the use of above Ten Thousand Greek and English Words, so as to form a Key to the Hidden Meanings of Sacred Scripture. By Robert Young, LL.D. Edinburgh: George Adam Young & Co. 1883.

IN labours of this class Dr. Young is indefatigable. His "Analytical Concordance" is the most thorough, masterly, and valuable work of the kind which has yet been produced, but it is too large and costly for popular use. Hence the preparation of this small volume, in which the majority of the Scripture references are retained, and only the quotations are omitted. It enables the English reader to ascertain at a glance the original Hebrew or Greek of any word in the English Bible; the nearest literal rendering of such word; and every passage in which that original word is used. Of the value of such information there can be but one opinion, and to those who have neither the opportunity nor the power of mastering the original languages of Scripture, the work cannot be too highly commended. It is a priceless aid to the consistent interpretation of the Bible.

THE HISTORIC FAITH: Short Lectures on the Apostles' Creed. By Brook Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., &c. London: Macmillan & Co.

A VOLUME from the pen of Canon Westcott is always welcome, and his lectures on "The Historic Faith" are in every view worthy of the honour which unquestionably awaits them. They are an exposition—practical and devotional—of the ancient Creed which, in its main substance, represents the baptismal confession of the middle of the second century, and are intended to show the bearing of its different articles upon our view of the world and of life, on our character and conduct. These articles are not mere intellectual abstractions, but motive-powers

which determine and control the action of all who really believe them. It is a pleasure to meet with a profound and scholarly discussion which is not directly apologetic, but occupies a loftier standing ground, on which the truth is seen by its own light and appeals to the conscience by its inherent self-evidencing power. The preliminary questions, which so often stand in the way of our approach, have not been ignored, but in view of the author's position they lose their power to restrain and disturb us. The work is a series of lofty contemplations on the contents of the Creed, and on its power to illumine, to inspire, and to console. The fine spiritual insight, the subtle discrimination, the calm and matured wisdom, and the remarkably transparent style of the lectures will win for them the grateful appreciation of all intelligent and devout minds; while their rich and varied suggestiveness will make them a perfect treasury of the choicest and most effective thought on the great themes which they so tersely discuss. The Notes in the Appendix are of special value to Biblical scholars, and suggest many profitable lines of inquiry. The Church Congress paper on "The Communion of Saints" with which the volume closes, wisely calls attention to a duty which on one side is apt to be neglected, and on the other exaggerated, but the fulfilment of which in the manner and spirit of our author could not fail to be productive of good. It is long since we read a work in which vigorous thought, chastened imagination, and subdued brilliance are more happily combined.

ADDRESSES AND SERMONS, Delivered during a Visit to the United States and Canada in 1878. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

THE late Dean Stanley's visit to America awakened deep interest on both sides of the Atlantic, and it is fitting that some memorial of it should be preserved. He had a large circle of friends among our American kinsmen, and received from men of all parties a cordial and enthusiastic welcome. Addresses were presented to him by the representatives of all the principal churches—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist—and he had to pay the penalty of his popularity in the shape of numerous speeches and sermons. These were at the time published in America, but they have not hitherto been issued in England. We are, on every ground, glad to receive so beautiful and characteristic a memorial of one of the purest, wisest, and largest-hearted men of our age. Widely as we dissent from many of his positions, we have never failed to recognise his fearlessness and honesty, or to appreciate the worth of his kindly feelings towards those whose ecclesiastical rights had been too commonly ignored. His courage, his candour, his generosity are conspicuous on every page of this volume. Some of the addresses were given without much previous preparation; but they are so entirely the utterance of Dean Stanley's life, that this is no real disadvantage. The sermons—nine in number—are on various themes, but are alike in this, that they make it their aim to exalt the moral and spiritual aspects of religion over the doctrinal and ceremonial, to separate the form from the essence, the temporary and accidental from the permanent. They show how different creeds, different churches and different nationalities have each an

appointed and necessary work to do. Dean Stanley, more than most other writers of our age, has taught us to see unity in diversity; as, more than most others, he has enabled us to find in the old Biblical narratives a force and a beauty which no other writings possess. The three sermons on the wrestling of Jacob (entitled "The Conditions of Religious Inquiry," "The Nature of God," and "The Nature of man") are among the noblest in our language, and will be valued by those who, like ourselves, regard them as falling short of the full measure of Evangelical truth. The volume abounds in wise and helpful counsels, not only to ministers and students, but to all who are interested in the progress of Biblical and theological science; and it proves to us that, notwithstanding the conflicts and controversies of the age, the characteristic elements of the Gospel will always retain their power. No man can rise from a perusal of these admirable sermons without gaining a clearer insight into many momentous problems, and being incited to aim at that righteousness which is life.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND MEDITATIONS; or, Flowers from a Puritan's Garden. Distilled and dispensed by C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

WE have no difficulty in perceiving how "flowers" may be "dispensed," but by what process they are "distilled" we do not know. This little criticism, however, will not be taken for more than it is worth, and that is certainly not much. Mr. Spurgeon usually writes with such literary accuracy, that a slip of his pen now and then becomes the more noticeable. We hasten to say that this new book, like all that he publishes, is sure to meet with a multitudinous and hearty welcome. He has a remarkable faculty for detecting fresh and unwonted possibilities of spiritual usefulness, and that faculty is equalled by his promptitude and industry in making the best of them. His natural powers have the vitality and splendour of genius; and these are faithfully and unreservedly consecrated to the diffusion of Gospel truth and to the glory of God. This collection of "Illustrations and Meditations" is one of the collateral results of his laborious study of the 119th Psalm for "The Treasury of David." That study brought him, he tells us,

"into most intimate communion with THOMAS MANTON, who has discoursed on that marvellous portion of Scripture with great fulness and power. I have come to know him so well that I could choose him out from among a thousand divines if he were again to put on his portly form, and display among modern men that countenance wherein was a 'great mixture of majesty and meekness.' His works occupy twenty-two volumes in the modern reprint—a mighty mountain of sound theology. They mostly consist of sermons; but what sermons! They are not so sparkling as those of Henry Smith, nor so profound as those of Owen, nor so rhetorical as those of How, nor so pithy as those of Watson, nor so fascinating as those of Brooks; and yet they are second to none of these. For solid, sensible instruction, forcibly delivered, they cannot be surpassed."

We heartily endorse this testimony, and rejoice that one so well able to appreciate the great divine has introduced him to innumerable

readers who may, perhaps, have scarcely ever heard of him before, and that he has done so in such a way as is most likely to create within them the desire for a fuller acquaintance. He has selected "the best figures from the whole of Manton's works," and has used them "as texts for brief meditations." We have 268 pages of shrewd, pithy remarks suggested by sentences from the great Puritan, which are fitted to deepen our regard for Divine truth, to quicken the spiritual life, and to excite or sustain zeal in every department of Christian service. Preachers will find here valuable help for the pulpit, and believers of all orders and grades may accept the book as a congenial and useful companion "in the chamber of private worship."

HINTS AND TOPICS FOR TEMPERANCE SPEAKERS. By the Rev. J. Marshall Morrell. Introduction by the Rev. Canon Ellison, M.A. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand; Church of England Temperance Society, Palace Chambers, 10, Bridge Street.

THE usefulness of such a publication as this is at once apparent. It is "intended for the thousands who, weak by week, in the smaller towns and villages of our land, are fighting bravely for the principles of sobriety and truth." The work of temperance reform depends largely upon the powerful advocacy of its more celebrated speakers; but a great multitude of more obscure and less-cultured speakers have to appear on its behalf, and this excellent little book will enable them to speak the more effectively. It contains a mass of facts and reasonings which they can put to use, and admirable practical hints for using them to the best advantage.

CHRIST'S SACRIFICE AND OURS. By Marcus Dods, D.D. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace, Prince's Street.

AN excellent sermon, founded on

Eph. v. 1, 2. The Evangelical "potter has put the true

"Mark upon his work, to show
It rings well to the striker."

He helps us to understand the nature of the Sacrifice which Christ has offered for us, as well as that of the sacrifice which it is ours to offer for Him. Every Christian should read it, for it is very helpful to faith and very stimulative of devotedness.

BAPTIST WORTHIES: a Series of Sketches of Distinguished Men who have held and advocated the Principles of the Baptist Denomination. By William Landels, D.D. No. 1, ROGER WILLIAMS; No. 2, JOHN MILTON. Baptist Tract and Book Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

DR. LANDELS has undertaken what must assuredly prove to him a congenial task, and one for which he is peculiarly qualified. He is not a Baptist first and a Christian afterwards; but he is a Baptist nevertheless. We have never detected any sign of bigotry in him, and we have no doubt that he would infinitely prefer that all the peo-

ple in the world should become Christians without being Baptists, than that they should not be Christians at all. But the principles which mark off the Baptist denomination from all others are his principles, and he is not the man to treat them as matters of trifling importance. Very few of those who differ from him would respect him if he were. His very proper denominational pride naturally finds no ordinary gratification in the splendour of many of the names which shine so brightly in the pages of Baptist history, and he cannot fail to take pleasure in speaking, whenever the opportunity arises, of the men who bore those names, with all the eloquence of which he is so accomplished a master. He has made a fine beginning with "Roger Williams, the Apostle of Soul Freedom," and "John Milton, the Poet;" and he is to go on with "John Bunyan, the Allegorist," "Andrew Fuller, the Theologian," "William Carey, the Linguist," "Robert Hall, the Preacher," "John Foster, the Essayist," "Adoniram Judson, the Missionary," "William Knibb, the Philanthropist," "Sir Henry Havelock, the Soldier," "Sir Robert Lush, the Judge," and "James A. Garfield, the Statesman." The twelve parts will form a goodly and charming volume of some 360 pages. We need not urge our readers to purchase; they are sure to do so of their own accord.

THE CHURCH, THE MINISTRY, THE SACRAMENTS: Five Sermons preached in Peterborough Cathedral. By J. J. Stewart Perowne, D.D., Dean of Peterborough. London: J. Nisbet & Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

In these five sermons Dean Perowne has

launched a vigorous protest against the Romanistic tendencies of a very large section of the Church of England in our day. We rejoice that he has done so. We think that he gives too "Evangelical" an interpretation to some of the teachings and suggestions of the "Book of Common Prayer," but we are perfectly convinced that his error on that side, even from the Prayer-Book point of view, is diminutive and trivial as compared with the fearful heresies which he so energetically and solemnly opposes. We do not doubt that his reading of the Prayer-Book is sincere, and that he is firmly convinced that it sustains the positions he has taken. We are afraid, however, that it is not entirely free, as he thinks it is, from the distinctively Romish taint. Even if we thought with him on this matter, we should be compelled to reject, from the Scripture point of view, some of the tenets which these sermons contain. Unfortunately, discussion on this page is impossible. We may, perhaps, in our next number, go more fully into the subject which the excellent and accomplished Dean has opened up. We are sure, however, that many of our readers will be glad to give careful attention to what he has said, and to find how uncompromising is his attitude towards dogmas in relation to "the Church, the Ministry, and the Sacraments," which, as he says, "lean to Rome," and which, as he also says, have "become popular and dominant in the Church" to which he belongs. The sermons are published in paper covers at eighteen pence, and may therefore be expected to have the large circulation which they merit.

THROUGH THE KYBER PASS TO SHER-
FORE CAMP, CABUL. By the Rev.
J. Gregson. Elliot Stock.

MR. GREGSON says he has not attempted to "make a book;" but he has made a very interesting one nevertheless. It consists of a "Diary," which "originally appeared in the Indian temperance magazine—*On Guard*—and, at the request of friends interested in the welfare of our soldiers in India," is now published "in a more permanent form." The writer accompanied the troops in the late Afghan campaign, concerning which he has supplied many useful and readable details. The main value of the work, however, lies in the information which it gives respecting temperance work among our Indian soldiers. It is well that men who are enthusiastic in the temperance cause, and have ability to promote it, should have access to our troops; and the more successful such men are amongst them, the more will the soldiers themselves be benefited, and their efficiency in the field increased. Mr. Gregson's work as Secretary to "The Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association" in India has extended over a good many years, has been prosecuted on a wide scale, and has been attended with signal prosperity. The story before us has a variety of interest, and on every account merits a large circulation.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. In Twelve Chapters, Embracing the Twenty-Third Psalm. By James B. Allen. Elliot Stock.

We have no serious fault to find with this work beyond that to which we referred last month at the commencement

of our article on "The Spiritualist Craze." We cannot commend the book for originality of thought, or for any great freshness in its treatment of the delightful theme which the author has chosen. The style is diffuse, and the hortatory portions are much too numerous and too elongated to be very powerful. Nevertheless, with the deductions mentioned, these "Twelve Chapters" may be read with interest, and perhaps, by some persons, with profit. The work is tastefully printed and bound.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. March and May, 1883. Nisbet & Co.

THIS very superior magazine comes to us every other month, and we receive it gratefully. The March number opens with a stirring sermon, by Canon Farrar, in which "Calvinism" is a target for a smart rifle-shot, characterised more by passion than by reason. The Right Rev. Bishop of Amycla supplies the place of Cardinal Manning in the Symposium on the Atonement, giving the Roman Catholic view, which, as thus put, seems to us to be much nearer the truth than many of the papers which have preceded it. Professor Thompson, of New College, opens a new Symposium in the May number, with an interesting paper on the question, "In what Sense, and within what Limits, is the Bible to be regarded as the Word of God?"—a question which is likely to lead all but the wisest thinkers into more or less serious error. In the same number the Rev. J. Robinson Gregory has a paper introductory to a series on "The Argument from Prophecy in the Light of

Modern Criticism." The miscellaneous selection in May is enriched by observations on preaching, from Dr. Rainy, and by five and a-half columns of "Original Illustrations" for pulpit use, contributed by our brother, the Rev. G. McMichael, B.A. In both numbers we have a good collection of Homiletic Outlines, and the Expository Section of each is worthy of careful study.

CLARK'S COMMENTARY. Parts 23, 24, and 25. Ward, Lock, & Co.

PART 23 brings us to the close of the Old Testament. The Commentary is supplemented by a large amount of valuable matter, which commences with a "Table of the Several Places in the Old Testament mentioned in the New," and followed by an "Epitome of Jewish

History from the Time of Nehemiah and Malachi to the Birth of Christ." The number is completed by a copious "General Index to the Notes on the Old Testament," which makes reference to any part of the work easy. The 24th and 25th parts advance to the close of Matt. xxvi. The first of them opens with a useful preface to the second great division of the work, by the editor, the Rev. Thornley Smith, which is succeeded by the author's preface to the Gospel of Matthew, together with an account of Matthew himself. This is followed by an elaborate introduction to the Four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, and an "Alphabetical List of the Primitive Fathers and Ecclesiastical Works referred to in the various Readings quoted occasionally in these Notes." We heartily renew our commendation.

Against Tears.

THE world is all too sad for tears ;
 I would not weep, not I,
 But smile along my life's short road,
 Until I, smiling, die.

The little flowers breathe sweetness out,
 Through all the dewy night ;
 Shall I more churlish be than they,
 And plain for constant light ?

Not so, not so, no load of woe
 Need bring despairing frown,
 For while we bear it, we *can* bear ;
 Past *that*, we lay it down.

SARAH WILLIAMS.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1883.

God's True Glory, and Man's Knowledge of it.*

BY THE REV. W. DALLINGER, LL.D., OF WESLEY COLLEGE, SHEFFIELD.

"O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! who hast set Thy glory above the heavens."—PSALM viii. 1.



WE will not venture to determine the period in the history of David when this lofty poem was composed. It is at least redolent of *memories* of a shepherd life, and the unutterable calm of an Eastern midnight, when "all the stars shine, and the immeasurable heavens break open to their highest;" and in this lies the nucleus of its grandeur.

In the opening sentence of the Psalm, there is a grammatical difficulty; it is contained in the expression, "who hast *set* Thy glory above the heavens." But the Authorised Version has evidently caught the spirit of the profoundest analysis. The Seventy render it more gorgeously: "For Thy magnificence is exalted above the heavens;" but, in both, the power of the poet's insight is preserved and presented, which is, that there is a glory in God too high for expression in matter; the essential sublimities of His nature are *above* the heavens. The heaven of heavens cannot *contain* Him.

Few were ever interpenetrated with a consciousness of the sublimity of Nature more deeply than David. But to-day our insight is immeasurably greater. The vastness, the beauty, the overwhelming majesty of Nature opened to modern thought defies competent expres-

* A Sermon preached in Wesley Memorial Chapel, Oxford, on Sunday morning, May 30th, 1883.

sion. Unnumbered worlds in tireless motion, a motion so beautiful that it is purest music—not to the ear, but to the soul;—suns, carrying their dependent orbs with awful swiftness through untravelled space;—and isolated universes of suns steered together through uncharted solitudes—firmament on firmament of star-suns—and out on the fringe of the very infinite, nebulae beyond nebulae curdling amain into new orbs, on the dilating verge—these are but the faintest outlines of but a portion of that unspoken greatness which arrests and kindles the intellect to-day.

Then is not all this, in the sweep of its vastness, and the splendour of its detail, a fit portraiture of the infinite Himself? Has even He any splendours which *it* cannot utter?

Doubtless the universe proclaims the presence of an unsearchable Power. Perhaps its detail might lead us haltingly up to the grandeur of an intellectual Personality; but, if it could do this, it could do no more. The universe cannot of itself reveal the glory of its Author. Only the pale shadow of God's highest beauty flits among the stars. Luminous as they are, they need a higher light to make them indubitably declare the intellectual verity and grandeur of their source. But there is a glory of God that is higher than intellect. It is the moral splendour of His being.

The hues of the spirit cannot be displayed in the rainbow tints of sense. The subtleties of moral beauty matter has no power to utter. God's presence is expressed in nature, but not His character. The grandeur of His mind is there, but not unequivocally the beauties of His heart. It is a truth for ever profound, "His magnificence is exalted above the heavens."

I desire, then, to engage your minds with this line of thought. God's highest and supreme glory is moral; physical Nature cannot proclaim it; but, revealed with the light He has imparted to us from Himself, we can discover in the realm which discloses His intellect how profoundly He cares for His creatures. May we not, therefore, infer that His moral power is exercised for the moral welfare of man?

There are many points in the physical nature of man which, in some sense, link him with the brute. But the empire of Nature is his. All its forces, animate and inanimate, within the reach of his arm or of his intellect, are unresistingly tethered to his service.

But is he, in vital attributes, distinct from the realm he governs? All living organisms, all the highest and most differentiated brutes

are at an impassable distance from the lowest men. What are the features of man's nature, as man, which are inalienably his ; of which the brute is no partaker, and which in no sense are shared by the realm of life below ?

Many such have been asserted, and the fiercest contests have been fought around them. Many have vanished, some still remain ; but I know of one which no vicissitudes can shake, no profundities of research can alter. It is that man alone *prays* to the Infinite Power that gave, and that sustains, his life.

It has been said that it is the glory of man that he is erect ; that his free brow fronts heaven. It may be so. But I aver that the distinguishing and imperial attitude of man is *on his knees*. It is the royal condition on which he wears the crown of Nature.

Prayer is universal. In every age, in every clime, savage or civilised, man willingly, or despite himself, has uttered, and does utter, his anticipations or his anguish in prayer. Curses themselves are but prayers inverted. In the written literature of the world's life, prayer is an imperishable factor. The great river of petition gathers up its waters from the sobbing rills and swelling rivulets of multiform prayer flowing out of every age and every clime. And it can never cease to flow. The act of prayer is immortal in the soul of man.

Painting, sculpture, music, poetry, can never perish while man perceives and loves the beautiful. And prayer, "uttered or unexpressed," can never cease to quiver in the soul while man is conscious for ever of an awful and uplifted Presence on which his very being is pillowed.

For the existence of such a Being I shall not attempt to argue. He cannot be found or demonstrated by reasoning. The methods of science and the positive philosophy are too coarse to find Him. We may penetrate into, and perceive the exquisite adaptations of, the physical universe ; but we cannot push our way to the splendid mystery of its *Cause*. The hard methods of induction are unsensitized to the subtle chemistry of the light that is above the heavens. The all-encircling presence of "God" reacts to no method used in the thousand laboratories of science. You must come to the facts of Nature with your soul smitten into "florescence" by the light that is above the heavens, before God is indubitably seen.

Brothers, I speak from no cursory knowledge when I say that foremost amongst the noblest truth-seekers on this earth are the leaders

in the work and thought of science to-day. And can there be any nobler work? Is it not better to follow truth, though it lead to the grave of our hopes, than to be cushioned in lustful indolence upon the Delilah-lap of falsehood? Should any men under heaven believe in the grandeur of truth more than they who constitute the Christian Church? Do we not own her empire? Have we not circled her brow with the rarest crown and laid at her feet the whole empire of thought? Then, brethren, as truth-seekers, ask, What are the lessons to be derived from modern science? What can it teach us? It has laden the world with a glorious heritage; its facts have made our age luminous with intellectual beauty and promise. But, says the anxious onlooker, tossed on the troubled waters of doubt, swayed by the subtle and daring thought which distinguishes our times, what does your splendid array of facts tell us of God? What is disclosed by it concerning the Power from whom Nature sprang? The answer is calm as it is fearless, "Nothing. I can nowhere demonstrate His presence. The method I have employed has led me to truths of the loftiest order, and to mysteries of the profoundest kind. But to a scientific proof of a personal God I have nowhere come. Indeed, to my *method*, He is non-existent."

Such is the answer of the latest researches; and, need I say it is an answer which has shocked and roused to scorn the theological thought of the world? And yet it is profoundly true. It is the testimony of science to the unalterable power of the ancient question, "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" No. The physical method is incompetent for so sublime a work; and the masters of research avow it. Science could never have discovered for us an adorable Deity.

Then, may we not calmly ask, why should Theology retort upon this confessed incompetence, "Then you are an Atheist—an infidel—a materialist"? Such weapons, I am free to declare, are only forged in the armoury of pallid fear. They are not fashioned at the forge of charity, nor made to take form upon the ringing anvil of faith. And the fear is absolutely groundless. Science is proving the validity of your Holy Book. It *cannot* find out God. But that, even to the men that make the avowal, is no denial of His being; far otherwise. It is a simple declaration that, if you find the Infinite Father as a Unity, a Personality, an adorable Power, you must come upon Him by other means than these. And, brethren, is it not our very life-

work to establish and amplify this truth? Is not the very rock on which the pillars of Christianity are based: "No man"—in spite of the tireless inquest of the ages—"hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath revealed Him"?

Is not the completed Gospel—the Christ of history—the only true response to the despairing affirmation of the latest science, "We cannot find God"? And does not He, as the consummation of all that preceded, reply, "Ye cannot, but He has been authoritatively revealed to you; and I have come to disclose His character—I and My Father are one."

Depend upon it, if men could fathom the meaning of this universe, it would be the work of a finite mind. And if by the rigours of research we could in very deed scientifically demonstrate the nature of the Source of all things, and by our methods prove Him to be there, He would be not only finite, but physical. The demonstration would dethrone Him! The diadem of sovereignty would fall from His creature brow, and, verily, the universe would be godless.

It is true that, by the study of Nature, men have formulated a conception, and called it God. Spinoza's magnificent mind did this: but with what result? Simply that God and the Universe were one. The splendour of the heavens, the beauty of the earth, and the soul of man were not God's creatures; they are God Himself. Never did naked intellect struggle so grandly with matter to find its source as did this lonely Jew.

And there can be no other result. When the scientific student of Nature has reached the utmost verge of human knowledge, straining his eyes into the impenetrable darkness, he is compelled to exclaim, "It is above and beyond and around all this that the true mystery of the universe is hidden."

And yet, by a consent absolutely universal—a consent wide as the world, and far-reaching as history—man has in some form acknowledged and adored this unsearchable Power.

The philosophy of this fact I do not attempt. How the *Ego*—the I of human experience—reached the *Thou* of an infinite Personality, I may not consider. It is an indisputable fact. But I am bound to ask, What is it in this unsearchable Power that the noblest spirits of every age have bowed down to and adored? What is it that, in this age of thought and culture, impels enlightened Christendom to lift its

hands and bow its knees to the Unseen? Not an intellectual abstraction, filtered out of the facts of science. As well might you suppose that a tropical luxuriance could be called into life by moonlight on the Arctic hills. Go into Nature, and find, if you can, an object of adoration. You must make your own consciousness the foreground of the infinite perspective of your quest; but you must take with you the method of the sculptor, and from the rude block of your own intellectual life you may, as taught by the spirit of created things, cut into beautiful form the fair image they disclose; or take with you the method of the limner, and, with the splendours of heaven and earth for your palette, you may depict in form and colour a glorified abstraction. Look at it: Yes! its features are sublime. See how the forces of Nature have stamped themselves on the subtle pencillings. The swirl of suns, the onward roll of countless Universes—the awful energy in all things—this has depicted power—calm, irresistible, insistent, defiant power. Can you worship that? No! You may tremble, but you cannot adore.

Look at the passionless splendour of your picture. You have been studying measureless activity—in invisible atoms and inaccessible suns. Everywhere you have seen the same impassible repose—the splendour of unconscious and eternal calm. Can you worship that? It awes you, but it does not bend your knees.

I can see traces in your mental picture that glow with evidence that you were awed by proofs of unsearchable wisdom, that you could find no limit to the greatness around you. Tints of benevolence gleam everywhere in your uplifted abstraction—though they are streaked and clouded; for dark hues of death and lurid shades of agony would flood your palette. Yet there stands, in its imperfect grandeur, the mind's picture of the godhead painted in the tints of Nature. Does it kindle you into adoration? Does it fire you with a spirit of self-surrender? Do you feel for it "the speechless awe that dares not move, and all the silent heaven of love"? No! a thousand times No!

Then what is it in the unseen Power that softens us into Adoration, and lifts us into Trust? Ah! it is something that is not found in pale planet or in fiery sun. It is something which light cannot reveal, and which all the forces of Nature would combine in vain to symbolise or disclose. *It is the moral grandeur of the Infinite Nature.* He is holiness, He is truth, He is spiritual beauty. His throne is justice, His arm is righteousness, and His heart is love.

It is this, and this only, that the soul of man can worship. But this is a magnificence above the heavens. Your Chemistries cannot find it; your Physics cannot formulate it; your Mathematics cannot symbolise it. Matter can take no form that will disclose it. In all the radiance of Nature this supernal light is lacking. It is a light above the firmament; it is a glory above the heavens; it is a beauty seen from far; the shimmer of that light in which He dwells, and which no man can approach unto.

And, Sirs, this, and only this, is the reason why the Almighty is thought of and known as ineffably happy—it is because *He is Good*. The enlargement of a quality to infinity does not alter its nature. In Creator, or in creature, it is not splendour of circumstance, not magnificence of surroundings, that make happiness. God is not happy because of any exterior condition. *God is good*, and thus He is happy. It is the soft radiance of this moral magnificence that kindles our emotion and bends our knees. How this inscrutable glory of the Almighty was first—in the far past—discovered to all the diverse branches of our race I know not. The morning rises on the night in forerunning streaks of purple; and in every age, amongst every people that were born to think, there have been noble spirits who have pillowed themselves upon a revealing God.

But the source and certainty of *our* knowledge is the Gospel—the life, the character, and the mission of Christ. He was the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of His Person—the otherwise unutterable perfections of the Deity spoken in a human life. He and His Father were one. He was the *Word* which Nature could not articulate.

And in what was the revelation He brought to us sublime and alone? Was it the flash of omnipotent attributes—a hitherto unapproached dominion over law and force—that distinguished Him in His solitary greatness? No. Miracle there was—enough to attest His mission; but His work was to utter the otherwise unutterable mind of God. The invisible glories shining above, and to which the heavens and the earth were opaque, had taken form in His soul. He was illimitable in power—but it was the power of holiness and love. He was a King, but His empire was the spirit. His was the unsearchable splendour of character, “God manifest in the flesh”—the glory that is above the heavens revealed.

Brethren, I have dwelt long on this subject, for it has a power and

a meaning in it. But I must lead you away from it now, that, furnished with other thoughts, we may approach it with an added meaning. It was a rare insight that enabled David to proclaim it. Few seers have soared so high. But the delicate poise which kept his spirit high enough to see the glory that was above the heavens was broken; and he fell again to the more lurid lustre of suns and stars and universes. That strangely Divine insight could be but transient; and when it vanished, and the physical magnificence of the universe took its place, one may not wonder that he fell to the human thought, "What"—amid all this greatness—"is *man* that *Thou* art mindful of him?"

David had large and noble views of the physical universe. He was oppressed with its awful greatness. The minuteness of the earth and the meanness of man flashed vividly upon him. A speck in the measureless *all*—why should the ever-blessed One concern Himself with it? What is man in the immeasured complexities of this vast creation? This is intensely human. It is the poet, not the seer, that speaks. When Nature flings suggestions of the Infinite across the soul, this thought will come: the Almighty may concern Himself with moving universes, or with moulding of the plastic nebulae into new realms of being; but the puny earth, and man—what are these, "that *He* should be mindful of them"?

But, brethren, knowing that the physical beauties around us are the product of a glorious Mind—learning it not first from Nature, but from God Himself—we may go to the "work of His fingers" to learn if He does lock Himself up with the vast—to see if He does scorn the little and the lowly.

Here and there, great and little, are nought to God; and they certainly have no true place in the moral aspect of material things. Down to the uttermost verge of littleness the perfection of matter is absolute. The minutest objects in Nature are those which are carved and chiselled with the most entrancing beauty. Nature's motes and atoms are more superbly finished than its masses. The lowliest living thing which must be magnified millions of times to be seen at all is as perfectly adapted to its sphere as a swallow or a man. The great Power that wrought Nature, wrought alike the lowliest and the most exalted; the least as well as the greatest.

No; let us turn from David to Christ in this matter—from the human poet, in a human mood, to the Divine Instructor. Stand by

the margin of that sheltered slope in Galilee, its verdure tinted with the hues of flowers; and listen, for it is Christ that speaks: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, shall He not, much more, clothe you?" Ah, that is a profounder insight! No suggestion of imperial splendours that cannot stoop to atoms, there. David's wonder is the flutter of a human feeling; Christ's assurance is the placid utterance of a Divine truth. God cares for lilies; God feeds the ravens; God watches the sparrows. But ye are more than these; ye are more than lilies, and better than sparrows. Then shall we dishonour God by daring to fear that He will not or cannot care for us?

Study the power of the lesson. Look at the beauty and the force of the illustration. Carry your imagination back to Solomon in his glory. He is robed and crowned and canopied with the richest and the rarest from the farthest land and most distant sea. How came that splendour there? Did earth and air and sky combine in unintelligent caprice to glorify the voluptuous monarch? "No," affirms common-sense, "it was the result of intelligence, wisdom, will, design, and work."

Then look upon the lily in its outer beauty and its inner life. Whence came it? Was it chance—the fortuitous concourse of atoms uniting with each other in their reckless onrush—that produced the lily and still preserves it? "No," said the Christ, "it is God." Then if God will care for the lily, will He not care for man? Because He is infinite, He cares for the flowers, the insects, the motes; then, dare we doubt that He has no care for, no interest in, no desire or purpose for the welfare and uplifting of man?

The answer of Christ is that He not only does care for man, but that His care is that of a Father. What may we infer from this? What is the essence of Fatherhood but the impartation of the parental nature to the child? What can it be but the giving of that which is purest and best in itself to its offspring?

What, then, is that which we are to consider as God's highest glory? What is that which is "best" in the unapproachable glories of God? Surely HIS CHARACTER, His moral beauty, His holiness, His truth, His justice.

Then, if He will use the infinite resources of His mind, His

intellectual nature, to form and "clothe" the life, will He not; as a moral being, seek after the moral welfare of man, who is, like Himself, a moral being? Is it philosophy to suppose that God will use all the powers of His being for the benefit of the meanest things, and be heedless of the highest welfare of men? Can it be possible that He can have endowed us with power to commiserate the stricken, the helpless, the depraved, and yet He is Himself without pity, without compassion, without moral interest or consciousness? Shall He who wrought the capacity to love in us, be without love in Himself? Shall He who planted the eye, shall He not see?

Do we care more for our houses, our vineries, our pictures, than we do for our children? Have we more interest in our gold than in the beating heart of our first-born? A thousand times, No. Then can we think that God cares for the lilies and the ravens, and calls the stars by their names, and that He is heedless of, and without capacity to exercise pity towards, the yearning soul that cries out, "Father, help me, forgive me, ennoble me, make me more like Thyself"? Nay, He cares more for men than for motes or mountains, or for the great constellations themselves. For these, because He is mind, He has a mental interest. But for man, He, as a moral being, with a glory above the heavens, must feel a moral interest; and therefore it is but philosophy to expect that, as the eye is adjusted to light and light to the eye, so the moral and spiritual wants of the Soul would be met by its Creator, its Sustainer, and its Father that is in Heaven.

Our Prayers.

ART Thou not weary of our selfish prayers?
 For ever crying, "Help me! save me, Lord!"
 We stay fenced in by petty fears and cares,
 Nor hear the song outside, nor join its vast accord.
 Is not the need of other souls our need?
 After desire the helpful act must go,
 As the strong wind bears on the winged seed
 To some bare spot of earth, and leaves it there to grow.
 Still are we saying, "Teach us how to pray;"
 O, teach us how to love, and then our prayer
 Through other lives will find its upward way,
 As plants together seek and find sweet life and air.

The Suffolk Baptists of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

No. II.



F the Baptist congregation which formerly existed in WOODBRIDGE, very little information can be obtained. It may have stood in some kind of relationship to the church at Debach, which, according to Ivimey's list of associated churches, existed in the latter part of the seventeenth century. There can be no doubt that a Baptist congregation was then existent in Woodbridge, for about that time an endowment was made to the congregation of Seventh-day Baptists meeting in Mill Yard, Goodman's Fields, London, out of which they were ordered to pay £5 per annum to a congregation meeting at Woodbridge. Connected with this congregation, and probably pastor of it, was a man of some note—George Carlow, who published a small volume on the Sabbath question, "Truth defended," &c. (London, 1724). This plea for the Seventh-day Sabbath was reprinted at Stonington, Connecticut, in 1802 and at New York by the American Sabbatarian Tract Society in 1847 (18mo, pp. 168), under the title of "A Defence of the Sabbath in reply to Ward on the Fourth Commandment." The editors say, in their Preface:—"He was evidently a man of plain parts, not schooled in the rules of logic, but learned in the Scriptures. From that fountain of true wisdom, the Word of God, he had imbibed a spirit which gives pungency and heart-searching character to his writings, not often found in books of controversy." See Cox's "Literature of the Sabbatarian Question," vol. ii., p. 167. The following particulars I gather from an article in the *Suffolk Chronicle*, February 10th, 1866:—"On the 24th of March, 1738, died George Carlow, of Woodbridge, broker, aged seventy-six, who, by his will executed the day before his demise, gave twenty shillings to be distributed in bread, on his tomb, to the poor, every Candlemas Day, for ever. This distribution was for several years omitted, but revived on Candlemas Day, 1863, by Mr. John Grout, of the Bull Hotel, who occupies the premises on

which the annual rent-charge of 20s. is made, and where the tomb wherein Carlow's bones repose is erected. . . . It may be interesting to the curious to know something about Carlow's tomb. It is a large brick monument with two slabs. . . . The following is a copy of the inscriptions :—

" First stone.

" ' Here lieth ye body of GEORGE CARLOW, who departed this life on the
24th day of March, 1738, aged 76 years.

" ' Wep for me Dear Friends no more
Because I am gone a little Before
But by a life of Piety Prepare Your Selves
to follow me.

" ' Good Friends for Jesus' sake forbear
To move the Dust Intombed Here
Blessed be the man that spares these stones
Cursed be he that removes my Bones.

" ' Twenty shillings worth of bread is to be given on this stone to the
poor of this town, on the 2nd day of February for ever."

" On the second stone, we read—

" ' The covetous live poor to die rich. But what a mistake and missaying is it: to say such a man died worth so many thousands, when he left it all behind him: he had Been rich indeed, if in ye sense of ye Apostle, he had sent to Heaven afore-hand. It is probable he died the poorer for leaving so much behind him. And indeed no man dies rich, unless rich in grace, in faith, and good works while he lived: but ye rich depart as poor and naked as any and leave their wealth to others. 1 Tim., ch. vi., vv. 7, 8, 18, 19."

How long this congregation of Baptists kept together we have no means of exactly determining. Mr. Browne quotes the following notice from the *Protestant Dissenters' Magazine* for 1797 :—" June 6th, died at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, in a very advanced period of life, Mr. Ridley, Bookseller. . . . His father was pastor to a congregation of Sabbatarian Baptists, who formerly met in the Woodbridge, and were rather numerous. He was the last minister they had; for after his death the congregation was soon broken up, by the death of several of the aged members, and by the survivors joining other societies. Mr. Ridley, the pastor, was a very singular man, and from the circumstances of wearing a long beard, and observing the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath, was called a Jew. The son united in worship with the Independent church in that place."

The Baptist church at BILDESTONE is the oldest existing Baptist

church in the county of Suffolk; and, for many of the following particulars concerning it, I am indebted to Browne's "*History of Congregationalism in Norfolk and Suffolk*," and to communications from the church itself. That there was a Baptist church in Bildestone in 1724, and probably some time before, appears from the following entry in the Wattisfield church-book (Independent):—"April 22nd, 1724. Mr. Benjam. Smith, of Wingfield, desired his dismissal, which was granted April 26th to the Baptist church at Bildestone, with a view, it should seem, to commence preacher." I do not think there is evidence to show—as Mr. Browne thinks—that this church became extinct before the present church was formed. However that may be, "In the year 1732 a few Christians from Bildeston, Kettlebaston, and Battisford agreed to meet periodically at those places for worship and mutual edification;" and the church-book contains the following record of the result:—"July 1st, 1737. The form and manner of ye constitution of ye church of Christ meeting at Bildeston and Battisford, with ye covenant whereby they entered into their holy fellowship as a spiritual body incorporate, to be known as a Particular Baptist church of Jesus Christ."

The Rev. S. Wood, formerly of Lavenham, in his diary, under date May 14th, 1738, says that he was present that day at the settlement of Mr. John Miller, "with the church at Bildeston and Battisford (being of the Antipædo Baptist persuasion). Mr. Savil, of Bury, began with prayer, who called the church to a public recognising of their call, and Mr. Miller to a public acceptance; which done, Mr. Miller read a confession of his faith (which he had formerly been requested to do by me, as not knowing he had been a pastor before; and having it in readiness, the other ministers, on the day, requested it might be read for their satisfaction, as well as for the benefit of others); then a Psalm was sung; after which Mr. Maling, of Lavenham, prayed; who, having concluded, I preached (from 1 Cor. xii. 4—7), at the same time giving an exhortation or charge to the pastor. That done, a Psalm was sung; Mr. Ford, of Sudbury, prayed; and Mr. Miller concluded."

Mr. Browne, in giving this extract, adds: "It is remarkable that all the ministers present, and taking part in the service, were Independents." Mr. Miller seems to have been pastor of the church from the time of its incorporation, July 1st, 1737, till 1744 or 5, as in the church-book, in the last-named year, it is stated that "by the sovereign

providence of God they had been in time past deprived by death of their late pastor, Mr. John Miller."

His successor was the Rev. Jos. Palmer, who was dismissed from the church in Little Wild Street, London, January 30th, 1745-6. He was ordained July 25th, 1746, and continued pastor till August 13th, 1775, when, in consequence of a long illness, he and the church mutually agreed to a separation.

There is no further entry in the church-book till May 17th, 1784, at which time a very important change was made in the constitution and practice of the church, which is distinctly set forth in a covenant and declaration of faith and practice, carefully entered in the church-book, and signed by ten persons, to which number the membership of the church was at that time reduced. After a recital of doctrines received, and an undertaking to watch over and admonish one another, we come to the following resolution:—"We also further declare that we are willing to admit into our church fellowship and communion all who are desirous of it, and are willing to give us such an account of their Christian faith and hope as shall satisfy us that they are partakers of the saving grace of God, and that their conversation is such as becometh the Gospel. And also all such as are recommended to us, from any of the churches of different denominations in those points, as sincere Christians in full communion with them. We therefore denominate ourselves a Protestant Catholic Church of Christ, desiring to live in Christian peace and love with all men, and to hold the communion of saints with all Protestant churches, and such as love the Lord Jesus in sincerity."

It cannot now be determined with any certainty what led to this important change in the constitution and practice of the church. The late Rev. John Cooper, of Wattisham, informed me, some years since, that in his early life he had seen documents, which were no longer within his reach, showing that during the pastorate of Mr. Palmer very considerable unpleasantness existed between him and his people, which resulted ultimately in the secession of some who formed the nucleus of the church at Wattisham, and of others who were transferred to the church at Woolverstone. The Bildestone church was thus so impoverished and weakened that its continued existence became a matter of doubt and uncertainty; and it was probably saved from extinction by the interposition of the Independents in that neighbourhood, who, it is likely, made it a condition of rendering assistance that the church should be

reconstituted on the broad and open basis set forth in the covenant and declaration of faith and practice already referred to. For some time the church at Bildestone was under the care of Independent ministers, and, during the pastorate of Mr. Owen, infant sprinkling was practised, though probably on the sole responsibility of the minister, and not as a church act.

Immediately after the signing of the covenant from which we have quoted, a unanimous call was issued to Mr. Owen, and two deacons were appointed, the attesting witnesses to these transactions being J. Lombard, pastor of a church at Sudbury, and W. Hickman, minister at Lavenham, both of them Independents. And at the ordination of Mr. Owen on August 3rd, 1784, it does not appear that any Baptist minister officiated. Mr. Owen resigned his pastorate June 27th, 1788, when he removed to Debenham. He was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Hickman, who probably went to reside in Bildestone in the early part of the year 1779, though he was not ordained to the pastorate of the church till July 4th, 1792. "Having occasion to leave this kingdom for America, he resigned the pastoral care over the church March 2nd, 1794."

A Mr. Neilson, a Scotch minister, then preached at Bildestone; and after him Mr. William Hoddy, who was dismissed from the church at Wattisham, accepted the pastorate, and was ordained August 18th, 1795, only one Baptist minister taking part in the service. The *Evangelical Magazine* for 1795, p. 426, gives an account of Mr. Hoddy's settlement, and says:—"The Protestant Dissenting congregation at this place is of considerable standing, and has at different periods enjoyed the labours of Independent and Baptist ministers; their present pastor is of the latter persuasion, but joins in communion with the Independents." In the "church-book," under date February 5th, 1832, we meet with the following resolution:—"The church finds that the meeting-house was originally intended and put in trust for a Particular Baptist church; the practice having been contrary thereto for some years, it resolves to discontinue it, and to return to the original constitution." At this time there were only six Pædo-Baptists (all females) members of the church.

We come now to the church at **STOKE GREEN, IPSWICH.*** This

* For many of the facts here presented I am indebted to a small publication, entitled "History of the Baptist Church, Stoke Green, Ipswich," by Sarah Johnson Everett.

church was originally formed at Woolverstone, a village about five miles distant from Ipswich, on the Stoke side. It would seem that for many years prior to the formation of the church, regular services were maintained at Woolverstone as a branch of the church at Eld Lane Colchester. There is an entry in the Colchester church-book, dated October 29th, 1729, directing "Brother Rootsey [the minister] to go to Woolverstone, to break bread to that branch, for their furtherance and spiritual growth, once a quarter," while we find that Mr. Richard Starling (who died in 1752, and was assistant to Mr. Dunthorne, Mr. Rootsey's successor) supplied, when needful, at Colchester, Langham, and Woolverstone. These Baptists, who had been thus meeting for many years as a branch of the Eld Lane church, were formed into an independent church November 22nd, 1757, as appears from the following extract from minute-book under that date:—"We, whose names are as follow, being met together in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, did, with fasting and prayer, give ourselves unto the Lord, and to one another in church fellowship, to walk together in the faith, order, ordinances, and unity of the Gospel; and likewise did at the same time make choice of and ordain our two brothers, Joseph Sage and Stephen Bruce, to the office of deacons." Then follow the names of eight men and four women, who had previously (November 2nd, 1757) desired and obtained leave from the church at Colchester to unite with the church under the pastoral care of Mr. Samuel Sowden. Mr. Sowden, who came originally from Cannon Street, Birmingham, seems to have been immediately dismissed to Woolverstone from Colchester, and on April 19th, 1758, was unanimously invited to take charge of the recently formed church, which invitation he accepted. He preached in a little house on the Berners estate, and used to baptize at the Cat House; the grandmother of the late Archdeacon Berners was accustomed to attend on these occasions, and she preserved for them the greatest order and decorum.

According to a circular letter in my possession, the elders and messengers of the several Baptist churches meeting at Wattisham, Claxton, Woolverstone, Shelfanger, and Great Yarmouth, in the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, met in association at Woolverstone on Tuesday and Wednesday, 4th and 5th days of June, 1771. Appended to the circular letter for that year we have the Articles of Association, probably drawn up at that meeting, for we find that the 11th Article is:—"That these Articles of this Association be

transcribed into the church-book of each respective church, and be signed by their pastors and deacons and two or more of their members, in the name of the whole church." And we further find, in the Stoke Green church-book, under date May 22nd, 1772, the following record :—"The Articles of the Norfolk and Suffolk Association were signed by the pastor, deacons, and several members, on behalf of the church."

After a pastorate of about fifteen years and a-half, Mr. Sowden died April 9th, 1773. The church, shortly after this, experienced considerable difficulty through being deprived of its meeting-place in Woolverstone, and, as a family came out from Ipswich and one from Claydon, the question was raised as to whether they should make an effort to stay at Woolverstone, or remove to Ipswich. A piece of ground was thought of between the Rose Inn and the present Turret Green Chapel, and was partly engaged, but the Woolverstone friends were too strong to allow it. Stoke was ultimately decided on, and a row of cottages was purchased; the house nearest the road was used as a vestry, the centre cottages were converted into a chapel, and the house at the other end was set apart for the minister. The chapel was licensed for public worship November 27th, 1773.

When the church was formed it consisted only of twelve members in 1773 it had increased to forty-four. On February 1st, 1775, the Rev. George Hall was invited to the pastoral office, and accepted the invitation at the next church-meeting, March 1st, and was publicly ordained July 12th in the same year. Mr. Hall's ministry, which did not terminate till a short time prior to his death in 1810, was a very successful one, especially the latter portion of it. During his pastorate the church increased from a membership of forty-four at the commencement to 230 at the close. During that time the meeting-house was twice enlarged, and a considerable number of members were drafted off for the formation of churches in the neighbourhood. Mr. Hall was held in very high esteem for his piety, prudence, and zeal. He excelled, we are told, as a pastor, and there can be no doubt that his labours in Ipswich, extending over thirty-five years, laid the foundation for the subsequent and very gratifying extension of the Baptist denomination in that town and its neighbourhood. During Mr. Hall's pastorate the Stoke Green church appears to have become a well-ordered and organised community.

The church records were regularly kept, and some of them are of considerable interest. Though, after the building of the chapel, the public services were all held at Stoke, the church-meetings were still frequently held at Woolverstone, generally at the house of Mr. Thomas Ridley, occasionally at that of Mr. Last; and when there were candidates for baptism, the church, after the meeting, adjourned to the Orwell, and there baptized. Then for a time the church-meetings were held at Mr. Sage's, at Freston Tower (a farm-house adjoining, now pulled down), and the candidates were baptized in the Orwell at Freston Brook, till in 1799 a baptistery was made on the premises at Stoke, in the yard adjoining.

In April, 1777, a question was discussed at the quarterly Association of Baptist ministers, which was referred to it by the Stoke church. It was as to the conduct of a "country brother," who, it would seem, had gone out wild-fowl catching on the Sunday. The Association gave it as their opinion that "catching wild-fowl on the Sabbath is neither a work of necessity nor of mercy."

In 1779, we find it determined by the church to hold Sabbath afternoon service at two o'clock in the summer, and half-past one o'clock in the winter.

In December of that year we find that sister Mrs. Johnson was appointed by the church to act as deaconess.

During Mr. Hall's ministry eight brethren were formally set apart as preachers of the Word, having exercised their gifts to the satisfaction of the church mess:—John Hitchcock, Wattisham; Thomas Ridley, Bury St. Edmunds; John Thompson, Grundisburgh; John Keeble, London; James Fenn, Ottery; A. K. Cowall, Walton; Thomas Hoddy, Clare; James Smith, Ilford. The four first named I shall have to refer to more particularly in connection with the churches at Wattisham, Bury, and Grundisburgh and Ottery, all of which were formed in the last century.

LIFE AND FRUITFULNESS.

Be as a tree whose roots are in heaven, and which beareth fruit on earth. God will water it, and give the increase. Then shall your neighbours pluck thereof, and eat.

DR. HENRY MÜLLER.

Personal Reminiscences of Missionary Work in England and Ireland.

BY THE REV. C. KIETLAND.

No. I.



T was in the gray dawn of a cold February morning in 1836 that I alighted from the Worcester coach, at the "George and Blue Boar,"* Holborn. I had come to London, at the request of Mr. David Nasmith—the founder and first secretary of the recently formed London City Mission—to be examined by the committee, in the hope of entering the service of that institution. Two or three days after my arrival, I had an interview with a few gentlemen in the Mission House, Red Lion Square, Holborn; and, notwithstanding my youthful appearance, extreme nervousness, and the sorry figure I made during a not very severe *viva voce* examination, I was accepted on probation. Before taking a district, I served a short apprenticeship under the senior missionary, John B——, in the parish of St. Giles. St. Giles's was then a very different place from what it is now. It consisted of a network of courts, alleys, and narrow, winding streets. Thieves' quarters abounded; receptacles for stolen goods were plentiful. It was the common resort of the most vicious and abandoned characters in that part of the metropolis. Boys and girls were systematically trained in the art of stealing from the person. Lessons were given by experts in shop-lifting and house-breaking. It was not uncommon to see children of tender age practising on each other. When Mr. B—— first went to the district, he was often relieved of his pocket-handkerchiefs. He then tried the expedient of stuffing his pockets with tracts; these also disappeared; but finding this an unprofitable business, they ceased henceforth to trouble the good man. Such was one side of life in the great city which Cowper calls—

"The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst."

John B—— was a model missionary. He was then past middle-

* The site is now occupied by the Inns of-Court Hotel.

life, and, to young eyes, looked an oldish man ; but he had wonderful energy, and a keen appetite for his work. His power over the people whom he visited was remarkable. The most debased and hardened treated him with deference, and listened to him with respectful attention. In the "large upper room" where he held his meetings, crowds gathered to hear him, and, under his simple and earnest teaching, it was no uncommon thing to see profligate men and women weeping bitterly over their sins. This useful servant of Christ rescued, during the first year of his work, nearly fifty fallen women ; but his career was cut short by an accident that he met with while doing his Master's work. When about to descend a dark staircase, he lost his footing, and fell to the bottom. The wounded soldier was taken home, and shortly afterwards fell asleep in the Lord.

I was appointed to a district on the east side of Gray's Inn Lane, at the end next to Holborn. In those dingy and sunless courts and streets, a dense population herded together. In some houses, I found eleven and twelve families, many of them living in utter disregard of the common decencies of life. The most shameless abominations were practised, with scarcely any restraint. In small towns and villages, the repressive influence of Christian public opinion makes itself felt, whereas among compact masses of people, such as are found in all great centres of population, wickedness throws off its mask.

*"In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach."*

I remember one Court that was entered from the Lane by a pair of large iron gates.* Before the establishment of the new Police, these gates were closed at nightfall, and then, as the hours wore on, wickedness ran riot. There were drinking, dancing, swearing, fighting, screaming without any check, while the iron gates set at defiance the then feeble guardians of public peace and order.

Some Christian workers in connection with the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel's church hired a room in this court, and tried to form a school for ragged children. I obtained the loan of this apartment for an evening meeting, and went from house to house to invite the people

* Spread Eagle Court, afterwards changed by the Earl of Shaftesbury—then Lord Ashley—to Tyndall's Buildings. A few months before the demolition of this part of the Lane, I paid a visit to the notorious Court, and saw the sockets into which the iron bolts dropped.

to attend. A tradesman in the Lane lent me a pair of brass candlesticks, and some one else supplied a couple of tallow dips; but, having no snuffers, the light became so dim that it did little more than make the darkness visible. The room was well filled, and people fairly attentive. Suddenly, some roughs put out the candles, and the place was thrown into confusion. Not a glimmer of light entered from the Court, and there was a general rush to the door, which was blocked by a crowd of people struggling to make their escape. I took the candlesticks, and made for the door, which I reached with some difficulty, and soon found myself in the Court. A warm-hearted Irish-woman congratulated me on my safety. "Shure it's yerself, me honey, that's escaped being kilt outright by being pitched down the cellar steps." In those days, a City missionary had to incur some personal risk. He spent five or six hours daily in contact with disease, filth, impure air, foul smells, and furious men and women, who sometimes threatened him with violence. As the district was about two miles from my lodgings, I sometimes had a frugal meal at a third or fourth rate eating-house in Leather Lane. And it was frugal enough, consisting of a basin of black soup, a potato, and half a slice of bread, for which the modest sum of fourpence was charged. But at that time, the pay of a City missionary—from £60 to £65 a-year—prevented him from patronising the more expensive dining-rooms in the neighbourhood. The proprietor of this soup-house did a large local business in cats'-meat. To his customers, the association was not of the most savoury kind; but he grew rich, and—during many years of industry—had saved about twenty thousand pounds. The health of some missionaries suffered considerably, and eminent physicians gave advice gratis, while druggists who had sympathy with our work provided medicine free of charge. I well remember being sent first to Dr. Conquest, and afterwards to Dr. James Risdon Bennett—now the venerable president of the R.C.P.

In my visits from house to house, I had to encounter phases of character to which—in my limited experience of life—I had been an utter stranger; and the effect on a young man who had been used to the simplicity of country life was most depressing. My soul was cast down within me, and I sometimes questioned my fitness for the work to which I had given myself. By degrees, however, I not only became reconciled to my position, but my heart warmed towards the people. Many received my visits kindly, and in a few months nearly

every house was open to me. One thing which gave me comfort was the conviction that I had not entered the service of the Mission for the sake of position, or from the hope of gain.

Thinking that some reliable facts and figures on the state of the district might be of service to the committee, I set about collecting information on several points of interest. The chief subjects of inquiry were the following:—Non-attendance at public worship; ditto Sunday and day schools; number of persons above a given age unable to read; families without the Holy Scriptures, either in whole or in part. My plan was to get the information indirectly, and, after leaving the room, enter it in my note-book. The canvass occupied about six weeks, and a week or two later my report was in the hands of the committee. The facts and figures thus collected and tabulated revealed an amount of ignorance and irreligion which surprised even those who were best acquainted with the neighbourhood, and helped to fix public attention on the religious and educational wants of the locality.

Plans for the mental improvement of the missionaries were adopted and carried out. Lectures on Theology and Ethics and the Christian Evidences were delivered at the Mission House. There were also classes for the study of the original languages of the Bible. It was at one of these that I got my first lessons in Hebrew. The class was conducted by a clergyman named Mortimer, in the vestry of a large chapel, in which the well-known William Huntingdon formerly preached.

As our Sunday work was mostly confined to the afternoons, the mornings and evenings were left free. The mornings were usually given to John Street, Bedford Row. John Harrington Evans was then in the fulness of his power and usefulness. I have a very vivid recollection of his magnificent baritone voice, finely formed bald head, and commanding appearance. He was a son of the Dean of Salisbury, and began his ministry in the Established Church. His Calvinism was very pronounced, but it was not of the hyper-school. Mr. Evans drew from almost every part of London, and in his large congregation the upper classes were fairly represented. By his own admirers, he was esteemed "a master in Israel."

This eminent servant of God once favoured me with a short interview. He showed much fatherly sympathy, and gave me sound advice.

On Sunday evenings, I sometimes walked from Somers Town to Craven Chapel, Regent Street, to hear Dr. Leifchild, who was then one of the most famous and useful preachers in London. In matter and style, the Doctor was a perfect contrast to the minister at John Street. Frank, genial, and hearty, he had the rare secret of making his hearers feel quite at home with him. You felt as though you could give him your full confidence, and tell him all that was in your heart. His oratory, though somewhat ornate, was powerful and effective. He fixed the attention of his hearers, and kept them in a state of expectancy to the end of the sermon. When he reached a climax, which he did at the close of every division, a feeling of relief was experienced by the large congregation. During the next half-minute there was a general movement throughout the chapel, with unrestrained coughing, and change of position; but when the preacher resumed his discourse, all was hushed, and perfect stillness prevailed in every part of the edifice. It is only in a few instances that I have seen a similar effect produced on congregations. Henry Melvill, James Parsons, Robert Vaughan, Hugh M'Neile, John Harris, and a few others—not to mention living preachers—were masters of this art; for, in many, it was doubtless acquired. So great was the demand made on the attention of their hearers that the pent-up feelings escaped in the way I have described.

About the time to which I refer, the well-known prize essay on "Mammon" brought its gifted author, John Harris, prominently before the public; and in a very short time he took a place in the front rank of contemporary writers and preachers. In the fall of the same year, 1836, Mr. Harris accepted an invitation to preach on behalf of the City Mission. It was in the Old Poultry Chapel that he delivered his discourse on "The Christian Citizen." The place was crowded to excess. Ministers, tutors of colleges, students, and leading laymen listened with breathless attention to the young Independent minister from Epsom. The sermon was one of rare beauty, and power—"Orient pearls," though not "at random strung."

Mr. Jay, of Bath, usually preached at Surrey Chapel during a few weeks in every year. It was my privilege to hear this venerable man one Sunday evening. The sermon was on the New Birth. It was a model of simplicity, and yet he kept the subject above the level of commonplace utterances. If his quaint humour sometimes provoked a smile, his tenderness and pathos drew tears from his hearers. On

his own lines, Jay had no equal, and all attempted imitations were conspicuous and humiliating failures.

From Gray's Inn Lane to St. John's Chapel (Episcopal) was only a few minutes' walk. It was then occupied by Mr. Noel—at that time one of the leaders of the Low Church, or Evangelical section of the Establishment. On Sunday evenings, his church was crowded. Mr. Noel was a warm friend and an earnest advocate of the City Mission, and his occasional presence at the weekly meetings was both cheering and helpful to the brethren.

My connection with the Mission terminated at the end of the year. I liked the work, but not the place. Having been brought up in the country, I missed the green fields, the grassy slopes, the wild flowers and running brooks where, as a child, I had played with "the truant winds," and "dreamed away the sunny hours;" but I had made up my mind to remain in London, till the Lord should open another door. I had not long to wait. In the month of November, or the early part of December, Mr. Nasmith formed a mission at Norwich. He sent for me, and expressed a wish that I should go down and begin the work. His co-secretary, the Rev. Robert Ainslie, wished me to remain in London. Eventually, I accepted the invitation, and prepared to go east. But an unexpected event obliged us to postpone our journey more than a week from the time fixed for our departure.

Traditional Sayings of Christ.

No. I.



WHILE the Gospels are the full measure of our Lord's teachings known in the Apostolic age, and perhaps of what was designed by Providence for the instruction of after-times, some fragments of traditional sayings appear to contain true and original traits, and, as such, are invested with great interest. It may be acceptable to many who are not familiar with these, to make some reference to such as appear most authentic and striking, and seek to ascertain the lessons they convey. One of the most commonly quoted, and which appears to have as

strong a title to genuineness as any, is the following: "Show yourselves tried money-changers." This offers a pleasing study.

The custom of Christ to take common pursuits and ordinary circumstances, through which to enforce His teaching, we have all remarked. It would be very surprising, then, as this was His habit, should no reference have been made to money business. Throughout the world this is a matter of interest, and affords employment for multitudes. Hence we do find allusions. The parables of the talents, and pounds, also of the steward, are most conspicuous. The lessons intended would be most likely to be remembered, finding their illustration in such a sphere. The purported saying quoted is of this class. As though our Lord would urge, "As My disciples, exhibit, in matters of truth and life, the same spirit, though sanctified to nobler ends, as the money-changers do. Let it not be said that the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

The office of money-changer was one much plied at Jerusalem. Partly, the business of such was to change foreign into home money; especially would this be so at the feasts, when a large number coming from distant places would require commodities; also they would supply the half-skekel, the usual contribution to the Temple, heathen coin often bearing some idol stamp upon it, which formed a disqualification. These men were shrewd, careful, wide-awake. In dealing with truth, we are to be as intelligent, vigilant, and experienced as they.

We are to *understand* the doctrine Christ taught, as the money-changer the coin with which he dealt. It were well, indeed, did all men do this. Much opposition would have been averted if objectors had only apprehended the truth; at least such as did not spring from evil and dark hearts might have been checked. The substitution of the innocent for the guilty in the Sacrifice of the Cross, the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty, and other teachings would not have been resisted by many, as they have been, had they been intelligently comprehended. The first would never have been called "incredible" or "immoral" if Christ's words had been weighed: "No man taketh My life from Me, I lay it down of Myself; I have power to lay it down, I have power to take it again;" nor the second, "grudgingly exclusive," when from the same lips came the bidding "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," and the assurance, "Whosoever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." If the spirit of honest search were exercised, gainsaying

would often cease, and the truth be received in the love of it. Disciples, especially, should understand. How many deprive themselves of enlightenment, confirmation, comfort, through lack of this. They have feeble conviction of their claims as children, the amplitude of Divine resources, and the power of prayer, compared with what they might enjoy. Let them but apprehend their relation to God through His Son, the absoluteness of inspired assurances, and the fulness of Divine love, then richer fountains of holy feeling would rise within their hearts. "In understanding be men."

There would be implied, "*prove* the doctrine." The exchanger, for his own interest, would examine the coin and ring it on the counter. We may comprehend the meaning of what is taught, but is it Divine truth, as it represents itself to be? "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Various tests may be suggested. Is it in harmony with previous revelations of God? Does it commend itself to conscience and conviction? Is it *like* God, so far as we know Him? Does it satisfy wants? Is it available for emergencies? Can we live and die upon it? Adequately, impressively, does it respond to the test?

The Gospel is the completion and consummation of all that preceded. Christ came to fulfil as the flower fulfils the plant. In testifying it, the secrets of the heart are made manifest. It "became" God to be merciful and gracious. It is god-like to set the example, and appoint the motive of love. The truth fortifies in temptation, upholds in trial, gives solace in sorrow; we have content and hope as we trust. A document once held up in a law court to the light showed a water-mark date proving its falsity, for the paper had not been made at the time when it purported to be a legal instrument. There are many signs of false doctrine. The subtilty of man is evident. Does it answer to the test, "My thoughts are not as your thoughts"? Will it avail for all times? Is there a "divinity mighty within it that waxes not old"? Compare it with false religions, and the doctrine of Christ will bear all examination, and come forth verified from every fiery trial.

Value the doctrine, is another important point. Exchangers would not trifle with their money. It was a means of enrichment. If the truth is Divine, indispensable to highest interests, a means of comfort, satisfaction, joy, hope, should we not esteem it better than gold or silver? What mistake to barter it away for any offers of the world.

Men are too prone to over-estimate earthly treasure; we can never over-value this. The treasure found in the field was worth all the man had, and more. The pearl of great price was worth more than all the other jewels the merchant man possessed.

Be watchful in the business of your life, is a further lesson. The money-changer needed circumspection. He might be cheated or robbed, betrayed into mistakes and losses, or find a furtive hand upon his table. He had to be firm and decided with the variety of customers who dealt with him. We have need to "watch." There are many devices of the enemy, taking each in special circumstances and difficulties, to rob us of our hope. If any man thinks there are no attempts to circumvent or despoil in his case, he has great reason to be suspicious. What false pleas are urged by sin. "Only once." "It will not be known." "No fear of penalty." How, without intention, a man may be overtaken by a fault, or unexpectedly assailed. Vigilance, discernment, firmness, the cultivation of all spiritual faculties and powers, are deeply necessary. Awake to the interests of truth, and self-interest in the highest sense. "Stand strong in the evil day; that having done all you may stand."

See that you change the gold of truth into the silver of daily faithfulness, may be added. Truth is not given merely for an intellectual repast or spiritual luxury, but that it may be useful and used, helpful to ourselves and to the world. Cromwell, once seeing some statues of the apostles made of silver, in one of the cathedrals, said, "Take them down, coin them, and let them go about doing good." So the excellency of truth is to become current in life. It is to give tone to disposition; show itself in meekness, humility, kindness, cheerfulness, generosity. It is to teach us to give up for others, and to forgive, befriend, and aid. It inculcates forbearance and patience. Christ is to be in our thoughts, words, desires, life, no part untouched. Sometimes men forget this. The truth that teaches them to avoid gross sin is not regarded as that which directs to be gentle and self-restrained; and truth that demands that plots of evil be resisted is not honoured in its requirements for devotion and faithfulness in all the little things of every day. But its fullest extent of application to life should be studied. No part of our being but may be refined and elevated by its ennobling influences. Give the full value in active life of Divine teaching, so shall a man "serve his generation according to the will of God."

"The law of thy mouth," said David, "is better to me than thousands of gold and silver." Have all such appreciation? And is the same application, diligence, thoughtfulness, and earnestness exhibited in connection with the truth as is exercised in the business of life? The only riches that we can be identified with, and that we can bear away with us, are the "durable riches of righteousness."

G. McMICHAEL, B.A.

*Dr. Walter C. Smith's "North-Country Folk."**



FEW months ago we called attention to various volumes of poetry by Dr. Walter Smith. "The Bishop's Walk," "Olrig Grange," "Borland Hall," "Hilda among the Broken Gods," and "Raban," are admitted on all hands to be among the most thoughtful and brilliant productions of our recent literature, and to possess an altogether unique worth. They consist, for the most part, of dramatic pictures of our own age: an endeavour to pierce to the innermost heart of the strange and restless life that everywhere lies about us, and to unveil its real meaning. A dramatist, unlike a preacher, gives expression not to his own ideas and feelings, but to the ideas and feelings of others, however diverse from, and even opposed to, his own. He may, and indeed should, have very definite principles and methods of interpretation, in the light of which he contemplates the phenomena of life, but these he must not unduly obtrude. His art requires him to represent, without subjective colouring, the views and positions of others. This task Dr. Smith has ably and successfully accomplished. As a dramatic artist, setting vividly before us the world by which we are actually surrounded—in its intellectual unsettledness and eager questioning; in its intense passion and unsatisfied longing; in its error and sin—he has rendered service which few of his contemporaries have rivalled. He is primarily concerned with the interests and needs of the present day, and views them in the light of a Divine reason. His vision is unusually clear and penetrative, and he necessarily reports much as a seer, of which, as a thinker and, above

* "North-Country Folk." Poems by Walter C. Smith. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1883.

all, as a Christian thinker, he strongly disapproves. To fail to make this distinction will lead to a misapprehension of his position, and detract from our enjoyment of his works. To our own mind it is evident that he is anxious not only to depict the ignorance and superstition, the confused thought and sullen scepticism of the age, to bring into strong relief its impotent longings and baffled aspirations, but to lead the way also to a purer faith and more perfect life. He does not invariably give such full and emphatic expression as some of us could desire to the distinctively evangelical elements of Christian truth, but his spirit is evangelical, and the Cross is at once the goal of his thought, the ideal of his life, and the aspiration of his endeavour.

Since our article was written Dr. Smith has published another volume. "*North-Country Folk*" is, like most of its predecessors, a study of present-day life. But it is not a novel in verse of the same kind as "*Olrig Grange*" and "*Hilda*." It is rather a series of short and independent sketches of men and women that continually cross our path, at least in the northern part of the island. We have rarely, if ever, seen more decided evidences than this volume supplies of a power which is equally essential for the critic and the poet—the power to enter into the mind and heart of others, even of those who are at the furthest remove from ourselves. This keen penetration, allied on the one hand with broad generous sympathy, and on the other with effective word-painting, accounts for the deep impression which Dr. Smith's poems have made on the minds of thoughtful and earnest men in their conflict with error and sin, and their aspirations after the ideal good. It is helpful and exhilarating to come into contact with a writer who can move us at will to laughter or to tears, who can interpret so accurately the varied moods of nature and of man, arousing our admiration and reverence for all that is good and great, and our scorn for all that is base and mean. Few men can paint in more graphic colours the diversified forms of the seen and temporal, nor can any more effectively pierce through them to the underlying reality—the unseen and eternal. "*North-Country Folk*" will augment the author's well-earned fame, and establish a place for itself among the most memorable poems of our century.

The longer pieces are, if not novels, at any rate stories in verse, and many of them admit of amplification sufficient for a volume. The opening piece, "*Wee Curly Pow*," has a terribly sad and tragic side, and tells a tale of foul and cruel wrong, relieved by another tale of

love stronger than death, of suffering heroically and patiently borne by one who was suspected of grossest sin, and whose very nobleness gave occasion for the slanders that stung him: "Dr. Linkletter's Scholar" is in a different strain, but is not less effective. It abounds in powerful and exquisite pathos, and depicts with rare force and tenderness the disappointment and grief many a poor "dominie" has suffered at the hands of a brilliant and successful pupil, whose position he has practically made. The teacher's pride in his pupil and his work, his glowing enthusiasm, his keen delight in his pupil's honours at the University, and his subsequent triumph at the Bar, and the bitterness with which he is made to feel that

"Nobody likes in the hour of his pride
To have shabby old friends creeping up to his side"

—these points are expressed with a realistic power, and are lighted up with subtle philosophical reflections which remind us of some of George Eliot's best work. In "Dick Dalglish," again, we have a picture of a shrewd, sensible, and straightforward working man, whose cleverness and success do not make him ashamed of his position, or breed in him an ignoble and restless discontent. The humour of some of the stanzas is very enjoyable. For pathos, no poem in the volume is equal to "Lost and Won": a simple story of domestic life which is, alas! too common—trust and love betrayed, wounded, and chilled to death, through an absorbing selfishness and "love of gold." What tragedies may be acted before our very eyes, apart from all repulsive violent scenes and social crimes, and under a calm, unruffled surface! Each section of this short poem—Broken, Parted, Stricken, Humbled—is a volume in itself. What noble lines are these:—

"How could she give him her love,
And he so unworthy of it?
What were the great gods above
Thinking of where they sit,
When they sent her to fold him in it?"

"Ah! the gods know what they do,
Whether giving or taking away:
They waste no life that is true;
They lose no game that they play,
And cast no blessing away."

For, as she lay there in death,
Lo ! for the first time he saw
All her meek love and her faith,
And then came great sorrow and awe
As its great beauty he saw.

" Ah, me, where now the visions of my youth,
The nobleness, the glory of its dreams :
Its purpose high, its eager search for truth,
Its hatred of the thing that only seems
And falsely gleams ?

" They are not false, those golden dreams of youth ;
But we are false to them and fall away
From their high purpose, following the smooth
World-lies that win us empty praise and pay,
And lead astray.

" They might have been, ah me ! they might have been ;
And, oh ! the sorrow to look back and know
They are not, and our life is poor and mean,
Achieving only loss and empty show
And shame and woe."

Among other powerful stories, told with bold realism, and, like the highest tragedy, purifying through fear, are "The Mad Earl," "Pro-vost Chivas," and "Morgana." In some of the simpler pieces, such as "Mrs. Coventry," Dr. Smith exposes with manly outspokenness the deteriorating effect of the race for riches, and shows how intellect and heart are impoverished as we yield to the miserable passion. That simplicity of motive and even high spirituality may be maintained amid increasing riches, Mrs. Coventry's wise and wifely counsels to her husband amply prove. Many of her sayings are—simple, pithy, and inspired by a sweet reasonableness—worth immeasurably more than nuggets of gold. "The Parish Pastors" is a brilliant and life-like sketch of the three ministers of a northern fishing village of some five hundred souls—the Established Kirk, the Episcopalian, and the Cameronian. They are drawn with a keen but sympathetic and even tender hand, and if the rich and many-sided humour of the poem is here and there mixed with evident sarcasm, the sarcasm is not unkindly. The excellencies and defects of each are admirably portrayed, and, if ministers of other churches and places cannot gather from the portraiture much to bring their own work into more vital contact

with the complexed and often tangled life of their people, they must either be marvellously dull or marvellously perfect. Perhaps one of the most memorable sketches in the volume is that of "Miss Bella Japp"—a miniature portrait executed with high literary skill, and flavoured with quaint and delicate humour. She speaks to her young minister, and expresses her contempt for

"All mocking birds, who would be dumb
If they might eat their meat and do no more."

Is there not true wisdom in her advice—

"If you would reach
The hearts of others, listen first and hear
What your own heart is saying, and speak it clear
To all and each.

"Take not your words
From pulpit, platform, or from Parliament ;
Just take the Lord's—
The words which from His lips to you are sent,
Which few desire
But all believe, whether they will or no.

"Be strong and true ;
Hold up our sins that we may see them bare,
And hold up, too,
The Cross both to believe it and to share
Its pain and loss,
Should sorrow fill our cup unto the brim ;
For on the Cross
We see the glory as the eye grows dim,
Only we're fain to hand it on to Him
Who clasped it close."

Some of the pictures are from life, as, for instance, that of Professor Blackie in "Altnacraig," in which Dr. Smith pays a just and well-merited tribute to this fine old "Grecian Gaul"; and that of the late Dr. John Brown in the "In Memoriam" at the end—a picture as discriminating as it is generous, full of subtle and sympathetic insight, and glowing with pure and elevated feeling. But here we must reluctantly bring our notice of the volume to a close, or we shall exceed the limits assigned us. We have done no more than indicate a few of the main points of interest in one of the most notable books of the year, and tried to show what a wealth of refined and powerful

thought it will yield to an appreciative reader. Dr. Smith's pen has lost none of its cunning. His eye is yet undimmed; his vision is as clear, as far reaching, and as minute as ever. His rare power of psychological analysis, his ethical fervour, his genial humour combined with tender pathos, his artistic colouring, and his rich diversified melody are as conspicuous in this as in his preceding volumes. The minds of all his readers may roam at will through a nobler picture gallery, and among the typical character sketches of our day—not a few will be drawn from these "North-Country Folk." J. S.

"The Martyred Laud."



OST earnest Protestants knew enough of the ecclesiastical proclivities of Bishop Benson to feel profound regret when he was raised to the archiepiscopal See of Canterbury. At the time of his promotion he said some very nice things, and talked very piously. We do not doubt that, in his way, he is a deeply devout man. But the same may be said of Dr. Pusey, and of Cardinal Manning; and yet both of these men have grievously misrepresented the Gospel of Christ, and have totally misunderstood the functions of the Christian ministry and the Christian Church. Dr. Benson, with all his excellence, is evidently on the wrong side of the line which separates the essential spirit and purposes of Protestantism from those of Popery. His sympathies go more or less extensively and fervently with the rapidly increasing party in the Church of England which would, though, perhaps, at present within certain limits, assimilate the Church of England to the Church of Rome. People in Cornwall are sufficiently well acquainted with this fact. It was pleasant to hear him speak, in his farewell to the Diocese of Truro, of "the noble, holy example" which he discerned in the career of the recently deceased Archbishop Tait, and of his own desire to imitate that prelate "in the holiness and sweetness of his charity;" but it was to be regretted that he had not cherished that same spirit sooner, and it is still more to be regretted that he seems less inclined to cherish it now. It is, however, quite in accordance with what we know of his antecedents, that he should recently have publicly congratulated himself upon sitting in the chair of "the martyred Laud," and that he should be accredited by the High Church papers with a determination to "tread in the footsteps" of that execrable ecclesiastical celebrity. For what conceivable reason can the new Archbishop have mentioned a name to which an almost unique infamy attaches, and that, too, in terms which imply an enthusiastic veneration? Is history false? Is it true, or is it not true, that Laud did everything in his power to uphold the Divine Right of Kings to rule as they please? Is it true, or is it

not true, that, whilst maintaining the alliance of Church and State, he sought with all his might to place the State at the feet of the Church? Is it true, or is it not true, that he made every possible effort to ruin the Reformation, and to re-Romanize the religion of his country? Is it true, or is it not true, that he was a brutal persecutor of all the godliest men and women of his time whom he could get within his grasp? These are the charges which history makes against him. Will Dr. Benson do for his reputation what Carlyle has done for that of Cromwell? Laud may be admitted to have been conscientious; but what man who has any regard for either civil or religious liberty can respect his *conscience*? We do not care to defend his execution, though the more we think of the innumerable barbarities he perpetrated, the less does his death on the block surprise us. The only sense in which he can be rightly styled "the martyred Laud," is that which implies that he was a martyr to his own obstinate and insatiable cruelty.

We can scarcely believe that, even if he had the opportunity, Dr. Benson would "tread in the footsteps" of the odious predecessor in the Archiepiscopate whose public life he, nevertheless, seems to admire, and for whose fate he seems to cherish a tender sympathy. But these complimentary allusions to one of the blackest names in our English history are significant of what liberty-loving people may expect, if extreme High Churchism should ever regain its former ascendancy in this land. The historically terrible dogmas of Apostolical Succession, of the authority of the Priesthood, of Sacramental Grace, of Auricular Confession, and of the superiority of the State-endowed clergy to all secular tribunals, are rapidly acquiring a dangerous popularity; and we fear that they have found an influential champion in the new Primate. Our hope is that the evil will be frustrated in its development by a timely separation of the Church from the State. The Liberation Society is working with energy, and, happily, also with success; but we agree with a writer in a recent number of the *Nonconformist and Independent* who contends that, whilst the Liberation Society should continue to receive the energetic support of all the friends of religious equality, "what the churches have to deal with is a more important matter—a vital religious principle requiring immediate action—viz., to stay the application of national funds which are being used for the purpose of destroying the Protestant faith of the nation." The Sacerdotal party is quietly, but surely, gaining the strength by which, if not speedily checked, it will carry everything before it. The checks at present administered are lamentably feeble. The Church Association is more or less busy, according as circumstances may seem to dictate; but its work is one from which Nonconformists are necessarily excluded. We have a Protestant Alliance; but of its operations we seldom hear. Able lectures by eminent Nonconformists are delivered now and then; but they are too few and far between. At present the Lion of "Romanism" occasions but comparatively little alarm; but the Jackal of "Anglicanism" is doing serious mischief, and the fable of the jackal's relation to the lion has a moral to which we do well that we take heed. It is time for the Protestantism of England to assert itself afresh from one end of the country to another, and to do so in tones which its enemies shall not be able either to mistake or to resist. We are not pleading for the forcible suppression of Sacerdotalist teachings; that would be neither possible nor right. But there should be in every

part of the land an intelligent and intelligible refutation of them, and an uncompromising protest against them ; and for this mighty and momentous work some separate and suitable organisation should be formed, supported and carried forward by self-denial, by faith, and by prayer. This is one of the most imperative demands of our time ; a demand which those who love the pure Christian truth and the full religious liberty which are bound up with a genuine Protestantism, cannot afford to ignore.

Correspondence.

"WHO WROTE THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS?"

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to submit one or two thoughts on a subject in your last two issues—viz., the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

I note the point that "the teaching of the Epistle is Pauline;" but, it may be asked, did the peculiar views of Paul originate with himself, or did he in any measure derive them from some one else? Taking into account Paul's history and experience, it is not at all difficult to suppose that his views were, at least to some extent, derived from another.

In Acts vi. 29, we read that those of the synagogue of Cilicia, with others, disputed with Stephen. From the fact that Saul came from Cilicia, and from the active part he took in the persecution of Stephen, we can scarcely doubt that he was one of the disputants, and one of those who were not able to resist the wisdom and spirit with which Stephen spoke ; and, if unable to resist, there must have been some measure of conviction, against which he would strive with all his might (so that he is fitly compared to an ox kicking against the goad). At his conversion all this opposition of his will was taken away, and it followed, as a natural result, that he now accepted the teaching of Stephen as truth—he became a convert to the faith he had endeavoured to destroy, and that was the faith Stephen had preached.

The intensity of Paul's feelings about Stephen may be gathered from his words (Acts xxii. 20), and it is impossible to suppose he could forget the controversy he had held with him ; and not only would Stephen's ideas be remembered, but the burning words in which those ideas were clothed would, to a considerable extent, be indelibly impressed on the Apostle's memory.

Now we have but little of Stephen's utterances ; but what we have seems to bear a remarkable relationship to the Epistle to the Hebrews. Supposing Stephen to commence his address in the Cilician synagogue with the words, "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers," &c., would it not be very much like him to begin his defence before the Sanhedrim with the words, "The God of glory appeared unto our Father Abraham," &c.

In his defence, Stephen is leading up to conclusions from a historical review ; a method that has a remarkable resemblance to that of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle. But what is more remarkable still, is the fact that, taking the whole scope of the first ten chapters—including the superiority of Christ to Moses, the end of the Levitical priesthood, and the abrogation of the rites and ceremonies of the law—we have exactly the teaching that was misrepresented in the accusations brought against Stephen—viz., "This man ceaseth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law, for we have heard him say that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place, and shall change the customs which Moses delivered us." From these considerations it has appeared most probable to me that the Epistle to the Hebrews contains the stream of Stephen's teaching, flowing through the channel of Paul's mind and memory ; and, if so, several objections against Paul's authorship are met :—

1. As to why Paul did not sign his name. Let it be borne in mind that Stephen's doctrine was a departure not understood by the Hebrew Christians, and although they could revere his memory, they could not receive all he taught. Paul was no doubt deemed ultra in the same direction ; and therefore the Apostle's name would have been no recommendation, but rather a stone of stumbling to the class of persons for whose special use the epistle was intended. And further, and more obviously, Paul could not begin with, "Paul, a servant of Jesus Christ, to the Hebrews," and then give whole paragraphs from the speeches of Stephen, which some of his readers had heard from Stephen's own lips.

2. As to why Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, wrote to the Jews, it may be answered, admitting the inspiration of the epistle, there was a Divine design in it. The time was at hand when the Temple should be destroyed. Thousands of Hebrew Christians were zealous for the law, and strict in the observance of Jewish ceremonies : what would these need when there was no temple, when all rites and ceremonies had vanished, and the nation scattered ? It is obvious that, when the catastrophe came, they would require the wider view of Christianity ; that is, Stephen's view, of which Paul was the most prominent exponent. God knew this (even if Paul did not), and He used Paul as the most fitting instrument for giving that view as it is given in the Epistle.

3. As to the dissimilarities with Paul's acknowledged compositions, are they not explained by the fact that much of the composition is Stephen's ? Paul might be aided by the Holy Spirit in recalling Stephen's words, as the evangelists were aided in recalling the words of the Master ; but if this were not the case, what more natural than that he should desire to clothe the wisdom of Stephen in Stephen's own words as far as his memory would enable him ?

Dogmatism is out of the question in the case, but I submit for consideration whether there be any valid reason against my supposition—viz., that the Epistle to the Hebrews conveys, through Paul, the teachings of Stephen ; and that its special object was to prepare Hebrew Christians in Jerusalem, in Palestine, and everywhere for the impending overthrow of the Temple worship and the termination of the Jewish dispensation.—Believe me, yours faithfully,

Hammersmith, June, 1883.

W. W. PAGE

The late Rev. Samuel Green.

HIS venerable servant of Christ has entered into his rest at a very advanced period of life. Few men of more sterling excellence have ever been known among us. A man of good intellectual powers, a persuasive preacher, a robust and fervent Christian, a generous friend, an indefatigable worker in every department of religious enterprise which was open to him, an ornament to the Church, and an honour to our denomination, he has "come to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." We hope that our August number will contain a Memoir from the pen of his gifted son—the worthy son of a worthy father—the Rev. Dr. S. G. Green, together with the beautiful and impressive address at his funeral, by the Rev. Dr. Todd.

The Rev. C. Kirtland.

ON Sunday, June 3rd, the Rev. C. Kirtland informed the church and congregation meeting in Battersea chapel, that, after nearly half-a-century of constant labour in the Lord's service, he felt the time approaching when he should relinquish the heavy responsibilities of the stated ministry and pastorate, and give the rest of his life and energy to preaching the Gospel without any pastoral charge; and that, in pursuance of a purpose long since formed, he would retire from the pastorate of Battersea Chapel at Christmas next, or as soon afterwards as his arrangements for the future would permit. He will then have completed the tenth year of his ministry in Battersea. It has been mainly owing to Mr. Kirtland's efforts that nearly eighteen hundred pounds of the heavy liabilities on the chapel have been paid off. The above announcement took the congregation by surprise, and there is a general feeling of regret at the prospect of Mr. Kirtland's early retirement.

Reviews.

BIBLICAL THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Vol. II. Translated by Rev. James E. Duguid. THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Translated by John Walter Hope, M.A. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 36, George Street. 1883.

THE second volume of Dr. Weiss's Biblical theology continues his discussion of the doctrinal system of Paul, but is occupied for the most part with the early

apostolic doctrinal system in the Post-Pauline period. He examines very carefully (in his study he has evidently examined verse by verse and almost word by word) the whole of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistles of Peter and Jude, the Epistles of John and the Apocalypse, and brings out in an orderly form the teaching of these various books on all the main subjects of the Christian faith. His method is strictly scientific and inductive, and he has made it his aim not to evolve a theology out of his own consciousness, but to deduce one from the plain and indisputable teachings of the Bible. We have been struck with his thoroughness of research and with the rigid impartiality of his spirit. He maintains on every point the calm and resolute attitude of the judge, and discards throughout the bias of the advocate or special pleader. A work written in such a spirit cannot meet with universal approval. Its conclusions are sure to be disputed by one party or another, but no work can be more really helpful to intelligent and earnest students. Dr. Weiss, though animated by no party spirit, is, in his own doctrinal beliefs, a theologian of the liberal evangelical school, and his researches tend strongly to confirm the harmony of those beliefs with the authoritative teaching of the New Testament, teaching which is indeed presented in various, but by no means in conflicting, forms. The apostles occupied, to some extent, different standpoints, and apprehended the truths revealed according to their individual characteristics; but diversity is not antagonism, and the unity of the New Testament is one of its most remarkable features. Another position Dr. Weiss has strongly established—the continuous and abiding power of Biblical theology, its absolute and exclusive authority; not so much on the ground of its extent and miraculous evidence; as on the higher ground of its adaptability to human need, its conformity to the law and order of the world, its power to civilise, to regenerate, and to perfect human life. However imperfect and erroneous our interpretations of Scripture may be, we shall find in it all that is essential, so that we cannot advance beyond it. Dr. Weiss has, by his profound knowledge and his reverent research, done much to aid a true interpretation of the apostolic writings, and has furnished one of the most pregnant and suggestive works in our own or any language. His “Life of Christ” will, if we may judge from the first volume, be in every sense a masterly book. The earlier part of it deals with such preliminary questions as confront every inquirer, those, namely, that relate to the sources of the Gospel history, the primitive tradition, the authorship and date of the evangelical narratives, especially of the fourth Gospel, the legendary and mythical theories, &c. The later part of the volume discusses the preparations for Christ’s ministry, His birth and life on earth to the miracle at Cana. We have gone through these two sections with some care, and though we cannot recommend them as “light reading,” we can bear grateful testimony to their vigour, their freshness, and their richly suggestive power. Their style is perhaps a little bald, and is certainly not free from complexity. There is no brilliant word-painting, no attempt at tender and graceful sentiment. If Dr. Weiss is a rhetorician, he must have exercised over himself a severe restraint. He is calm, resolute, rigidly scientific, weary of fruitless speculation and subjective criticisms. He is bent on discovering facts, and will not be led away by fancies, and, as far as is possible, he is bent on

reaching absolute historic truth. A work thus produced under "the daylight of the intellect" is sure to have a high value, and those who read it with thoroughness and candour, will find it one of the greatest and most helpful books of our age.

Dr. Weiss has carefully defined his position in the following paragraph of his dedication :—

"Between a supra-naturalism which believes in the actuality of an objective Divine revelation, and of miracles in the proper sense, and the standpoint which regards both as inadmissible, there can be as little historical mediation as between the conception of Christ as a mere man—although the greatest and most unattainable, who possessed clearer ideas of God and of Divine things, and lived a new and typical religious life—and the Christ worshipped by the Christian Church from the beginning as her Divine Mediator and Redeemer. In respect to this alternative there is, no doubt, as to my position, either in this book or in the others; I have never attempted to mediate between these opposites, because I am acquainted with their radical principles, and my scientific labours have only confirmed me afresh in joyous assurance of the faith which I did not gain from them, and to which no one can attain by scientific demonstration."

These are wise and weighty words. Science must recognise its necessary limitations, and not claim empire in a realm to which its methods are essentially foreign. In its own sphere it is supreme, and loyalty to its spirit leads to the evangelical faith. So, once more, Dr. Weiss has ably and triumphantly shown.

WHY ARE WE DISSENTERS? Three Lectures on the Principles of Nonconformity.

By Eustace R. Conder, D.D. Fourth Edition, Revised. John Snow & Co., 2, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

MANY persons are Nonconformists by accident rather than by conviction, and what is the frequent consequence? Let them form Church of England companionships; let them acquire a taste for artistic developments in the modes of worship—architecture, music, ceremony, and all that comes under the term "Ritualism"; let their notions of religion recede from the spiritual, and slide more completely under the spell of the sensuous; let them learn to crave a Church which, to their view, shall have an air of majesty in the centuries through which it has lived and flourished, in the dignitaries of which it can boast, in the sacramental privileges it offers, and in the pomp of the services it pays to God; and their Nonconformity will have but little chance of maintaining its ground. This is a shame and a scandal. If Dr. Conder's little book—which can be purchased for sixpence—were well circulated and well read, a better state of things would speedily ensue. He discusses, with his usual clearness, force, and conclusiveness, most of the great questions at issue. We hope this new edition of a valuable little work may soon be followed by another from the same able writer, and devoted to a popular refutation of the highly developed sacerdotalism which is so alarming a distinction of the English Church in our day, and which such large numbers of the English people are eagerly and blindly accepting.

ADONIRAM JUDSON, D.D. : his Life and Labours. By his son, Edward Judson. Hodder & Stoughton.

DR. JUDSON'S life has been written several times ; but the nine-shilling volume, of 601 pages, now supplied by his son, contains details and amplifications which are valuable beyond computation. No more wonderful career than his can be found in the history of modern Christian missions to the heathen. If ever a man was Divinely raised up, ordained, and prepared for immense and noble service in this uniquely beneficent and self-denying enterprise ; and if ever a man was Divinely sustained in the most exhausting toils and the most disheartening difficulties which such an enterprise, when carried on under the most unfavourable circumstances, can involve, that man was surely Adoniram Judson. He left the United States for the East in the spring of 1812, and died in the April of 1860. Through this whole period of eight and thirty years, his consecration to the work to which God had called him was distinguished by a wisdom which scarcely ever made a mistake, and by a sanctified ardour which never flagged. It is appalling to read of the perils he had to confront, and the privations he had to endure. He was thrice married, and each of his three wives—though they were in many respects unlike each other—was gifted with noble faculties, with refined and cultured tastes, and with lofty Christian principle ; and each was proud to share his dangers and afflictions with him. The first died at Amherst, when he was far away at the Court at Ava, assisting the British envoy in his endeavour to conclude a commercial treaty with the Burman King—an office which he accepted only on the understanding that “every effort would be made to secure a clause in the treaty granting religious liberty to the Burmans, so that the whole country would be thrown open to the Gospel”—an effort which the obstinacy of the King frustrated. The second died at St. Helena, on her voyage, accompanied by her husband, to America with the hope of recruiting her shattered health. The third survived him, but he had not the comfort of her presence and sympathy when death tore him away from the labours he so heroically loved. He had parted with her for a long sea-voyage, in the hope of rallying thereby from the prostration occasioned by dysentery and congestive fever, and in a week after embarkation he breathed his last, and his body was buried in the deep. Months afterwards, instead of rejoicing in his return, she had to receive the tidings of her terrible bereavement. The unwavering faith and meek submission with which these and all the other personal and domestic troubles of the great missionary were borne, furnish a rare, but so much the more impressive testimony to what God's grace can accomplish in the hearts of those who put their trust in Him.

We have not sufficient space for even the barest outline of the story which the son of the great missionary has told so fully and so powerfully in the volume before us. Those of our readers to whom such an outline would be serviceable will, we doubt not, find a much better one in the forthcoming Judson number of the series entitled “Baptist Worthies,” by Dr. Landels. But the volume itself should command a wide sale, and should be carefully read and studied. It contains a large amount of new and invaluable information, and every page is replete with interest. It also contains four portraits—two of Judson, one taken in his earlier, the other in his later life—one of his first wife, Ann Hasseltine, and another

of his third, Emily Chubbuck. There is no portrait of his second wife, Sarah Boardman, but there is an interesting fac-simile of her hand-writing, and also a fac-simile of the hand-writing of Judson himself, the latter in the following touching words:—"Mrs. H. H. Newton. From A. Judson. The wings of the Maulmain songstress are folded in St. Helena. New York, May 15th, 1846." Romance, even at its best, is tame and jejune, compared with this matter-of-fact narrative; and Christianity must be true, for were it false, such a life could never have been lived, and such a narrative could never have been written.

OLD TESTAMENT REVISION. A Handbook for English Readers. By Alexander Roberts, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

DR. ROBERTS has shown himself to be well qualified to render the service contemplated in this Handbook by his "Companion to the Revised Version of the English New Testament." It is true, as he says, that "comparatively little requires to be said, or, indeed, can be said, respecting the text and manuscripts of the Old Testament—points which call for the utmost care in dealing with the New." Nevertheless, there is good occasion for such a work as the one before us which presents, "in easy, untechnical language, a considerable amount of information which may enable ordinary English readers to peruse with greater interest and intelligence the Scriptures of the Old Testament when these are set before them in the Revised Version." Accordingly we have exceedingly useful chapters on "The Language and Contents of the Old Testament," on "The Authorship and Date of the Pentateuch," on "The Prophets and the Hagiograph" (with suggested corrections of the Authorised Version), on "The Apocryphal Books," on "The Text of the Old Testament," on "The Septuagint and the Samaritan Pentateuch," on "Versions of the Old Testament later than the time of Christ," and on "English Versions of both Testaments." We have also valuable chapters on the constant use of the Septuagint by Christ and His Apostles, and on the Jewish Talmud and Targums. Dr. Roberts is on the orthodox and safe side in what we cannot but regard as the needless, uncalled-for, and vexatious controversy respecting the authorship and date of the Pentateuch; and we are glad to have his twenty tersely-written and condensed pages of conclusive reasoning on that subject. Some of his suggested corrections of the translation seem to us to be admirable, though now and then they would no doubt surprise some readers, who will hardly take kindly, for instance, to the following alteration of the version of Psalm cxvii. 2:—

"It is vain for you to rise up early
And that ye lie down late;
That ye eat the bread of sorrows;
So giveth He it to His beloved sleeping."

Dr. Roberts takes the meaning to be, that "all the blessings for which others toil so hard are freely bestowed by the Lord upon His beloved, without effort on their part, and unexpectedly, as in a dream." The passage is confessedly obscure, and no possible rendering seems to make its meaning quite certain and its truth quite obvious. After all, it seems to us that Mrs. Browning's well-known and exquisite

poem embodies the spirit and teaching of the original as perfectly as this can be done by human words. We can more readily accept our author's rendering of the difficult passage at the commencement of Psalm xvi. He gives it thus: "Preserve me, O God, for in Thee do I put my trust. I have said unto the Lord, 'My prosperity is not above' [independent of] 'Thee.' To the saints [also] who are in the land [I have said the same], and to the noble, in whom is all my delight." Other happy translations might be quoted had we the requisite space. One of the most interesting parts of the book is that in which Dr. Roberts contends, with great earnestness and with no little show of reason, that the language spoken by Christ and His Apostles was neither Hebrew nor Aramaic, but Greek—a question to which the quotations in the New Testament from the Septuagint naturally give rise.

THE KING'S SON; or, A Memoir of Billy Bray. By F. W. Bourne. A New Illustrated Edition. London: Bible Christian Book Room, 26, Paternoster Row. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

OUR old friend Billy Bray—of whom we used to hear many remarkable stories in Cornwall nearly thirty years ago—is here presented to us in a new and much more handsome dress than any in which we have before seen him; and we are happy to find that he is considerably stouter withal. Fourteen editions of his "Life" have been sold, and now we are favoured with another, greatly enlarged, illustrated, and in many ways improved. Billy Bray was a notable man in his day and among his own people. A very wicked young man, according to his own account, his conversion was a remarkable one, and he became an exemplary and widely useful servant of the Saviour, ever overflowing with faith, joy, and zeal. Totally without what is technically termed education, he had a warm and generous temperament, with a mind quick in its action and often quaint and grotesque in its developments; and God largely used him for the spread of religion and the salvation of souls in his native

county. Those who have not read his Memoir will do well to avail themselves of this new, enlarged, and beautiful edition of it.

SERMONS. *Preached in Twickenham Congregational Chapel.* By the Rev. George Walker, B.A. London: W. Speaight & Sons, Fetter Lane.

THE author has published these Sermons "in the hope that they may prove a help and a stimulus to some who are seeking to reduce the great principles of the Gospel to facts of daily life and experience." They are well fitted to answer this purpose—a purpose which every true Christian minister keeps constantly in view. Mr. Walker has wisely "shunned mere ornamentation," and has preferred "to speak simple words on great truths." The simplicity of his language, however, will not be taken for commonplaceness of thought. It is the utterance of a fresh and vigorous mind, which thinks for itself, and yet likes to think under the guidance of Scripture teaching. The Sermons are at once expository, reflective, and penetrative, and we are glad to find in them the more essential principles of evangelical truth, not controversially stated, but yet stated with sufficient

distinctness, and [with a distinctively practical aim. Their subjects are, I. "Unlicensed Teachers; or, 'The Liberty of Propheying'" (Mark ix. 38-40). II. "Christ walking on the Sea" (Matt. xiv. 22-33). III. "Christ, the Divine Worker" (John ix. 4). IV. and V. "Lazarus and Dives." VI. "The Power and Homeliness of Christ" (Mark v. 35-43). VII. "The Christian's Transfiguration" (2 Cor. iii. 18).

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THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND THE ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT. — THE ABSTAINING MAYORS AT THE GUILD-HALL. National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

THESE two pamphlets are issued at a penny each, and their large circulation will promote the temperance movement. The first contains addresses by Samuel Bowly, Esq., The Very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, Rev. Charles Garrett, Rev. J. A. Macfadyen, D.D., and Rev. P. Chown.

The second, by the Lord Mayor of London, and the Mayors of Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, Bath, Rotherham, Crewe, Kendal, Grantham, St. Ives (Cornwall), and St. Ives (Hunts). Our temperance friends should scatter them far and wide.

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ALDERSYDE. A Border Story of Twenty Years Ago. By Annie B. Swan. With Six Original Illustrations. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

JOCK HALLIDAY: A Grassmarket Hero. Or Sketches of Life and Character in an Old City Parish. By Robina F. Hardy. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

JANET NESBIT, the heroine of "Aldersyde," is a strong-minded, tender-hearted, high-principled, much-endur-

ing Christian Scotch girl, with a sure insight into character—shrewd, sagacious, practical, and "unselfish to the core." Left motherless at fifteen, and fatherless ten years later, she submits with noble grace to a sad reversal of fortune, and passes, with high Christian dignity and usefulness, through a series of trying experiences which involve responsibilities from which any sensitive soul would naturally shrink, unsoured by disappointment and calamity, and a self-denying benefactress to the end. Many and various characters are grouped around her—some of them atrociously bad, some fairly good, and some not so good as they might have been. The plan of the story is clear and consistent, and, though not without elements of romance, never violates the laws of probability. The materials out of which it is constructed are suited to the time over which it ranges; the incidents it depicts include some pathetic, but just, retributions; and it ends as such a story ought to end. The moral tone of the work is thoroughly healthy, and its artistic merits place it considerably above the average of works of this order.

"Jock Halliday" is an interesting narrative of humble life in Edinburgh, and is addressed to young readers, apparently with a "Gospel Temperance" end in view. There is plenty of incident, and the course of the story shows how a very poor lad, of rough manners, but of generous impulses, may, by God's grace and under wise Christian influences, be prepared for a useful and happy career in the sphere of life he is best fitted to occupy.

JOHN BULL'S SISTERS. By One of Them-selves. Price Sixpence. Elliot Stock.

THIS pamphlet contains shrewd and useful advice—which, however, is not very skilfully arranged. Many lady-writers on social questions write better. Still, many of the women of England might profit by what this lady has written.

A DOG'S PROTEST AGAINST INTEMPER-ANCE. By the Rev. J. Marshall Morrell, Author of "Hints and Topics for Temperance Speakers." National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

IF "Keeper" be a veritable, matter-of-fact dog, and not a mythical one, it may well be said of him that "he has more sense and has done more good than many a talking creature." Anyhow, Mr. Morrell's story might be repeated with excellent effect upon many a Temperance platform.

THE SCOTTISH BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

May. Price One Penny. Edinburgh: R. Symon, 8, St. James' Square.

"THE Scottish Baptist Magazine" might be profitably read by Baptists in other parts of the United Kingdom as well as in Scotland. We regret that we did not receive the May number in time for an earlier notice. It contains an ample account of, and interesting comments upon, the Spring Session of the Scotch Baptist Union at Dundee, together with a most judicious paper read on that occasion, by Mr. John Walcott, of Edinburgh, on "How to Win Souls for Christ." We have also a capital article, by Dr. Oliver Flett, on "The Gospel the One Remedy," and another equally good—the fourth of a series on "The Courtesies of Home Life," by Mr.

William Tolmie. Nor must we omit to mention a telling sermon by the Rev. Walter J. Mathams, entitled "A Word to the Weary Hearted," founded on Exodus xv. 22-7.

LONDON CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY AND CHURCH GUIDE. By Andrew Mearns, Secretary of the London Congregational Union. Price Sixpence. London: Alexander & Shephard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn.

THIS admirable compilation contains seventy-seven pages, crowded with facts respecting the London Congregational chapels, their accommodation, their times of service, their origin, their ministers (past and present), and other matters connected with them, which will not only be prized by our Congregationalist friends, but which numbers of other Christian denominations will find to be at once handy and useful. We wish a similar publication could be issued respecting our London Baptist chapels.

INDIA. In Two Parts. By the Rev. Edward Storrow, formerly of Calcutta. John Snow & Co., 2, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

IN the first of these two parts, Mr. Storrow treats of the country, the people, the manners and customs, and the Hinduism of India; in the second, of the history of Christianity in India, the obstacles which impede its success, the forms of labour by which its propagation has to be carried on, and the results which missionary enterprise has so far achieved. The two parts are published separately at sixpence each, and each comprises forty-eight well-filled pages of useful information which cannot be too widely disseminated. The

publication belongs to the "Outline Missionary Series," to which we have already more than once drawn the attention of our readers. Detailed and compact as Mr. Storow's account is, he has made it thoroughly readable; and no Christian can read it without having his interest in the evangelisation of India deepened.

THE VOICE AND ITS ECHO. By Philip Reynolds. London: W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

MR. REYNOLDS is the pastor of Providence Chapel, Upper-street, Islington; and "The Voice and its Echo," contains four Wednesday evening sermons delivered by him to his people in September last. They are suggested by the words, "I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God," Zech. xiii. 9. When we say that the sermons are very much after Mr. Spurgeon's order, both as to spirit and form, we shall be understood to give them high praise, which we do not believe any of our readers who may obtain them will think undeserved.

THE OLD FASHIONED BOOK ON THE OLD FASHIONED RELIGION. With the Devil's Prayer and Confession of Faith. By an Old Fashioned Man. London: Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

WE have not the slightest idea who the "Old Fashioned Man" is, but he has given to himself a very appropriate name. He cannot be expected to be young-fashioned at nearly fourscore years of age, and he evidently retains a strong liking for the old orthodoxy;

and herein we cordially sympathise with him. His little book is a dash at Unitarianism; and old as he is, he does not falter either in hand or foot. There is a good deal of quaintness in his style, and he is an adept at banter. Whether this latter characteristic will aid him much in convincing Unitarians of their error may perhaps be doubted; we fear it is likely rather to irritate them. Nevertheless the book may be useful in putting people on their guard against the Unitarian proselytism which is being carried on by means of tracts and other publications designed for popular distribution; and for this reason we can cordially commend it.

THE CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST (First Section). Additional Tunes. Edited by Henry Allon, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

THE CONGREGATIONAL PSALMIST (Third Section). Words of Anthems, &c. Edited by Henry Allon, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

WE presume that most persons specially interested in Congregational psalmody are acquainted with the very superior collection of tunes, chants, &c., edited by Dr. Allon, whose name is a guarantee for music of a high order for Divine worship. He has now provided 149 additional tunes for the "First Section" of this elaborate publication, the demand for which has been created by the supplements to the various hymnals which have of late come into use, and which contain a very large number of hymns "peculiar in metre or in expression," and for which no existing collection of tunes had made

adequate provision. We have examined these "additional tunes" with considerable care, and have been delighted with the skill evinced in their composition and selection. Most of them are real gems of sacred song. They can be purchased in paper covers for eightpence, and in cloth for a shilling. Our friends may also be glad to learn that the "words of anthems, &c.," found in the "Third Section" of the "Congregational Psalmist" can be had for twopence.

HOURS WITH THE BIBLE. By Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Hodder & Stoughton.

WE are happy to call the attention of our readers to Dr. Geikie's fifth volume of "Hours with the Bible," in which he fully sustains his high reputation as a safe interpreter and as a graphic re-writer of Old Testament history read "in the light of modern discovery and knowledge." The volume before us ranges over a period of about 100 years, from the close of the reign of Hezekiah to the eve of the conquest of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. The narrative is a thrilling one. All the prophets of the period and their teachings pass in review, and the whole course of events seems to move forward as before our very eyes. Such works as these, the fruit of diligent and reverential study and of untiring research, are of priceless service to mankind; and in the production of them Dr. Geikie has laid his generation and, probably, generations which shall follow, under an immense debt of gratitude.

PULPIT PRAYERS. By Eminent Preachers. Hodder & Stoughton.

A GOODLY-LOOKING volume, the third of the series entitled "The Clerical Library." Whether prayers for the pulpit should, as a rule, be composed beforehand, as sermons mostly are, and as these prayers generally appear to have been, we cannot now discuss. We do not know whether the practice is commonly adopted or not; but we have a strong feeling against it, though it might be difficult to express that feeling in a verbal and logical form which would not be open to a fair reply. It seems to us, however, that addresses to God should spring spontaneously from the soul at the moment of utterance. We do not mean that a preacher should not previously and prayerfully reflect upon what he knows, or may naturally judge, to be those needs of his people which should find vent in his public devotions as their accepted representative and mouthpiece. A minister cannot pray intelligently with his people without such reflection. But this is a different thing from that verbal preparation of "Pulpit Prayers," which it appears to be the design of this volume to assist. Either such prepared prayers must be read or spoken from memory; and in either case it seems to us that the heart cannot be sufficiently free before God, and the addresses to Him must become too formal and cold.

Who the "Eminent Preachers" represented in this volume are, we do not know. We have no clue to their names. There are altogether 102 prayers, which appear to have been obtained, in unequal numbers, from different sources. Sometimes we have fancied that we could detect the manner of Henry Ward Beecher, sometimes that

of Dr. Parker ; but the surmise may be wrong. Now and then we notice too much of what we should describe as *orating* to God. Nevertheless, many of the prayers are sufficiently simple, humble, and reverential ; and, rising from the heart, we should think they must carry a truly worshipping congregation along with them.

PHRASES OF CHRISTIAN TRUTH : Sermons by A. J. Parry. Second Edition. London : Alexander and Shephard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn. 1883.

THE first edition of Mr. Parry's sermons was published by subscription, but now appeals to a wider circle. It is a volume which will be received by readers of this magazine with feelings of sincere and profound delight. We have long known Mr. Parry as an able, earnest, and persuasive preacher, thoroughly attached to the old Gospel, but capable of expressing its truths in forms tersely adapted to the needs of our own day. The majority of the sermons here published were delivered apparently in the ordinary course of the writer's ministry, and deal with questions of primary moment in Christian life and work. Others of them were delivered on public occasions to the students of some of our colleges and the associations of churches. The titles of several of the discourses will indicate the general character of the work—"Paul, the Model Minister," "Christianity a Spirit"—"The Diffusive Power of the Gospel"—"The Gospel Ministry : its Effects, its Motive Powers," &c.—"The New Covenant"—"The Sympathetic Saviour"—"The Christian Temple"—"Regeneration," &c. Though the sermons are not all of equal merit, they

are all good—vigorous in thought, graceful in style, and rich in illustration. Mr. Parry has the Welsh fervour in its purest and most effective form. His spirit is as reverent as his thoughts are fresh and telling, and it is evident, from the first page to the last of his volume, that he has gained efficiency in the pulpit by much hard and honest work in the study, inspired and sustained by living communion with the Christ whom it is his delight to make known.

MESSENGERS OF TRUTH. By Faith Chilton.

THE RED FLAG ; or, Danger on the Line. By Elys.

TRAPS. By Elys.

National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

"MESSENGERS of Truth" is an interesting, effective, and useful story, presented under a thin veil of allegory. "Temperance," accompanied by her brother "Courage," and her two sisters, "Hope" and "Love," visit the village of "Stained-Beauty," and succeed in reforming not a few of its inhabitants to sobriety and godliness. "The Red Flag" and "Traps" are two short, taking stories (the former also allegorical), which may be read in a quarter of an hour, and both of which will be helpful in the same great cause of Temperance. In "The Red Flag," intoxicating drink is likened to a train starting at "Little Drop Station," and passing on through "Moderation Station," "Too Much Station," "Intoxication Station," and reaching its terminus at "The Drunkard's Grave." We like the story entitled "Traps" even more than either of the others.

FIRST STEPS TO TEMPERANCE. For Young Children in Schools, Families, or Bands of Hope. By the Author of "Miss Margaret's Stories," &c., &c.

PRESERVE THE CHILDREN. By the Rev. Charles Garrett (President of the Wesleyan Conference). National Temperance Publication Depot.

"PRESERVE THE CHILDREN" is the address delivered by Mr. Garrett at the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union's Annual Meeting in Exeter Hall last May. On temperance questions Mr. Garrett speaks with extraordinary force, and never misses his aim. This is one of his best addresses. "First Steps to Temperance" reveals its purpose in its title, and is well calculated to attain it.

BAPTIST WORTHIES. No. 4. Andrew Fuller. By William Landels, D.D. Baptist Tract and Book Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

No. 3 of this series, "John Bunyan," has not reached us. Perhaps we may have the pleasure of finding it in our next parcel. Dr. Landels has written of Andrew Fuller with the sympathy and admiration combined with the theological discrimination which might have been expected of him. The fact that Dr. Landels does not accept the whole of Fuller's theology, does not prevent him from appreciating the immense theological reform which that great man effected; while, for his intellectual powers, character, and vast and varied work, our brother has nothing but hearty and respectful praise.

Children.

A DREARY place would be this earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it;

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands, on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our loving lips the sweet words lending.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1883.

The Late Rev. Samuel Green.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.



ONE of the oldest ministers of our denomination has passed away. On the 25th of May last, the Rev. Samuel Green, "late of Walworth," as his contemporaries would style him to the end, laid down the burden of life, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

Mr. Green, born October 12th, 1796, was the second son of Samuel Green, of Nuneaton, then a non-commissioned officer in the Warwickshire Militia, a sturdy Christian soldier. The wife, in the language of her son, was distinguished for "her deep piety, her affectionate disposition, and her sound sense." In the troublous times at the close of the last century the Militia had been called to active duty to guard our coasts. It was at Liverpool that, through the teaching of the Rev. Samuel Medley, Samuel Green the elder was led to embrace Baptist views. At Folkestone, some time afterwards, he was baptized. Soon he began to exercise his gifts in speaking at soldiers' prayer-meetings conducted by a pious sergeant. At Norwich, where the company was subsequently stationed, this sergeant had engaged to visit East Dereham to conduct the Sunday's services for an invalided pastor, but was prevented from some cause. The Rev. Mark Wilks, to whom Mr. Green had already become known, met him in the street and suddenly accosted him: "Corporal Green, you must go and preach at Dereham." He consented, applied for leave of absence, and went. The novelty of a preaching soldier drew a large crowd, but deeper feelings than mere

curiosity were stirred. The result was that on the pastor's decease the corporal was invited to the vacant post. His discharge was obtained, though not without difficulty, as war seemed imminent, and steady, God-fearing soldiers were scarce. Mr. Green brought his young wife from Nuneaton, their native place, to Dereham, with two children, Samuel being the younger. At the time of his father's removal to Dereham he was about a year old. His mother was soon taken by death from the little family, after the birth of a third child; and the training of the children fell to a stepmother, whose gentleness served to counterbalance the sterner character of the father. Life at Dereham was at first a hard struggle for all. The minister's stipend was fixed at £20 per annum, and he had to add to his resources by school-keeping. After a while the school greatly prospered, the family became easier in circumstances, and the sons were enabled to obtain without cost or difficulty the rudiments of a good education.

Samuel, especially, soon developed an ardent love of knowledge, combined with a strong and energetic nature which rendered him impatient of restraint; and, with like-minded youthful associates, he seemed for a while to be proof against religious impression. At this crisis he was removed from home to learn the business of cabinet-making, in which, as home-made study tables and book-cases with many an ingenious contrivance afterwards proved, the youth became no mean proficient. His spiritual history may best be told in his own words, spoken at his ordination some years afterwards:—

"Carefully educated in the principles of the Christian religion beneath the paternal roof, I very early imbibed those sentiments of respect and esteem for the people of God which ultimately induced me to cast in my lot amongst them. But the example of evil associates in a great measure stifled these sentiments, and, my own depraved inclination hurrying me forward in a sinful career, almost all hope of their re-appearance and good effect was extinguished; till, in the course of Divine Providence, I was removed to a distance from home. Here Christian friends, concerned for my best interests, kindly watched over my progress, kept me as much as possible from the way of sinners, and frequently made such appeals to my conscience as renewed and strengthened the impressions I had formerly received. The smothered flame, having acquired unconquerable power, burst forth with fresh ardour, and, while I was constrained to acknowledge myself vile, I felt that saints were truly the excellent of the earth, and wished myself like them. The ministry of my highly esteemed friend, the Rev. J. Abbott, of Wymondham, in Norfolk, was instrumental in deepening my conviction of personal guilt, and leading me to Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners, whom I began to feel precious as a Deliverer from ruin about the middle of 1814. In September

of the same year I joined the Baptist church at East Dereham, under the pastoral care of my father, by whom I was sent out to preach in the villages in the neighbourhood."

The Rev. Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich, was attracted by the zeal and intelligence of the young disciple, and gave him lessons in the original languages of Scripture and in theology. A happy preparatory time of training was thus spent, vividly recalled last summer, when Mr. Green, re-visiting East Dereham after an absence of many years, preached what proved to be his last sermon, from 1 John i. 3, where his first juvenile attempts had been made nearly seventy years before.

In January, 1816, having been solemnly called by the church to the ministry, he was admitted to Stepney College, then under the presidency of Dr. Newman, with Mr. Solomon Young, and afterwards Dr. F. A. Cox, as tutor. Here he spent nearly four years of studious activity, having brought with him to the college, thanks to his father and to Mr. Kinghorn, so good a stock of knowledge, and being, withal, so grave and serious, that his fellow-students were wont to call him "the Doctor." He gained the esteem of all, and the life-long friendship of some who have all preceded him to the unseen world, one of the most intimate and trusted being the late Samuel Brawn, of Loughton.

In October, 1819, Mr. Green was invited to visit Falmouth, to supply the church left vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Richard Pryce, and, after what appears to us a long probation, was unanimously called to the pastoral office in the January following. His ordination took place May 17th, 1820; so that at the time of his death he had just completed his sixty-third year of official connection with our denomination as one of its ministers. His stay at Falmouth was memorable for the beginning of the long and endeared friendship with Rev. F. (now Dr.) Trestrail, Mr. Green's own "son in the faith."

In March, 1822, Mr. Green was married to Miss Eliza Lepard, with whom he had a happy union of more than fifty-seven years. She died Christmas, 1879.

Difficulties arose at Falmouth, chiefly from his state of health, which rendered it impossible for the pastor to perform the full duty required of him, including the crossing of the wide Falmouth Harbour to a service at Flushing on Sunday afternoons. He resigned early in

1824, and removed for a time to Faringdon, in Berkshire, a settlement avowedly only temporary, and about the beginning of 1825 he accepted the call to the oversight of a church at Thrapstone, in Northamptonshire. That church, though connected with the Baptist denomination by its ministry, was constituted on the Union principle—all who gave evidence of loving the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity being equally eligible to membership. Few churches had then attained to this catholicity—it was after Mr. Green's own heart; and the little church at Thrapstone, at this time and long afterwards, occupied a very leading position in the county through the intelligence and energy of its members. To this influence its minister contributed. He was indefatigable as preacher and pastor; continually taking long walks into neighbouring villages, holding constant services in the week, preaching three times every Sunday, and during part of his residence at Thrapstone conducting the education of his three elder sons with that of some half-dozen boarders. During part of this time his constitution was apparently very frail, and once his hold on life seemed nearly gone—so nearly, indeed, that lying on his bed in the pastor's house adjoining the chapel, one sultry summer's evening, with all the windows open, he heard, with some amazement, though with no dismay, an exhortation to his people as to their conduct in the approaching event of their pastor's decease! But he rallied again and became strong. As an adviser he was in constant request, from his sagacity and disinterestedness; in public affairs, when occasion seemed to call, he took a lively interest. He believed in Christianity as a great power for the reform of society, and in the church as God's witness for truth, justice, and freedom in every department of human thought and action. Hence he did not shrink from politics—sometimes taking an active part; especially in the stirring elections that preceded and that followed the passing of the first Reform Bill; but it was into the great anti-slavery agitation that he threw all the fervour and power of his soul. At the same time, he was pre-eminently the preacher of the Gospel—intensely Evangelical and orthodox in the moderate Calvinistic sense, when such orthodoxy was more difficult to maintain than now. The influence of the late Andrew Fuller was naturally felt very strongly in his own county, and Thrapstone is but nine or ten miles from Kettering. Yet on many sides it provoked a bitter antagonism, and those ministers did a great work for their generation who kept alive the memory of the

great theologian, and in the face of an often obtrusive and intolerant hyper-Calvinism proclaimed the Gospel as "worthy of all acceptance." Among this band of Evangelical yet liberal teachers of the churches my father held not the least distinguished place.

The call to higher service seemed to come in the year 1834, when the church at Lion Street, Walworth—in the declining health of its pastor, Rev. John Chin—was looking for an associate and successor. At Mr. Chin's earnest request, Mr. Green was sent for, and, after spending some Sundays at Walworth, was elected to the co-pastorate. His designation took place October 22, 1834. It is affecting to read the names of the ministers who came together to welcome their brother to the metropolis. There was Dr. Newman, now venerable with age, his old tutor at Stepney; George Clayton, his neighbour at Walworth; Dr. Cox, Dr. Hoby, Eustace Carey, William Groser, with Messrs. Pritchard, Steane, Cramp, Dyer, Stevenson, and others—all gone before, save one, perhaps the youngest then of the group, Rev. Charles Room, who still survives in an honoured old age.

Mr. Green's ministry at Lion Street was undoubtedly the most fruitful part of his career. Yet it had its grave difficulties. He had come to a Strict Communion Baptist church, imbued with the teachings of a theology less liberal than his own. There were even those at the outset who objected to anything like a general call to sinners to repent and believe. But these, as was natural, soon sought more congenial teachings elsewhere. The throwing open of the Lord's table, not perhaps directly the work of the pastor, but the inevitable result of a ministry like his, could not but be a painful shock to some who adhered conscientiously to the old usage, and the church was much tried for a time by criticism and secession. But he held on his way amid much sympathy and encouragement from the more thoughtful members of the church. He had noble-hearted deacons to sustain him, among whom the name of the Watsons, father and son, held ever a foremost place in his regard; and he attracted to himself a number of young men on whom, not in vain, he impressed the grand lessons of sincerity, simplicity, and faithfulness. He had no art to attract save by the power and majesty of the truth itself, nor did he ever make the attempt. The men in whose minds and hearts he found a true response to his teachings gratefully own an influence that has made them strong for life, giving them clear discernment of the truth,

and fearlessness in maintaining it, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. Mr. Green never had the gifts that attract the crowd, but maintained throughout his ministry a uniform course of steady, wise Scriptural instruction, combined with the steadfast and energetic maintenance of high principle in every department, social, political, and religious. Strong convictions, clear judgment, and resolute will combined to render him strenuous and uncompromising in all that he believed to involve the principles of justice, truth, and freedom. He was outspoken, perhaps to a fault: if a thing was true, why should it not be said? if right, why should it not be done? Mere policy was abhorrent to him, whether in church life or in politics; and those who have to allow for the cross-currents of feeling, and the subtle play of motives that influence men in practical matters, would occasionally think him too straightforward and direct. Some deemed him stern and harsh—a great mistake. Few natures could be more deeply, tenderly sympathetic, as was proved in those rare outbursts of feeling which broke through the veil of habitual reserve, as well as by many an act of brotherly help, known to few or none but the recipients. As a teacher of Scriptural truth, interpreted according to the methods of Evangelical theology, with a hearty adoption of what is known as “moderate Calvinism,” he was greatly helpful in shaping the best thoughts of many, especially among the young; and there are elderly men scattered almost all over the world who look back to the Sundays at Lion Street as the time when their convictions of truth became clear and deep, and their characters received an impress of manliness and strength, with a hatred of all pretence, and a constant sense of the greatness of the spiritual and eternal.

The importance of Sunday-school instruction was appreciated by Mr. Green and his coadjutors at a time when many were indifferent, and when old methods had scarcely begun to be superseded by the results of intelligence and of quickened sympathy. “The schools,” writes one who well knew the facts, “were organised under his ministry into models. His young men were trained to thoughtful and diligent service. The tradition is still sustained; and it is to-day one of the best working churches in South London, holding its own even nearly next door to Mr. Spurgeon’s Tabernacle.”*

* *The Christian Leader*, Glasgow (edited by the Rev. W. H. Wylie), June 7th, 1883.

With so assured a grasp upon the cardinal verities of the Christian faith, it might perhaps be supposed that in Mr. Green's ministry there would be little tolerance for the doubter. And, indeed, he always spoke in the pulpit as one who *believed* with all his heart and soul. He would often say to young students, "Do not *preach* your doubts, even if you cannot resolve them. Tell what you know, and, with regard to the rest, wait for further light." This was his conduct also. So strong, indeed, were his affirmations that many thought him dogmatic; so clear were the outlines of his belief that he often seemed to allow nothing for those gradations by which the sphere of certainty melts into the vaster realm of mystery beyond. Sometimes his manner would overawe young students, especially if he suspected that they were contenting themselves with ill-defined beliefs or in any way fencing with the truth. And yet, where he found honesty and seriousness even in the doubter, his dealings were most considerate and tender. Instances could be given in which those who had been led astray from what he believed to be the truth, and who were disowned or neglected by their brethren of a sounder faith, found in Mr. Green a sympathising friend, staunch to the last, and in some happy instances helpful in leading back to the clearer light. To those, especially, who suffered undeservedly from injustice or misunderstanding he delighted to show himself a faithful friend.

At an early period after entering on the Walworth pastorate, Mr. Green began to employ his pen in the service of Sunday-school teachers and of Biblical students. His first work was the "Biblical and Theological Dictionary," published by Mr. Snow about 1841—a work, at that time, almost alone in the amount of valuable and accurate information that it contained in a small space. "For years," says a writer already quoted, "this Dictionary was the text-book of Sunday-school teachers in England. Nor was it wholly despised by ministers themselves; while elder scholars found it an apt interpreter and illuminator of facts and phrases otherwise only half-understood." Two or three years later, the monthly issue of the *Notes on Scripture Lessons*, by the Sunday-School Union, was set on foot, and it may not be generally known that these were prepared by Mr. Green for more than five-and-twenty years. A small committee of the Union met steadily at an early hour in the morning to revise the lesson with Mr. Green, and many members of this little company from year to year have been heard to speak of the

breakfast meetings thus held as among the most instructive and inspiring of Bible-classes. The result is in the first twenty-five volumes of the *Notes*, presenting a mass of sound exposition and appropriate application such as had never before been prepared for the use of Sunday-school teachers; and, though in later years the work has been carried on by other minds and hands, the series still retains the impress of its earliest writer's knowledge, skill, and devoutness.

In addition to this literary work, Mr. Green still found time for many public duties. For a few years he held the secretaryship of the Baptist Irish Society; he was for some time the secretary of Stepney College, and one of the most constant and efficient—sometimes, we must add, the most dreaded—of its examiners. He also rendered important service for many years on the Baptist Missionary Committee, where his integrity and sound sense, as well as his ardent sympathy with mission work, rendered him a valuable adviser. For several years he had been an honorary member of the Committee, and, as long as strength permitted, he was among its most regular attendants. His attachment to the denomination and its institutions was unabated to the end. No adherent was ever more loyal, though none had less of the spirit of the partisan.

Other societies and popular movements engaged much of his sympathy, and in particular the Anti-State Church Association, now the Liberation Society. He had been a Liberationist from the first. The writer of these lines well remembers how, fifty years ago, soon after the passing of the Reform Bill, Mr. Green prepared a petition to Parliament for the separation of Church and State, and carried it to some of the leading members of the Thrapstone church, being disappointed and dismayed that he could not obtain their signatures. For long years afterwards that petition lay in his desk unsigned, except by himself. It was to be expected, then, that, when the crusade for disestablishment really begun, he should throw himself into it with ardour, often, in its early days, undertaking journeys on its behalf. Against the Corn Laws he had protested when pastor of a country congregation, incurring much obloquy from surrounding farmers. Once the word went through the villages round about Thrapstone that Mr. Green had said "wheat ought to be 5s. a bushel!" to the serious detriment of his popularity. Accordingly, he hailed the agitation when, at a much later day, it came within

the range of "practical politics," although he did not take any prominent part in the movement. But it was in the opposition, a little later, to the education clauses of Sir James Graham's Factory Bill that he threw all his ardour, adopting then the theory, from which he never afterwards swerved, that the education of the people lay beyond the proper sphere of Government. Even the Education Bill of 1870 did not in the least shake his conviction upon that point.

In the year 1849 Mr. Green thought it right to retire from the charge of the church at Lion Street. The congregation had never rallied from the shock caused by the secession of those whom the theological and ecclesiastical liberalism of the pastor had driven away, and he had not the popular gifts that could rally a considerable following to an unsavoury bye-street in London. There was also an undoubted distraction in his public engagements and his literary work, interfering with the routine of pastoral duty. The resources of the place declined, and the pastor saw how this fact affected the deacons. To the intense grief of the few, therefore, and yet with the sad acquiescence of the church in general, he gave in his resignation, removing in the year following to the North of London, where, for a time, he ministered, as the coadjutor of the Rev. J. Cox, to the church in Wellington Road, Shacklewell. This arrangement, however, was but temporary, and about the year 1854 Mr. Green retired finally from pastoral work. He was still busy with his pen in the service of Sunday-school teachers. About this time, also, he wrote "*The Domestic Worshipper*," which has been greatly prized by many as a manual of family prayer. He continued to preach occasionally, especially to weak churches and for his poorer brethren ; but he felt—often with a sorrow that his strong, yet sensitive, nature mostly endured in silence, but could not wholly conceal—that the work to which he had consecrated his life, and which he still ardently loved, was not for him. Those who knew him best marvelled most at the fortitude with which, for weary years, he endured this great trial, as well as at the frank and ungrudging sympathy with which he still rejoiced in the success of his brethren. If he complained, it was only to his God ; no word of bitterness or murmuring seemed ever to escape him. If he was not wanted in one post of service, there were others ; and he was prepared to be and to do what God might appoint. The position was, in many respects, a hard one. Life was more of a

struggle to him than many suspected, and the secular employments to which he was fain to betake himself were, to a great extent, disappointing. Still, he was brave and hopeful, sustained as he was by the sympathy and help of his devoted wife, by the loyalty and generous care of many friends, and by the filial attachment of those who, knowing him best, honoured him most. In 1855 the family had removed to Hammersmith, and there Mr. Green spent the long evening of his life in comparative retirement. Associating himself with the church under the pastoral care successively of Dr. Leechman, of the Rev. Philip Bailhache, and of the Rev. W. Page, he rendered effectual service for many years as one of its deacons and as the treasurer of its missionary fund. In the public institutions of the Baptist denomination his interest was undiminished to the last; and at all public gatherings his venerable presence was familiar.

The last institution of our body with which he was connected was the Society for the Education of Ministers' Children, of which he was for many years the secretary, and which, on his retirement, was merged in the Baptist Union. When he resigned this charge he felt that his work was truly done. Yet, though he had long passed fourscore years, his mental faculties remained clear and bright. His interest in current events seemed undiminished; the great movements in the political and ecclesiastical world, so far as these seemed to involve the principles of righteousness and freedom, were eagerly discussed by him. Few who heard the public prayers offered by him at this period of his life—notably at the Sunday-school Centenary, once or twice at the annual Mission prayer-meeting, and at the gatherings of the London Baptist Association—will forget their pathetic simplicity and fervour. The aged saint was ready for his home above. Yet he could calmly wait God's time, and death to him was no more than the passing from one habitation to another. It needed no special preparation; he was always ready.

It was on the 1st of May in this year that, through the immediate effect of some sudden chill, he was laid upon his death-bed. For more than three weeks he lingered, clear in thought, and occasional utterance to the very last. Without disease, but from old age alone, he died, in the grand Bible phrase, "full of days." Tended by watchful affection, calm and restful, with no anxiety for his own future, but much loving thought of those whom he was to leave behind, and an interest manifested to the last day of life in the Church and its

Missions, he passed away, "looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life."

He died on the 25th May, aged eighty-six years and seven months. At the funeral solemnity many friends spontaneously gathered, to show their esteem and affection. An appropriate and beautiful address, which we are glad to give in these pages, was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Sydenham.

Five of Mr. Green's children survive, three sons and two daughters, with many grand-children and great-grand-children. His eldest son and his eldest grandson, both of whom bear his name of Samuel, are in the ministry; the former being one of the secretaries of the Religious Tract Society, and the latter classical and Hebrew tutor at Regent's Park College.

A Portrait of a Good Man.

*An Address delivered at the Funeral of the late REV. SAMUEL GREEN,
on May 29th.*

BY THE REV. J. W. TODD, D.D.



BELOVED BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,—Once more in our changeful life we are gathered round an open grave to deposit in it the mortal body of one long known amongst us and lovingly revered. The attitude which we occupy, and the event which assembles us in this scene of devotion, cannot but awaken solemn thoughts and stir the deepest feelings of all hearts. A sense of loss is present to us all, and pervades every mind; and the tenderest sympathies of our nature gather round those from whom a father has been taken away. For no matter at what stage "the last enemy" assails and overcomes those who are linked up with us in life—whether in infancy or youth, in the vigour of maturity, or when they have, like our patriarchal friend, become "old men and full of years"—their removal is a wrench to our nature, and mingles its measure of bitterness with the portion of our cup. Hence we find that some of the devoutest, greatest, best of "the sons of God" have bemoaned their dead in most pathetic strain and been blameless; and even the Saviour Himself is found shedding tears of sorrow and of sympathy with those who gathered round "the grave to weep there." In the light of His stainless and matchless life we feel that we are not called on to steel ourselves to the level of

some Spartan or Stoical standard, but are free to indulge emotions of sadness and grief that are as natural and sinless as are the sensitive quiver and anguish of a wounded nerve. For the great and loving God and Father of us all has so fashioned us and fitted us for fellowship, so endowed us with affinities which intertwine themselves around others, and so conditioned us in life, as to challenge the culture of all the tenderest ties that interlace and bind us in friendships and family relations. These cannot be disturbed without discomfort, or disrupted without entailing sore distress. But to those who have in themselves a good hope, and are well assured concerning such as are removed from their sight, the sorrow that is occasioned by their departure, and the sadness that is felt when they are gone, are grandly counteracted; and hearts that are sorely wounded by the strokes of mortality are marvellously "closed and bound up and mollified as with ointment." To the godly who mourn for the good that has been taken away there come thoughts and considerations, like angels, to strengthen them. And concerning our departed friend, around whose remains we are gathered, and whose memory we shall ever fondly cherish, the richest and strongest consolations abound. For his unwonted length of life, and the manner in which he maintained it, furnish the finest illustration of the reality and power of his faith, and finally strengthen our assurance that "an entrance has been ministered unto him abundantly into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

1. Four years before the present century had dawned our friend had begun his course. The second son of a Norfolk minister, long since "passed into the skies," his youthful years were spent amidst the nurturing influences and simple surroundings of a country Christian home. From his earliest days he seems to have manifested no ordinary measure of mental activity and power, together with that physical energy and force of character which combined to mark him out in after-life as a man amongst men. A nature such as his needed special nurture and grace to bring it "under law unto God." Nor was the requisite influence withheld, but given in such measure as to bring his entire being into willing and loving obedience unto Christ. Thus his decision, as well as his open avowal of discipleship, made at an early date, was not—as we can easily understand—the mere outcome of momentary impulse, or the effect of evanescent excitement; for it was not in him to enter upon any course or take any step which did not commend itself to his vigorous understanding, and command the un-

qualified approbation of his judgment and conscience; but, having satisfied himself of the rightness and goodness of any line of action, he entered upon it with alacrity, and prosecuted it "without wavering" or "shadow of turning." Hence in this spirit—which enters into the sub-stratum of all strong characters—and having given himself unto the Lord and then unto His people, our friend felt himself impelled—inwardly constrained by the love of Christ—to consecrate all his powers to "the work of the ministry"—a work which he fondly loved and faithfully prosecuted by the space of considerably more than sixty years, preaching last summer his final sermon in East Dereham—the very place where, nigh seventy years before, he had made his first attempt to unfold "the glorious Gospel of the Blessed God."

2. His preparation for the work of the ministry was conducted by the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn, of Norwich, and, still more comprehensively, by Dr. Newman, in Stepney College, which he entered in 1816. At the end of his fourth year he was called by the Baptist church, Falmouth, where he was ordained on the 17th of May, 1820—making just three-score and three years of ministerial life, including his pastorate at Falmouth, and Thrapston, and Walworth. His work in each of these spheres had its peculiar difficulties—difficulties arising partly from the doctrines held and the discipline or established order of the churches in the days that preceded the powerful influence and writings of Andrew Fuller and Robert Hall. But our friend's wisdom and ability, guided by that Spirit of Light and Life whose aid he ever sought, rendered him equal to the demands of his day, and enabled him to do a work that preserves his memory fresh and fragrant amongst those for whom and their fathers "he spared not himself." It would be presumption in me to speak of his attainments and scholarship. To do so adequately demands equality or superiority. We attempt nothing more than an outline sketch of his activity and varied toil.

3. Having received by inheritance a vigorous mind lodged in a powerfully sound physique, which, by his early self-surrender unto God, had been "preserved in sanctification and honour," he was made for energetic action and untiring effort—eminently fitted to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Nor did he lean upon the accidents of birth or native endowment, but assiduously cultivated his powers, widened his range of knowledge by "giving attendance unto reading," and fully equipped himself for the demands of his mission in "the ministry of the Word." Hence the marked and

memorable style of his pulpit efforts, and the impulse which he quickened in minds of more than common power.

4. Had his grasp of thought been less strong and himself content with a more superficial search into the subjects which he sought to illustrate and apply, his pulpit ministrations—which were ever of a high order—might have been more popular and secured the sympathies of a larger audience. But to men of thought, intent on getting down beneath the surface and earnestly desirous of reaching the core of God's deep and wide truth, that they might be "rooted and grounded in their faith" and able to "render a reason for their hope," our friend's ministry was felt to be that of "a master in Israel." For he fed them "not with milk," but "with strong meat." Hence the vigorous men that gathered round him and were moulded by him, some of whom have long taken rank with the foremost in our ministry, and others are as standard-bearers amongst us.

5. But the press as well as the pulpit was laid under tribute by the untiring activity and energy of our friend. Long before "Kitto's Encyclopædia," or "Smith's Dictionary," and kindred works had been formulated, "Green's Biblical and Theological Dictionary" was placed in the hands and met the needs of the teachers in our schools and the more thoughtful and active-minded in our churches. His "Weekly Notes on the Scripture Lessons of the Sunday-School Union"—a work which he did single-handed for more than twenty-five years—constitute a series of volumes, a storehouse of thought and knowledge, eminently helpful to the thousands who are the best helps and the hope of our churches. These volumes also serve to mark the ability and industry and sanctified attainments of our sainted friend. By these and kindred productions of his pen "he, being dead, still speaketh."

6. Nor was it in the pulpit or by means of the press alone that he manifested his vigour and made his power felt. In private his guidance and aid were often in demand, and always definite and helpful. In committees connected with our Home and Foreign Missions, as secretary of our London College and Irish Society and education organisation for the benefit of our pastors' children, our friend occupied a foremost place and did important service. He was prominent also in the councils and on the platforms of other and undenominational enterprises which he helped to initiate and establish. My earliest recollections of him enable me to picture him as he stood

forth, in the fullness and maturity of his grand manhood, some forty years since, shoulder to shoulder with men like Charles Stovel and John Burnett, J. H. Hinton and Dr. Thomas Price, J. M. Hare and Dr. Cox—all men of marked fidelity to conscience and mighty in their united force, as they strove, in conjunction of Knibb and Miall and others of their order, to obtain liberty for the slave, political emancipation, with untaxed knowledge and food, for the masses, and religious equality for all. These are questions which have come to the front and found favour in the sight of our rulers since that day. At that date they were frowned upon, or spoken of only “with bated breath.” But they were openly avowed and earnestly advocated by our friend, whose fidelity to truth and leal-hearted love of God ever rendered him a man eminently “strong and of a good courage.”

7. To the eye of a stranger, or to those who saw him only occasionally and at distant dates, his aspect and bearing may have seemed stern and his strength rugged as some granite peak that lifts its head in bold defiance of the lightnings and the tempest. But closer contact cleared away all impressions of cold and hard austerity, and revealed a nature essentially genial and full of the warmest and tenderest sympathy. Firm and unflinching in his grasp of great principles and in his adhesion to all “the cardinal verities of the Christian system,” he was marvellously tolerant of those who honestly differed from him in faith and practice. Accustomed to reason out his own way to logical issues, he clung vigorously to the conclusions which he reached, because they amounted to convictions; but he was ever ready to hear and weigh whatever might be fairly advanced in opposition; and, when he saw or felt its force, and was satisfied as to its soundness, he was frank and manly in his admission of an error or a mistake. For the showy or the pretentious, even when endorsed by a long array of great names, he manifested no regard, and never hesitated to express his aversion and unbelief. But for the real and the right-intentioned he ever cherished and exhibited the warmest sympathy—the sympathy of one who loved the truth and delighted to walk in the light thereof. As with principles so with persons he was wont to deal. For the morally dishonest and tortuous and shuffling he had no mercy, but for such as had fallen in the hour of their sore temptation, or been led astray by some fatal seduction, and sought strength and guidance to get back into their lost path or position, he had and exemplified a compassion that was womanly in its tenderness.

and Christlike in its helpfulness, and told on wounded hearts with wonderfully healing power. In affirming this "I speak that which I know, and testify that which I have seen."

8. A life-course like that of our loved friend—lengthened out to well-nigh fourscore and ten years—could not but bring many a great and sore trial. And he had his, in his family, in his social circle, and in the churches to whom he was called to minister. We have known him in seasons when the weight and pressure of a great burden have bowed him down, and when sorrow of heart has strained and taxed all the forces of his faith and hope—and more than once have we heard from his own lips the tale of trial; but never once have we heard the breathings of doubt or the mutterings or a murmur of distrust. Things that would have disturbed the equanimity of inferior natures left his spirit calm and grandly trustful in the wisdom and love of Him who fixes the bounds of our habitation and assigns us the conditions of our lot. He knew whom he believed—nurtured all his inner nature by daily study of the Word—acted and "endured as seeing Him that is Invisible." And when the Providence of God brought trial or broke in upon him and disturbed his quiet resting-place, he accepted it, not without emotion, but with childlike acquiescence in the appointments of a Higher Will whose wisdom he dared not question and whose matchless love he could not doubt.

9. A life thus lived—in leal-hearted and loving trust—a trust which anchored his soul in all seasons and rendered him steadfast, immovable, and grandly strong in the Lord his God—could not but close in all that Divine calm which comes of "the full assurance of faith." And nothing could surpass the peace which filled the heart and mind of our loved friend when he felt that the time of his departure had come. Mercifully spared all that pain which often comes to terminate a strong man's career, and with no effusive raptures on the one hand or flutterings of fear on the other, he laid him down like a child and "waited patiently for the Lord." To the last, thought and expression continued clear and strong. Full of assurance as to his own safety, he said to his loved and honoured son, "Christ is all my salvation and all my desire;" and, like a patriarch blessing his children, his last words were "Adieu! God be with you." Having thus spoken he sank to rest, as one that is weary and worn falls asleep upon his pillow. "He had fought the good fight; he had kept the faith; he had finished his course, and he was ready to depart." "Mark the

perfect man and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

10. Such a life—so long and busy and full of blessed light at eventide—cannot be looked upon as closed, but must be regarded as continued amid other and happier conditions and in a higher sphere. God, who gave him and kept him and richly consecrated him for His service, has taken him hence, as when a fond mother enfolds her infant in her bosom; and He does not leave us in "ignorance as to them that are asleep." Much is mantled from us, mercifully veiled from our view; but enough is known to sustain our faith and strengthen our hope and stimulate us to become more earnest "followers of all those who, through faith and patience, are now in possession of the promises."

Let us think of our departed friend as set free from all that hampered or hindered him—as no longer seeing through a glass darkly—but enlarged in all his powers, and in fullest and freest fellowship "with the spirits of the just made perfect, with Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and with God the Judge of all." And let us think of him with all his emancipated and grandly ennobled faculties offering uninterrupted adoration and service unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne. Nor can such thoughts of him and his sphere and state fail to bring us solace and strength, stimulus and inspiration. Fellowship with him and others like-minded was pleasant to us here, and in their society our souls have glowed with fervour and gathered fresh strength. If, when we have come into their company, we have caught the spirit of devotion and have been borne on its wings to the confines of a better world, what must it be to enter there and stand associated with that countless multitude who are without fault before the Throne of God! To that let us lift our hearts with ever-growing ardour, and let us be "stedfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord." "Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy—to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, now and ever. Amen."

Christian Fellowship.

BY THE REV. J. BIGWOOD.

CHAPTER I.—ITS NATURE.



BELIEVE in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints." So runs the Creed called the Apostles' Creed, the earliest creed of the Church of Christ possessed by us—a creed of FACTS, not doctrines; a model creed, worthy of the Holy Catholic Church in every age. According to this creed the communion of saints is a fact, as much a fact as the existence of the Holy Ghost or the Holy Catholic Church—a fact which we can neither create nor destroy, although, perhaps, a small proportion only of those who repeat the Creed know what is meant by the communion of saints. This communion of saints is identical with Christian fellowship—that "fellowship in the Gospel" of which Paul speaks in his Epistle to the Philippians, and that "fellowship one with another" mentioned in John's Epistle. It means the close union of the disciples of Christ arising out of their close union with God and Christ—a union everywhere assumed in the New Testament Scriptures, and referred to by Jesus in His memorable prayer, "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us—that they may be one, even as We are one: I in them and Thou in Me—that they may be made perfect in one."

The meaning of the word *κοινωνία*, translated sometimes fellowship and sometimes communion, is participation or partnership. Fellowship and communion are among the English words that have nearly, or quite, lost their original signification, of which *let* (formerly meaning *hinder*), *prevent* (formerly meaning *come before*), and *martyr* (formerly meaning simply *witness*) are illustrations. So the English words fellowship and communion have come to mean intercourse or converse, instead of participation, their original and Scriptural meaning. The kindred word *κοινωνος* signifies partaker or partner—*e.g.*, 2 Pet. i. 4: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious

promises, that by these ye might be *partakers* of the Divine nature ;” and Luke v. 10: “And so was also James and John the sons of Zebedee, which were *partners* with Simon.” The leading idea of the word is “having in common with another”; hence “the common [*κοινος*] salvation”—*i.e.*, the salvation common to all believers. So 2 Cor. vi. 14: “What communion [or, what in common] hath light with darkness?”

The word *κοινωνια* is translated fellowship in the following passages:—

1 Cor. i. 9: “God is faithful by whom ye were called unto the *fellowship* of His Son Jesus Christ our Lord”—*i.e.*, into the participation or possession of Jesus Christ. Reminding us of Heb. iii. 14: “For we are made partakers of Christ.”

2 Cor. viii. 4: “The *fellowship* of the ministering to the saints”—*i.e.*, participation in ministering.

Eph. iii. 9: “And to make all men see what is the *fellowship* of the mystery”—*i.e.*, the joint heirship or participation by the Gentiles of the mystery.

1 John i. 3, 5, 6, 7: “That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have *fellowship* with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all. If we say that we have fellowship with Him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth: But if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another”—*i.e.*, we have participation with the Father and the Son in that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested by the Son (vers. 1, 2). They are life and light, and we are joint partakers with them of the life and light, and walk together, not in darkness, but in light, unless we lie and do not the truth—*i.e.*, if we are Christians.

Κοινωνια is translated communion 2 Cor. xiii. 14; but it has the same meaning: “The *communion* of the Holy Ghost”—*i.e.*, participation or indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

So also 1 Cor. x. 16, 17: “The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the *communion* of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? For we being many are one bread and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread”—*i.e.*, as we are partakers of the one cup and the one loaf, so we all partake of the one blood and body. The Lord's Supper may,

well be called communion, as true Christians therein partake spiritually of the body and blood of Christ.

From these quotations, then, it appears that Christian fellowship, or the communion of saints, is the participation, by Christians, of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; of the body and blood of Christ; of the light and life which are in Christ; that, if Christians, we are crucified and risen with Christ; we have fellowship with Him in His death and resurrection; our life is hid with Christ in God; God, by His Spirit, dwells in us; we partake of all the glories and blessings of Christ's Kingdom, and are raised to sit with Him in the heavenlies in the enjoyment of all spiritual blessings; we are one in the Father and the Son, as the Father is in the Son and the Son in the Father. Such is Christian fellowship as presented in the New Testament.

Out of this fellowship of Christians with God in Christ arises their fellowship with one another. They are joint members of Christ, and therefore members one of another. They have a joint participation of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and also of the Kingdom of heaven. They are **FELLOWS**. They have one body, one spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in them all, even as they are called in one hope of their calling. They constitute a spiritual community in which all are equal, all are one. They have a common, mutual, equal interest in every blessing of the Christian dispensation. They are one body, one family, and are all brethren; one household, at the head of which is Christ; one Kingdom, Christ their King and they His subjects; one city, and all fellow-citizens, with equal rights and immunities. The Church of God is a *real commune*, in which there are common privileges, common inheritances, common hopes, common joys, common duties, in which all are equal and all are one.

Hence the close union of all real Christians. They need not to be exhorted to unity; they are one. United in Christ their Head, they are united to one another. They constitute one body, and therefore are members one of another. They have common aims, desires, and feelings, as well as common possessions, hopes, and joys. They are united in matters of the highest import, which absorb their souls, their affections, and their thoughts; and therefore are bound by the closest ties. They have a common life, hid with Christ in God, and are animated by one Spirit, who dwells in them. Hence of necessity they

have common sympathies and fellow-feeling, and are partakers of each other's joys and sorrows.

In accordance with this is the formula of Christian baptism. Christians are commanded by Christ to be baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, or into the fellowship of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Thus they are furnished with everything necessary for their Christian life and godliness, and prepared for their conflicts, trials, and duties in this present evil world. They become partakers of all blessings and joys. They find the Kingdom of heaven to be righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. God is theirs, their Father and their portion. All things with God are theirs. All God's attributes and perfections are virtually theirs. His knowledge, power, and wisdom are in constant exercise for their good, their protection, and their salvation. When heart and flesh fail, God is the strength of their heart and their portion for ever. Christ is theirs, their Friend, their Saviour, their Brother. They are partakers of His grace, His life, His light, His strength; they feed daily on His body, and daily drink His blood, and find them meat indeed, and drink indeed, to their souls. Their Beloved is theirs and they are His, and He is constantly with them, present, though unseen, and in them. He is their Husband, Shepherd, Redeemer, Captain, and King. They partake of Christ, of His Kingdom, and of His glory. They reign with Him, and in Him are kings and priests unto God.

But, further, they are partakers of Christ's spirit, His image, His mind, His temper, His character. Christ is formed in them, and they grow up into Him in all things. This is their perfection, their glory. United with Christ, they delight to do the will of the Father; it is their meat and drink to glorify God. They have the self-sacrifice, the unselfishness, the complete indifference to self, the benevolence, the tenderness, the compassion of Christ—with Him they are crucified to the world and to sin, and with Him they are raised again to newness of life. They have fellowship with Christ in His work and with His sufferings. With Him they share the burden of a ruined world. They look with pity on downcast humanity, sigh for human woes, and travail in birth for men's souls. They have sympathy with Christ in His regard for man, as man, apart from all conventional distinctions; in His tears for a perishing world; and in His sacrifice, even to the death of the Cross, for human redemption. They rejoice in their

sufferings for men, filling up in their flesh what is behind of the afflictions of Christ for His body's sake, which is the Church.

The Holy Spirit is theirs, dwells in them, enlightening them, taking of the things of Christ, and revealing them to them; making them to know all things—*i.e.*, all things about Christ, who is the image of God—so that they need not that any man should teach them; writing God's law in their hearts, and His truth in their inward parts; helping them in all their trials, temptations, and sufferings; sustaining them in tribulation; and making intercession for them amid their groanings, which cannot be uttered; and sealing them unto the day of redemption. All this is involved in Christian fellowship; and if we do not realise, in some degree at least, these blessings our Christianity is simply a name. We are not in fellowship with Christ; we walk in darkness, and know not the truth.

Such, then, is Christian fellowship; such the glorious union with Christ and one another into which Christians are brought. They are joint partakers of God and Christ. They are one, as God and Christ are one. This close union with God, and participation of God, we cannot comprehend. It is high, we cannot attain unto it. That God should enter into such close association with fallen men, and that men should be raised to such glory, seems impossible. Such a revelation of love and glory we can scarcely bear. But it is revealed. This joint fellowship of God and Christ is a fact, if the Bible is true; and, if Christians, we have realised this fellowship. We know that we are the temple of God, and that Christ dwelleth in us except we be reprobates.

"Behold the Man."

LIKE us a man, He trod on earthly soil,
He bore each pang, and strove in weary toil,
He spake with human words, with pity sighed,
Like us He mourned, and feared, and wept, and died.

Yet all Thy fullness, Father, dwelt in Him,
In whom no shadow made the glory dim;
Such strength, O God! from Him to us derive,
And make, by life from Him, our death alive.

JOHN STIRLING.

Personal Reminiscences of Missionary Work in England and Ireland.

BY THE REV. C. KIETLAND.

No. II.



THE unexpected event which postponed our departure for NORWICH was the memorable snow-storm which began on Christmas Eve, 1836. An old newspaper has the following reference to it:—"Of remarkable snowfalls of the present century, the principal were those of the years 1812, 1814, 1820, and 1836. The most violent of these occurred on the 24th and 25th of December, 1836. After it had been snowing heavily for two days, a great gale sprang up, and caused drifts of twenty, thirty, and even fifty feet in depth." London was isolated; communication with the provinces cut off. During several days scarcely a mail coach left St. Martin's-le-Grand. A whole week passed before the roads were opened, and all this time we were prisoners in our lodgings. The first day on which the Norwich coach resumed its journeys we left Somers Town at four in the morning, and the next morning at half-past one we reached the Norfolk Hotel in the old city, after being nearly twenty-four hours on the box, in the teeth of a bitter, pitiless east wind. Let those who grumble at "crawling trains" mark the contrast, and they will cease to contend that "the former days were better than these." There are still some ancient people who heave a sigh over the departed glories of the "road," but let them imagine the England of to-day thrown back on the modes of travelling which prevailed fifty years ago, and they would see how impossible life would be under the new social conditions which have grown up during the last half-century.

Two or three days after we reached NORWICH the frost suddenly broke up, and with the rapid thaw came that great outbreak of influenza which swept like a plague over the land. Scarcely a family escaped; whole households were struck down. In the house in which we lodged every inmate was prostrate, and ours was not an exceptional case. Business was partially suspended: shops un-

opened, shutters not taken down, the postman's knock and the milkman's ring unanswered. Morning, noon, and night such medical men as escaped the epidemic were rushing to and fro, giving such relief as they were able. But the influenza passed away, and, in a week or two, I was well enough to begin my work. The union of all Evangelical bodies in the Mission was an encouraging sign. From clergymen and Nonconformist ministers the new missionary received words of welcome. I began work in the hamlet of Pockthorpe, which was then regarded as one of the most immoral and ignorant quarters of the city and its suburbs. Although NORWICH had thirty-six churches and many Nonconformist places of worship, in Pockthorpe there was neither school, nor church, nor chapel. The newly formed Christian Instruction Society was beginning to penetrate this neglected region. At one end stood the barracks, which helped to lower the moral tone of the locality. The sanitary condition of the place was frightful. There was no system of drainage. The narrow street sloped on each side into the middle, along which ran an open sewer, and into this all the refuse was thrown. It was much the same in some other parts of the city that were selected for missionary work. On the whole, my visits were well received—the meetings for worship and exhortation were numerous attended, and sinners were brought to Christ. The active co-operation of Christian people, and the occasional attendance at the public services of persons in good position, strengthened my hands. In calling to mind the assistance given me by several self-denying ladies, I have often thought of the Apostle's grateful recognition of the services of "those women which laboured with me in the Gospel." With the exception of two, all these excellent women have gone to their rest and reward.

Among the NORWICH weavers, infidelity of a coarse and vulgar type prevailed. This was associated with extreme political opinions, and, in not a few persons, with openly expressed sympathy in favour of violent and revolutionary changes. It was a favourite maxim with these men that "they, who by their labour created the wealth, had the sole right to it." In the back slums of the city there were thousands on whom the churches exerted no influence. They were avowedly "without God," and many gloried in their shame; but, although these men often abused me, not one ever raised a hand against my person.

As an illustration of the callous state of feeling with which a

missionary had to contend, I mention the following fact:—One Sunday afternoon I called to see a man whose wife had died the day before. He was upstairs, and alone with the corpse. While I was talking with him he rose up, saying he had to leave the room, but would return in a few minutes. After waiting a considerable time I went to the door, and found it had been locked on the outside. I was left alone with death! Having opened the window, I explained my position to some persons in the road; the man was searched for, but could not be found. After further delay, a ladder was raised against the window. My mode of escape afforded considerable amusement to the spectators. It was very well understood that the man's object was "to have a spree with the parson."

About that time, NORWICH was visited by a notorious Atheist lecturer, named Richard Carlile. One fine afternoon in the month of August, 1837, he appeared in the spacious Market Place, and, having expounded what he called his system of "Mythological Christianity," publicly challenged a controversy. The Rev. John Green, of Orford Hill Chapel, took up the gauntlet, and, after a few passages of arms, it was arranged that the discussion should be resumed in St. Andrew's Hall. On the evenings of August 24th and 28th, the noble edifice was filled by excited audiences. The attack was opened by the Infidel, but he was soon compelled to act on the defensive. He made a gallant fight, but his opponent carried too many guns. His science—"falsely so called"—utterly failed him. He was driven in succession from every stronghold, and, before the close of the second night's debate, it was felt that Historical Christianity had been triumphantly vindicated by Mr. Green. The question was asked—"What has Evangelical truth gained by this discussion?" The erudition of Mr. Green, his perfect acquaintance with, and masterly handling of, the subject in all its aspects, the clearness and force of his arguments, and the devout and courteous spirit which pervaded his utterances made a profound impression on all thoughtful minds. The study of the Christian evidences was taken up with new zeal, and not a few young men were confirmed in their belief of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

I may here mention a very remarkable escape which my wife and child had during our stay in NORWICH. The mother, with the child in her arms, was crossing a street, when they were run into by a horse and cart that were going down the hill at a rapid rate. One

wheel struck my wife, and the child was thrown under the horse's feet. Spectators were horrified, and concluded that both were killed. The horse remained quite still, and they were speedily rescued. Strange to say, my wife was able to walk home; and, although the umbrella she held in her hand was trodden into holes, the child escaped with only a slight scratch on one leg from one of the horse's shoes. A few weeks afterwards, our second child was born, but the accident left no unfavourable result behind. At the time it occurred I was visiting more than a mile from the spot, when suddenly the thought flashed on my mind that something had happened to my wife and child. I paused for a moment—a confused image of something (I cannot describe it) passed before me—and I resumed my work. I simply relate the fact.

In closing my NORWICH Reminiscences, it will not be out of place to make a passing allusion to some distinguished persons of world-wide reputation, whose names and works survive them. Joseph John Gurney, and Thomas Fowell Buxton represented a race of Christian philanthropists, that has long since passed away. They were both warm supporters of the City Mission, and their example attracted to it strong sympathy and liberal support. The tall and stately presence of these great men instantly rivetted attention. I knew Mr., afterwards Sir, T. F. Buxton only by sight, but with Mr. Gurney I had the honour of a slight personal acquaintance. He received me in the bank parlour, and the gentle, benignant expression of his face, the interest he expressed in my work, and the few kind and solemn words which he uttered have never been effaced from my mind. He presented me with a copy of his works.

Mrs. Amelia Opie was then a resident in Norwich. She was the widow of John Opie, R.A., and had gathered some literary laurels by her "Simple Tales," "Tales of Real Life," "Tales of the Heart," and other works. One morning I carried a note of introduction to this venerable lady. There was a natural grace and freedom in her manner which soon put me at my ease. Her benevolent face and tall, commanding figure showed to advantage in the plain, antique Quaker dress of the period. Although close upon sixty, she was still handsome. After making sundry inquiries, religious and otherwise, concerning the condition of the people among whom I laboured, she extended her hand, and dismissed me with the Friends' benediction—"Fare thee well."

As I look across the wide interval of nearly half a century, I think of good men who at that time were a power in the city. The familiar forms of John Alexander, William Brock, James Puntis, John Green, with others of less note though not less worthy, come back like a pleasant dream of the past; but not one of them is left to recall the exciting memories of those days. The stately columns are broken, the tuneful harps are silent, the labourers have all "entered into rest," "and their works do follow them."

I remained in NORWICH till the mission staff had increased from one to six, when I accepted an invitation from the BAPTIST HOME MISSION to labour in a distant part of the country.

Impressions of a German Lutheran Clergyman in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

[The following article is translated from a work entitled "Englische Bilder in deutscher Beleuchtung" ("English Pictures in a German Light"), by Pastor Funcke, of Bremen—a well-known clergyman and author who visited England last summer.]



"HAVE you heard Spurgeon yet?" "Of course you will hear Spurgeon?" "You must certainly hear Spurgeon." "You may think yourself lucky: he is just returned from Scotland—you will find him quite fresh."

Such words came to my ears even during the first days of my stay in London; and such exclamations, inquiries, and recommendations were by no means only made by earnest Christians, but also by persons who were quite strangers to religious life. Mr. Spurgeon is everywhere a "phenomenon," of whom every intelligent being must take due notice. In London everything is gigantic. In the largest city in the world, every possible thing is on the largest scale—larger than can be found anywhere else. Art collections and beer breweries; transactions on the Exchange, and trade in the fish market; the greatest riches in their proudest splendour, and the most unspeakable, almost incredible, misery, close together—everything

here seems more enormous than elsewhere. London is a compendium of the world ; all forces and influences pulsating throughout the human race meet here, and are moulded into strange shapes. Also sin and vice of every kind are found here in horrible and monstrous forms. But we may say, also, of the Christian agencies and preparations for combating evil and spreading the Gospel, that nowhere on earth are they so grand as here. One needs only to pay a visit to the gigantic houses of the Bible Society, the Tract Society, and the London City Mission in order to understand this.

But in London, also, is found that preacher of the Gospel who has now through a long line of years preached, Sunday after Sunday, to the largest congregation that meets regularly anywhere, and which shows no perceptible diminution. As Mr. Spurgeon speaks every Sunday morning and evening to 6,000 or 7,000 souls ; and, as he does not preach only on Sunday, but, as a rule, 250 times in a year, it will be no exaggeration to say that (reckoning by single heads) he proclaims the Gospel in the course of a year to a million and a-half. Well, be it one million or be it two, at all events it seemed to me right and important to see and hear that man who, so far at any rate as the number of his hearers is concerned, has no equal on earth.

So I made up my mind, and, on a beautiful August Sunday morning, I found myself on my journey to Mr. Spurgeon. For a journey it really is from Bromley, where I was staying, to the Tabernacle. I had to resolve, as it were, to break the English Sunday in order to celebrate an English Sunday ! At the railway station there was death-like stillness ; scarcely six persons got into the train. The good-natured railway porter, who already knew me, and always took a fatherly care of the foreigner, looked inquiringly, and almost with pity, on the German pastor. I was not too proud to explain to this man why I used the train on Sunday, as I would not offend his sense of right. Even the English locomotive, usually so rapid, seemed not to like to strain its lungs to-day. At length we reached London Bridge ; but whereas our journey, according to the time-table, ought to take twenty-five minutes, we were just as many minutes too late. At eleven o'clock I left the train, and I knew that at eleven o'clock service began at the Tabernacle, which was about twenty minutes' distance. I took the only hansom which was expecting fares to-day. I only needed to say "To Spurgeon ;" the noble charioteer winked at me intelligently, and, quick as an arrow,

the vehicle shot to the Tabernacle, which lies in the southern part of London not far from the Thames.

There we were at last ! A large stone building, somewhat like a theatre, without a tower, but with a pillared portico, was before me. It is built of stone and iron ; and a slight idea of its size may be formed when I tell that it cost £30,000, and that not a penny has been "wasted" in artistic decoration. £30,000, it is true, is a considerable sum, but it was brought together in a very short time by voluntary gifts.

The sound of mighty singing met me ; but, alas ! there stood hundreds of people who had come, like myself, too late, and, as it seemed, were asking in vain for admission. I knew already that hundreds and even thousands of people are frequently obliged to go away because there is no room ; and I felt very sad at the thought of having lost my quiet Sunday, and yet not finding Mr. Spurgeon. There stood near me a gentleman with a very kind face, and, with such miserable English as was at my command, I told him my trouble. He understood me, but shrugged his shoulders. However, when I said I was a clergyman from Germany, the scene was at once altered. In England it is still a recommendation for an educated man if he is able to introduce himself as a clergyman, and in more than one case I obtained respectful assistance because I was a pastor. I was once with a friend in the East End of London, and wanted, among other things, to have a look at one of those shameful places which are called opium-taverns, compared with which the lowest gin-shops are admirable institutions. We went to the police-station and inquired. The inspector told us it was too dangerous to go there, as the neighbourhood was swarming with the worst roughs. However, upon my telling him I was a clergyman, he at once, with the utmost readiness, gave us a gigantic policeman to be at once our guide and our protector. In Germany things are different. There, numbers of people, and that by no means only among the Socialists, but also among the upper classes, consider "pastors" the most superfluous pieces of furniture in the universe, as idlers who steal the time God has given us, and who cost a lot of money which could be much better employed in making roads, and so on. How often I have read in black and white that it was a great pity for *me* to have become a pastor, just as if in this calling a man got spoiled and every mental power wasted. It is true one might mention a number of Evangelical German clergy-

men whose names shine brightly side by side with the best names of the nation, and who have started numberless works of Christian love, without which the world would hold no longer together. It can also be proved that from our pastors' houses many of the greatest minds of our nation have come forth. But of what use is this? Public opinion is not in our favour. It may be that our clerical pride would grow too rank if we pastors were treated as respectfully in Germany as is the case in England. But I beg pardon for this digression. On that Sunday morning, before Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, it may be well understood how agreeable it was to me that my clerical character had so magic an influence. For the gentleman whom I have mentioned declared at once, "You must and shall get a place, even if nobody else gets one." He inquired whether Mr. Spurgeon had friends in Germany, and was delighted to hear that his writings are translated into German, and very much read. He now spoke for me to one of the elders or pew-openers. The latter was very sorry not to be able to give me a seat, as they were all taken long ago. But he conducted me through a side door to one of the galleries, which rise in terrace form. My standing-place was not far from the platform of the preacher, and, when I sat down on the step behind me, I had also a seat. And to have one was very desirable, as the service lasted an hour and a-half.

There I stood at last in the midst of that vast assembly of which I had so often heard. It is said that six thousand people can sit comfortably in the Tabernacle. If so, there must have been at least seven thousand assembled, for there were many hundreds standing like myself, and hundreds more who had very uncomfortable seats. Thus Mr. Spurgeon could easily believe, what he has frequently remarked in his sermons, that there were still left seven thousand who had not bowed their knees to Baal. It is, indeed, refreshing to a preacher's heart to see so many thousands at once before his eyes; and on the hearers it makes a powerful impression to see so large an assembly gathered together for the worship of God. It thrilled through me when these thousands now rose, and sang a hymn so that the doors and iron pillars of the building seemed to quiver. The fact that the congregation stood contributed, doubtless, not a little to the powerful effect of the singing. I have found this in most English churches, and it is certainly practical to stand while singing; the lungs are then freer. At prayer, they kneel in many English

churches, or they sit with the body bowed forward, covering their eyes with their hands, and there is something to be said both for and against this practice. It is worthy of imitation that Mr. Spurgeon read aloud with great solemnity each verse which was to be sung. Not that the people had no hymn-books: they all had them probably except myself. But possibly some could not read, and, at any rate, all learned what they were singing by the preacher reading the words. They understood and felt the sense before beginning to sing, and thus sang not one word after the other, but in accordance with the spirit of the entire verse, and this gave the singing more warmth than it would otherwise have had.

However, I greatly missed the organ. There is something very bald when no voluntary is played whilst the congregation is gathering, and no after-piece while they are leaving the house of God. The singing was certainly powerful, but the precentor, who stood by the preacher's side, seemed to think it necessary to make up for the want of the organ by loud bellowing. Of course, in this temple of the Baptists, there is no thought of painted windows, altar pictures, or any other decorations. Instead of that, there is to be seen a mighty baptistery (for baptism by immersion), but this, too, was without artistic or symbolical ornament. Everything is arranged with sole regard to the practical requirement that many people may be able to sit and hear. I am glad to remark here that the said baptistery was the only thing that reminded me that I was among the Baptists. No word in the sermon pointed to this fact: it was perfectly catholic and undenominational. The acoustic qualities of the gigantic building are admirable; and we had no impression that the preacher, who spoke from a platform instead of a pulpit, strained himself in order to be understood by the thousands present.

(To be continued.)

ADAMUS EXUL.

SHALL I be glad so many months are done,
And I not fallen yet beneath the sod?—
Ah, not if, while that distance I have run,
Measured that distance has but been from God.

HENRY S. SUTTON.

Evolution.



THE President of the Royal Society took occasion, on the delivery by him of the Rede Lecture last month, in the Cambridge Senate-house, before a crowded audience to dilate in his usual eloquent manner on the evolution of animals as the true theory of the creation of their various forms. He chose for the subject of his remarks the well-known shell of the Nautilus. He traced the animal of the Nautilus from the egg, which contained a small particle "in which resided a potentiality capable of developing itself through the stages he had roughly indicated, until it became not only a machine of the highest order from a physiological point of view, but a very remarkable work of art." He then inquires into the coming into existence of the species, as distinct from the individual, and affirms that the different species had arisen, "in virtue of inherent properties" by "small successive differences." He considers that he proves this by stating that, in the very earliest rocks in which there occur the remains of creatures like the Nautilus, the form is straight (the *Orthoceras*); afterwards, in rocks of a little later date, come the slightly curved form *Cyrtoceras*; the shell began to grow spiral; later still, "the septa (divisions in the shell) began to be 'a little wavy,' and the whirls began to overlap one another, and this process was continued in later forms down to the present day." So that the causes which were at work from the first to form the individual Nautilus, operated to differentiate the species from time to time in a similar manner. This is evolution—the evolution which is to displace creation. Now, waiving the inherent difficulties of the theory which arise from its gratuitous assumptions, I would just point out that the whole fabric has no foundation, for the simple reason that *the same early rocks which exhibit the straight forms also contain the curved ones.* A reference to the most recent general work on the subject—Prof. Alleyne Nicholson's "Ancient Life-History of the Earth," p. 114—will show that, so far from its being the fact that before the Upper Silurian age "there were no Nautili," in the words of Prof. Nicholson, "the Lower Silurian rocks have yielded the remains of many others (Cephalopods) besides *Orthoceras*;" and he

enumerates three other genera with curved or hooked shells, and also "true Nautili, with the spiral shell, closely resembling the existing pearly Nautilus."

I may add that, in the primordial fauna of America, there are registered, on their first appearance, 37 species of *Orthoceras* and 7 of *Cyrtoceras*; and that the whole Silurian system of rocks contains 704 of the former and 317 of the latter (Bigsby's "Thesaurus"), both occupying the ocean at the same time, and keeping wholly distinct, from stage to stage, through countless generations. In the Lower Silurian, according to the same faithful recorder, 36 species of *Cyrtoceras* and 128 of *Orthoceras* subsisted together. Mr. Etheridge, the palæontological chief at the British Museum of Natural History, in his anniversary address as President of the Geological Society in 1881 (p. 65), says:—"Cyrtoceras præcox (a curved form), which occurs at Llanelwedd, is the earliest known Cephalopod in the British rocks," and he adds that the first *Orthoceras* (the straight form) occurs in the beds of Garth—*beds of subsequent date*.

The Jupiter of the Royal Society must certainly have been nodding when he selected the Nautilus as his link in the chain of self-derivative life. If the two forms which he claims as successive actually, as I have shown, started at the same time, and were contemporaneous, then, so far as the chosen illustration is concerned, the argument is naught, and the Rede Lecture a soap-bubble.

S. R. P.

"In Painfulness and Weariness."



THOU who, from my childhood's dawn, hast led my trembling feet,
Hast been my shelter from the storm, my shade in noontide heat,
Still in Thy gentle leading let me ever find repose,
My heart saying ever o'er and o'er, "My Heavenly Father knows"—
Knows all the toils and dangers that beset my path each hour,
Knows when I am most weak and most in fierce temptation's power,
Knows all my joy and sorrow, all my frailty and my sin,
And yet has opened wide His heart, and bade me enter in.
Dark shades are creeping round me now; the light of day is gone;
And the stars are from my vision fading—fading one by one,
Till scarce a single ray is left to cheer the gathering gloom,
And I am faint and weary, and, perchance, yet far from home.
What can I do but trust the word which Thou hast said to me?—
"Fear not, My child, thy Father's grace sufficient is for thee."

I pause a while and meditate upon the changeful past.
 "Experience worketh Hope," whereon no "shame" can e'er be cast.
 Before my eyes the vanished years stand out in clearest view.
 In early youth life's future way shone bright with rosy hue.
 'Twas sweet to pass through spacious fields waving with golden grain,
 To wander o'er the gleaming mead, or down the shady lane,
 To laugh and sing with the glad at heart, to dream of love and peace,
 And have no thought from day to day that such delights could cease.
 But "brightest things are soonest o'er," and those rich, halcyon years
 Went quickly out for sadder times, as April smiles for tears.

I've threaded many a lonely vale ; trod many a sandy plain ;
 Crossed many a treacherous river ; even dared the ocean main ;
 I've shrunk in speechless agony from many a serpent's bite ;
 And many a frowning foe I've met in stern and deadly fight :
 But each new trouble showed me that Thy care was o'er me still,
 And Thy loving covenant-word to me, Thy child, Thou didst fulfil.
 Such memories are mine ; they now afresh within me glow ;
 Safe thus far, sure, with spirit calmed, I onward yet may go.

Sometimes in desert places I have found an Elim sweet
 Where I would fain have stayed to drink and heal my wounded feet ;
 But some fresh call has urged me on to climb the mountain's crest,
 And leave behind the scene of beauty and the place of rest.
 Dejected—loth so soon to quit clear streams and pastures green,
 And take again the pilgrim's staff for paths I had not seen,
 E'en then—with thought of dangers, known or unknown, ever near,
 Bright glimpses through the cloud-rifts have dispelled my rising fear,
 Emboldened me to grapple with the hardships of the way,
 And raised my aspirations high above life's chequered day.
 But best of all my comforts, Lord, Thy hand and voice I own ;
 In dreariest times I've never wandered friendless and alone.
 The darkness and the light, O Lord, are both alike to Thee ;
 And in the darkness and the light Thou'st ever been with me.

So now, though trials still await, I will not be dismayed ;
 Each added trouble, as it comes, will surely be allayed.
 Portentous clouds may gather thick to scare me with their frown :
 But Nature's God and mine will make them pour rich blessings down.
 The way Thou hast marked out for me would not have been my choice,
 And thankless, trustless murmurings have met Thy gentle voice.
 Oft have I searched around to find some easier, brighter road,
 And in my foolish quest have missed some good Thou hadst bestowed.
 But now my chastened heart is fixed to trust Thee evermore,
 To yield to Thy wise leading e'en through trials sad and sore,
 Sure that Thy soothing, succouring grace shall never, never cease
 Till Thou hast placed me in the Heaven of Thy Eternal Peace.

June, 1883.

MARIE WHITSTONE

Reviews.

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES. By the late George Gould. Together with a Memoir by his Son, George P. Gould, M.A. London : Jarrold & Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings.

ALAS ! this volume—for which we have been anxiously looking for a whole month past—reaches us at too late an hour for more than the briefest announcement in our present issue. We have hardly had time to glance over its 432 pages before being required to despatch the last sheets of “copy” to the printers. We have seen enough, however, of those pages to discover that a leisurely and thoughtful perusal of them will in no wise disappoint the high hopes with which we have anticipated their appearance. The volume, which is very tastefully printed and bound, is published at 7s. 6d., and is adorned with two photographs—one of Mr. Gould, and the other of the Pulpit End of St. Mary’s Chapel, Norwich, the scene of his lofty ministry for nearly thirty-three years. A more adequate notice must be reserved for our September number, though our readers should not wait for our more unrestrained words of praise before taking up for themselves the precious legacy from our departed brother which his son, with a well-trained pen and with true filial regard, has made available.

MEMOIR OF SIR CHARLES REED. By his Son, Charles E. B. Reed, M.A., &c.

ESSAYS : I. Classical ; II. Modern. By F. W. H. Myers.

DOCTOR CLAUDIUS : a True Story. By F. Marion Crawford. London : Macmillan & Co. 1883.

WE have classed these volumes together because they form part of the very valuable series which Messrs. Macmillan are now issuing under the title of “The 4s. 6d. Series.” The works thus far published belong to various departments of literature—to history, biography, fiction, and criticism—and are all of the very highest order. The “Memoir of Sir Charles Reed” records the life of a man whom many of us knew well, and whose name was probably familiar to all our readers. The part he played in the formation and progress of the Sunday-School Union would alone have won for him a distinguished place in our esteem. There are few large towns in England where the Sunday-School Union Conferences were not brightened by his genial presence and aided by his judicious counsels. Scarcely less important was the work he accomplished—first as Vice-Chairman, and afterwards as Chairman, of the London School Board. There were points in the education controversy in which we did not agree with him, but it cannot be denied that he contributed very materially to the settlement of some of the most vexed questions which that controversy raised. Sir Charles Reed’s high Christian character and unwearied zeal, his educational and philanthropic labours, his beautiful domestic life, his integrity, his honour and perseverance in his business relations are graphically and sympathetically described, and the result is a memoir

which cannot fail to be stimulating and helpful to all who appreciate moral and spiritual excellence, and desire for themselves and others the attainment of the highest and the best.

Mr. Myers' Essays offer a tempting field for a reviewer, and dispose him more than most books to rebel against the inexorable "limits of our space." They are the most instructive and charming critiques which for a long time past have fallen into our hands. From the first page to the last they are the work of a man who has a true genius for criticism, whose subtilty of insight, many-sided sympathies, and vigour and sincerity of thought, qualify him for the discharge of a task which was never of greater importance than it is to-day. Mr. Myers' style is scarcely less graceful than Mr. Matthew Arnold's, but he has a far greater breadth of thought, and his pages are not disfigured by such expressions of haughty contempt and ignorant self-complacency as abound in those well-known emanations of "sweetness and light." The Classical Essays are on Greek Oracles, Virgil, and Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. These subjects are not, perhaps, for popular reading, and yet Mr. Myers has thrown around them a singular charm. The essay on Greek Oracles tells us substantially all that can be known on a question of first moment both on historical and theological grounds, and offers the best explanation of these strange phenomena which has yet been given. Of Virgil, Mr. Myers is an enthusiastic admirer. He seems to have entered more fully than any other scholar of our age into the innermost heart of the Roman poet, and to have discerned more clearly his peculiar excellences. He brings out with special distinctness the moral and religious aspects of his teaching, and shows how many were the elements which led the patristic writers and the mystics of a later date to recognise in him a kindred spirit. The whole question of Virgil's relation to Christianity, and of the prophetic character of the Fourth Eclogue, is ably dealt with, and Mr. Myers has no difficulty in illustrating his words that "Virgil's poems lie at the watershed of religions. Filled as they are with Roman rites and Roman traditions, they contain also another element, gentler, holier, till then almost unknown. A change has passed over them like the change which passes over a Norwegian midnight when the rose of evening becomes silently the rose of dawn." The Modern Essays embrace such themes as Giuseppe Mazzini, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Ernest Renan, Archbishop Trench's Poema, George Eliot, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Rossetti and the Religion of Beauty. There may perhaps be finer criticisms of George Sand and of Victor Hugo in our language, but, if so, we have not seen them. We are glad that the merits of Archbishop Trench's poetry have been so cordially acknowledged, and indicated with such fine discrimination. It has often been to us a matter of surprise that these profoundly meditative and richly consolatory poems are not more widely known than they are. They contain much of that which is best in Wordsworth, illumined by a brighter and more active Christian faith. The criticism of Renan is, for the most part, philosophically sound, but we have an impression that, if the essay had been written after and not before the appearance of the "Recollections" of Renan's childhood and youth, it would have given a less favourable idea of his personal character. The great Frenchman's vanity and conceit, his effeminacy and sentimentality, his distortion and melodrama, are simply pitiable, and prove

him unfit for the greatest of the tasks he has so audaciously endeavoured to fulfil. The essay on Rossetti admirably avoids "the falsehood of extremes." Nor do we know of a more valid and comprehensive estimate of George Eliot, who was by a long way the greatest of recent novelists. We have space only for one paragraph, which, however, will illumine and interpret much else.

"I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men, the words *God, Immortality, Duty*, pronounced with terrible earnestness how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing Law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned towards me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates. And when we stood at length and parted, amid that columnar circuit of the forest trees, beneath the last twilight of starless skies, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seas and empty halls—on a sanctuary with no Presence to hallow it, and heaven left lonely of a God."

There is an infinite pathos in this loss of Christian faith. Apart from her gloomy Positivism how immeasurably greater would George Eliot have been, and how much more beneficent her work!

To "Doctor Claudius," a book of whose intellectual calibre George Eliot would not have been ashamed, we can devote but a few sentences. It is, in some respects, a more decided and brilliant success than the author's previous volume, "Mr. Isaacs." The characters are vividly drawn, and stand out with bold distinctness. The incidents of the story are skilfully contrived, and never oppress us with a sense of unnaturalness. It is refreshing to come in contact with a man so indifferent to wealth and its immunities as Doctor Claudius. His readings with the Countess Margaret afford scope for subtle literary criticism and masculine philosophical reflection. The writer employs fiction as the instrument of a high moral purpose, and his discussion of the various topics which turn up in conversation is singularly able. Fascinating as is the story in itself, of which it would be unwise to give even an outline, the value of the book lies in its graphic portraiture of character, in its keen psychological analysis, and in its moral suggestiveness. The didactic element is prominent, but is never wearisome. The writer evidently possesses powers of an uncommonly high order, and we shall probably yet receive other and still more gratifying results from them.

ECHOES FROM THE WELSH HILLS; or, Reminiscences of the Preachers and People of Wales. By the Rev. David Davies, Weston-super-Mare. Illustrated by T. H. Thomas, R.C.A. London: Alexander & Shephard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn.

JUST two years ago we noticed, in laudatory terms, a volume of sermons by Mr. Davies, presuming that that volume was his first publication, but hoping that it

would not be his last. Our hope is fulfilled in the singularly interesting volume before us. Mr. Davies displays, to an unusual degree, all the best temperamental, intellectual, and spiritual characteristics of the Welsh mind. His heart is large; his imagination is vivid, vigorous, and refined; his humour is quick, pure, and genial; he can think closely, and can express his thoughts in clear, terse, and impressive language; and his spiritual tone is pervaded by a richly Evangelical faith, hope, and gladness. This new publication is unique. It has a distinct and easily recognisable unity of purpose; yet it is deliciously discursive, and every fresh page leaves in the mind of the reader a thirst for the pages which follow—a thirst, too, which even the latest pages fail to satiate. "These," he says, "are but very few of the many echoes which have reached my ears. This book has been closed, not because the old friends have given up talking in the smithy, or the life of the villagers has ceased to be interesting, but because I dare not allow the work to become more bulky." Probably a book of 460 pages is bulky enough; but we have enjoyed these "Echoes" so much that we should be very grateful for another and equally large collection of a similar kind, and we have no doubt that every reader of the present collection would promptly make the same acknowledgment. Mr. Davies conducts us to a little village, the name of which he does not venture to give, because (he says) it "would be more than a match for any of my English readers to pronounce, and even when pronounced would still remain an inexplicable mystery." But he has described it in such a way as to create in the minds of his English readers a wish to visit it.

"The everlasting hills surround and caress in their mighty yet tender embrace this little hamlet. All round the scores of humble homesteads of which it consists, excepting at one narrow outlet, an amphitheatre of hills rises gracefully towards the sky to catch every gleam of sunshine and every changeful shade of passing clouds. In early summer the slopes are adorned with patches of ripening corn, and with rich pasture land where sheep flock the verdant fields, and where cattle graze the fresh green herbage or browse on the tender shoots of the luxuriant hedgerows. The village reposing peacefully in the hollow seems half asleep to the busy townsman who chances to pass by. The greater part of the small population are at work in the fields, only an occasional house wife on her way to or from the well carrying the pitcher on her head, her hands meanwhile busily engaged in knitting, or an honest peasant taking a horse to the smithy to be shod, or a knot or two of children at play, may, as a rule, be seen during the busy hours of the day, while only the distant low of the cattle on the neighbouring slopes, or the harmonious sounds from the village anvil, break upon the stillness which reigns around. One traces but little of the rush of life in this secluded hamlet, but finds much of its sacred hush. There is here none of the crowding and elbowing which so mar human existence in our large towns, and there is almost as little of that burning enthusiasm which expresses itself often in the more honourable activities of our commercial centres. Here, each one has his niche, and is happy; ambition does not distract, and, as a rule, does not inspire. To one wearied out of all patience with the persistent and almost cruel din of town life, there is something indescribably sweet and soothing in the whole scene. It is such a place as any one longing to go for a short time out of *man's* world into *God's* delights to find. It is one of the many *unknown* Bethanys of earth, a fit resting-place for wearied men, and home of contented ones; where love and simplicity delight to dwell, but where few of the world's ambitions linger."

A few pages farther on we read of the parish church and the public-house.

"For generations the closest relationship continued to exist between these two institutions. The Declaration of Charles the First, further confirmed by the cordial assent and blessing of so pious and distinguished a dignitary as Archbishop Laud, concerning lawful sports to be used on Sundays and upon holy days, was most religiously observed for very many years in this parish by all who attended church, from the parson downward. Thus, as the house of God closed, the other house opposite opened to receive the bulk of the congregation, who, by common consent, looked upon what was to follow as by far the most interesting part of the day's proceedings. To them, tortured as they had been by having to listen to an English clergyman who knew next to nothing of the Welsh language, reading a sermon about which he knew still less, a convivial glass and a spirited game of football were a welcome relief. A good kick was the same in both languages, and few could beat the parson at that."

Two of the village pedagogues—one the successor of the other—figure amusingly before us. The first was a Waterloo hero, and "a soldier every inch." An "old boy" thus describes him :—

"He was a battered fragment of a fine specimen of humanity, a tempest-tossed brother, the greater part of whom consisted of timber, put together and repaired gratuitously by a patriotic carpenter of the neighbourhood. At school the first lesson, as a rule, which he gave to a new boy in mental and moral philosophy was a box in the ears, and, if a boy happened to be rather more earthly than the rest, he was made to stand upon as little of earth as possible—on one leg—thus affording a better opportunity for the upper regions to reflect and consider."

Among other photographs of this redoubtable soldier-pedagogue preserved by Mr. Davies, the one which follows is particularly enjoyable :—

"Never did he appear to such advantage in their [his pupils'] estimation as when teaching them to throw expression into their recitations ; he used to stand erect in the middle of the school-room, his head all but touching the rafters, and, suiting the action to the word, repeated his favourite couplet from 'The Lady of the Lake' :

'Come on, come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'

The boys were lost in admiration. How he brandished his cane and planted his wooden leg upon the stone floor ! They were not at all surprised that Napoleon the Great was beaten on the field of Waterloo by their master and the Duke of Wellington."

His successor, Llewellyn Pugh—eccentric, but a man of considerable information and culture, with a University training for "holy orders"—was a native of the hamlet, and settled down to schoolmaster life in it because he had more of the home-feeling there than he could find anywhere else. His talents had not adequate scope, but he did good work, and was well respected.

"The boys knew he could do magnificent flourishes—not like the old schoolmaster, with the cane in imitation of Fitzjames, but—with his quill. The swans he drew with one flourish of the hand are still shown in old copy-books, and curiosity wonders how many of our schoolmasters could do that to-day.

"One feature of Llewellyn Pugh's instruction, which had a great charm over the boys, was his aptness in teaching what very frequently is the driest study, the memory of which many years after has a strange fustiness about it—viz., mathematics. In his

hand it became quite fascinating. He indulged very freely in experiments. He would, for instance, take a birch-broom, and ask the older scholars, 'Boys, how many cubic inches of wood are there in this broom?' Naturally enough they would suggest that, as there were so many twigs tied together, no one could find the solid measure. To which he would say in a tone of strange misgiving, 'Oh, indeed!' and, having told one of their number to fetch the school-room bucket, place it on the doorstep, and fill it with water, he would quietly dip the top of the broom into the water, and, as quietly taking it up again, would bid them measure the number of cubic inches of water which had been displaced. When this was done, he would add with a nod of triumph, '*That*, then, is the number of cubic inches in the top of the broom; you see, boys, that you must *think* in mathematics.'

The pages from which these extracts are taken are introductory to the "Echoes," to the varied and charming music of which we must leave our readers. The talks of the villagers at the smithy about the characteristic preachers of the Principality, the tit-bits, gems, and larger quotations from their sermons which the many conversations produce from tenacious memories and appreciative hearts, the pictures we have of great field services, and the vivid illustrations supplied to us of almost every phase of Welsh life combine to invest the book with a power of fascination which comparatively few books possess. Not only do we meet afresh with the more celebrated preachers, but we also make the acquaintance of others known well enough and deeply endeared to Wales, but scarcely heard of in England. Amongst these we came unexpectedly, but gladly, upon Mr. Parry, of Swansea, whose "Phases of Christian Truth" received a short but warm-hearted recognition in our last number, and who is thus pleasantly introduced:—

"'Besides,' said John Vaughan, 'those who are partakers of His sorrows are those who shall be partakers of His joys, and those who know "the fellowship of His sufferings" are those who shall "know Him and the power of His resurrection." It was so with the woman of whom Mr. Parry spoke yesterday morning. They who were nearest the cross, and were first at the grave and longest to remain there, were the first to rejoice in a risen Lord.'"

A considerable part of Mr. Parry's sermon is remembered, recited, and chatted over; and, when his "Phases of Christian Truth" came to hand, we were glad to find that same very beautiful sermon included in the volume. It is entitled "Love's Tribute," and is founded upon the first four verses of the sixteenth chapter of Mark's Gospel.

The table of contents will suggest to our readers some idea of the character of these "Echoes," and of the delight with which they are sure to be listened to. It is as follows:—"The Village—The Parish Church—The Village School—The Smithy—Anniversary Services at Horeb—After-meeting at the Smithy—A Talk about Olden Times—The Dawn of the Welsh Reformation—The Rise of Welsh Nonconformity—John Vaughan and his Bible-class—The Great Revival—Mary Jones and her Bible—Hugh Roberts in 'the Cloud'—Some of Caleb's Reminiscences—The Association—A Ministerial Chat—The Harvest Field." Mr. Davies has reprinted the valuable essay contributed many years ago to the *Homilet* by the Rev. Kilsby Jones, "The Characteristics of Welsh Preaching," as the introductory chapter of a considerable Appendix which contains selections from sermons by several of the ablest living Welsh preachers, as well as a few from

those of some of the pulpit celebrities who have passed away. We tender to Mr. Davies our warmest thanks for this exceedingly entertaining and instructive book.

THE PULPIT COMMENTARY. *Jeremiah*. Vol. I. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

IN this volume good scholarship, industrious and careful research, and devout, earnest, and patient study have been lavishly expended on the writings and utterances of "the weeping prophet." It covers the first twenty-nine chapters. We presume the succeeding volume will include the "Lamentations." The specifically expository part of the work has been assigned to the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M.A., Rector of Tendring, and late Fellow of Balliol College, whom we take to be also the author of the eighteen prefatory pages, which contain a condensed account of the life and mission of the prophet, and which deal with sundry other important matters relating to the book which bears his name. Of course Mr. Cheyne has had to face the well-known difficulties connected with the order in which the several prophecies and sets of prophecies have come down to us. He has done so in a spirit as free from the rash criticism which has unhappily become fashionable as could be desired. He considers that "the collection which formed the nucleus of the present book may be conjectured to have been as follows:—Ch. i. 1, 2; i. 4—ix. 22; x. 17—xii. 6; xxv.; xlv. 1—xlix. 33; xxvi.; xxxvi.; xlv." "These," he says, "were, perhaps, the contents of the roll referred to in ch. xxxvi.—if at least, with the great majority of commentators, we give a strict interpretation to ver. 2 of that chapter, in which the command is given to write in the roll 'all the words that I have spoken unto thee . . . from the days of Josiah, even unto this day.'" This lapse of twenty-three years "obviously excludes the possibility," thinks Mr. Cheyne, "of an exact reproduction of the early discourses, even if the main outlines were, by God's blessing upon a tenacious memory, faithfully reported." Mr. Cheyne develops the evidences of the gradual enlargement of the Book under one editorship or another, and concedes that "an important addition in the narrative style has been made to it by one of its editors," the reference here being to the last chapter. This concession—which certainly could not be easily withheld—leads to the further remark that "it is not *a priori* inconceivable that the book should also contain passages in the prophetic style not written by Jeremiah himself. The passages respecting which the greatest doubt exists are ch. x. 1-16 and ch. l., li. (the longest and one of the least original of all the prophecies)." On the first of these two passages, Mr. Cheyne observes:—

"Whoever wrote the prophecy in vers. 1-16 of this chapter, it was not Jeremiah; but, of course, as the passage forms part of a canonical book, its claims to the character of a Scripture remain the same as if it were the work of our prophet. It is obvious at the very outset that it interrupts the connection; vers. 17-25 stand in no relation to vers. 1-16, but attach themselves most naturally to the concluding verses of ch. ix. The author tells us himself, as clearly as he can, that the people whom he addresses are free as yet (or, at any rate, have freed themselves) from the guilt of idolatry, and consequently cannot be the same as those who are so severely chastised for their polytheism in ch. vii. 17, 18, 30, 31. The style, too, is, on the whole, very different

from that of the writer of the preceding chapters (see the details in the introduction to this passage in the Commentary of Naegelsbach). But how can we account for such an insertion? Only by the view already mentioned (supported by a large number of facts throughout the prophetic literature), that the prophecies were edited and here and there supplemented by the 'sons of the prophets' (if the term may be applied in a new sense)—i.e., by persons providentially raised up for this purpose, and endowed at least with a younger son's portion of the prophetic spirit."

It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Cheyne has no disposition to minister to the spirit of "negative criticism." Quoting from a recent work of his own, he observes:—

"The editors of the Scriptures were inspired; there is no maintaining the authority of the Bible without this postulate. True, we must allow a distinction in degrees of inspiration, as the Jewish doctors themselves saw, though it was some time before they clearly formulated their view. I am glad to notice that one so free from the suspicion of rationalism or Romanism as Rudolf Stier adopts the Jewish distinction, remarking that even the lowest grade of inspiration (*b'ruakh hakkōdeah*) remains one of faith's mysteries ('The Prophecies of Isaiah,' ii. 205)."

We must find space for one profoundly interesting paragraph from the Introduction. Mr. Cheyne says:—

"There is yet another important feature for the student to notice in Jeremiah—the diminishing emphasis on the advent of the Messiah—i.e., of the great ideal victorious King, through whom the whole world was to be brought into subjection to Jehovah. Though still found—at the end of a passage on the bad kings Jehoiakim and Jehoiachin (ch. xxxiii. 5), and in the promises given shortly before the fall of Jerusalem (ch. xxx. 9, 21; xxxiii. 15)—the personal Messiah is no longer the centre of prophecy as in Isaiah and Micah. In Zephaniah he is not mentioned at all. It seems as if, in the decline of the State, royalty had ceased to be an adequate symbol for the great Personage to whom all prophecy points. Every one remembers that, in the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah, the great Deliverer is spoken of, not as a King, but as a persuasive Teacher, reviled by his own countrymen, and exposed to suffering and death, but in and through his sufferings atoning for and justifying all those who believed in him. Jeremiah does not allude to this great Servant of Jehovah in words, but his revelation of a new and spiritual covenant requires the prophecy of the Servant for its explanation. How is the law of the Lord to be written in the hearts of a rebellious and depraved humanity? How, except by the atoning death of the humble, but after his death royally exalted, Saviour? Jeremiah prepared the way for the coming of Christ partly by his putting out of sight the too dazzling regal conception which prevented men from realising the deeper evangelical truths summed up in the prophecy of the 'Servant of the Lord.' It ought to be added (and this is another respect in which Jeremiah is a remarkable waymark in the Old Testament dispensation) that he prepared the way of Christ by his own typical life. He stood alone, with few friends and no family joys to console him (ch. xvi. 2). His country was hastening to its ruin, at a crisis which strikingly reminds us of the times of the Saviour. He lifted up a warning voice, but the natural guides of the people drowned it by their blind opposition. In his utter self-abnegation, too, he reminds us of the Lord, in whose human nature a strong feminine element cannot be mistaken. Doubtless he had a less balanced mind, for we are speaking of him in relation to the unique, incomparable One. But there are moments in the life of Jesus when the lyrical

note is as clearly marked as in the utterances of Jeremiah. The prophet weeping over Zion (ch. ix. 1; xiii. 17; xiv. 17) is an adumbration of the sacred tears in Luke xix. 41; and the suggestions of the life of Jeremiah in the great prophetic life of Christ (Isa. liii.) are so distinct as to have induced Saadyah the Jew (tenth century A.D.) and Bunsen the Christian to suppose that the original reference was simply and solely to the prophet. It is strange that the most esteemed Christian writers should have dwelt so little on this typical character of Jeremiah; but it is one proof of the richness of the Old Testament that so striking a type should have been reserved for later and less conventional students."

We have been much interested in Mr. Cheyne's expository suggestions, as also in his frequent modifications of the translation in the A.V.; and we doubt not that he will be found to have contributed to a clearer understanding of the prophet's words. The leading homilies are from the pen of the Rev. W. F. Adeney, M.A., whose work betokens freshness as well as carefulness of thought; whilst a large number of independent homilies—many of which are characterised by great fullness and ability in their treatment of the respective passages—are contributed by the Revs. D. Young, B.A., S. Conway, B.A., J. Waite, B.A., and A. F. Muir, M.A. There are 542 homilies in all. The "Pulpit Commentary" is intended to be a great repository of facts, principles, reasonings, suggestions, and interpretations of Scripture which preachers may be able to turn to a useful account; and we cannot well imagine how any work of the kind could answer its purpose better.

A HANDBOOK OF REVEALED THEOLOGY. By the Rev. John Stock, LL.D. With a Prefatory Recommendation by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Fourth Edition. Sixth Thousand, carefully Revised. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE fact that this work is in its fourth edition and its sixth thousand is ample proof of its popularity. We have not minutely compared the present issue with former ones; but we have no difficulty in taking it for granted that the revision has been followed by improvement where improvement was desirable. Dr. Stock may be implicitly trusted for his "orthodoxy." He is no admirer of "new-fangled notions;" on the contrary, he shares Mr. Spurgeon's aversion to them. There is so much of the old-fashioned soundness in his theology that the great preacher of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was sure to honour it with his unstinted and hearty approval, and his order of five hundred copies for the use of his students at the Pastors' College is characteristic not only of his generosity, but also of his zeal for what he has accepted as the truest doctrinal form of the Christian faith. How far the majority of the younger ministers of our time are prepared to go with Dr. Stock we will not venture to say. Now and then we meet with startling evidences of the fact that some of them are by no means satisfied with the orthodoxy of half a century or even of a quarter of a century ago, and are doing their best to put some other "doxy" in its place. We hope that "negativism" is less prevalent amongst Baptists than we know it to be elsewhere, and shall be glad if, by God's blessing, Dr. Stock and Mr. Spurgeon

together can largely help to keep back the evil thing. We know very well that the science of theology, like all other sciences, is an "open" one; but we are in a poor plight if, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the main principles of the science have yet to be settled and formulated.

GENESIS THE THIRD: HISTORY, NOT FABLE. Being the Merchants' Lecture for March, 1883, delivered at the Weigh House Chapel. By Edward White. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 17, Holborn Viaduct.

THE delivery of these discourses at the Weigh House Chapel just before the final surrender of that venerable building to the railway authorities for demolition invests them with a pathetic interest. The walls of the Weigh House have rung to many a noble and eloquent utterance on behalf of "the faith once delivered to the saints," and it was fitting that the testimony to Christianity to which the beloved old temple has been so long and so honourably consecrated should be closed by such words of weight and power as Mr. White is well able to speak. Scarcely any Christian teacher more eligible in most respects for the delivery of the Merchants' Lecture on this last occasion from so historically sacred a pulpit could have been chosen. We make this statement with a full recognition of the importance which belongs to Mr. White's position as the chief master of that school of thought which teaches that human immortality is dependent upon spiritual union with Christ by faith. We have not been able as yet to assent to those interpretations of Scripture by which that teaching is sustained; and to us its representation of the Gospel amounts to a serious heresy. Nevertheless, we know that Mr. White can say a great deal about the Christian faith which is as true and as momentous to us as it is to him; and, if we were only to give our respect and confidence to theologians with whom we agree on all important points, we are afraid that our fellowship would be reduced to very disheartening proportions. Mr. White is an intelligent, honest, fearless, uncompromising opponent of the rationalistic and latitudinarian ways of thinking which are in vogue; and for his bold championship of faith as against Doubt and Agnosticism we highly and heartily honour him. These four lectures deal with a question about which many vague ideas have all along been floating about in the public mind—*notions* which it was high time for some brave but cautious and discriminative thinker to seize upon, to define, and, we will even say, to explode. Mr. White has performed the task in a truly masterly style. His object is to establish "the historical character of the Mosaic account of the creation, and specially of the fall, of man." The origin of the human race, and its degeneration through the seductions of "the serpent," as set forth in the third chapter of Genesis, is the theme to which the discussion is confined. He opposes the notion in some scientific circles from which Christian faith is excluded, that the narrative in that chapter is "one of many similar fables of the early world—the truth being that there was no first man, and no fall of man, but a gradual rise from the animal level up to humanity, through the ages of an immeasurably distant past." He also opposes the notion in other scientific circles from which Christianity is *not* altogether excluded, that the narrative is "an allegory wholly destitute of historical reality, but setting

forth in pictorial form the early struggles of man with the lower forces of nature, and the ascension of the spirit, through discipline and temptation, to the heights of faith in God." The second of these theories is, of course, by far the less hurtful of the two, inasmuch as it is compatible with the belief that the writer of the narrative was Divinely inspired, and that "the early struggles of man with the lower forces of nature" issued in such a failure on his part as provided full scope for the great plan of Redemption revealed in the Gospel. Mr. White, however, is but little, if at all, more disposed to consider the story as allegorical than he is to reject it as fabulous. He believes that it was intended to be *literally* interpreted, using the term in its ordinary sense, and that, taken as literal history, it is capable of as good a vindication as any other history which has established its claim to public confidence; and we gladly affirm that he has put the argument on his own side, and has met the arguments which are or may be arrayed against it from the opposite side, with extraordinary force. His method is thus stated:—

"Our general object will be to show, first, the place which the narrative of Eden occupies in the Bible; secondly—assuming, on the strength of evidence to be briefly indicated, that nothing is known, on a scientific basis of certainty, to compel disbelief in the recent origin of the existing human race—to show that, when the supernatural history of revelation is taken as a whole, and considered in its organic unity, there is nothing in this early narrative—not even the incident of the Serpent-Tempter—inconsistent with its historic credibility; and, lastly, the object will be to show that this narrative, itself, contains numerous marks of a truly Divine solution of many mysteries of human life, both as to its origin and to its destiny."

In the second lecture, which is one of remarkable power, it is shown, first, that the science which discredits the Edenic story is false, and that true science has nothing to urge which is inconsistent with faith. This part of the author's task is performed with conspicuous ability; but we have been still more impressed by the second half of the lecture, in which the story is vindicated from the charge of "childishness." Mr. White maintains that, so far from being "childish," it "presents a succession of the sublimest ideas of which the human mind is capable. The expression of them," he says, "is indeed *childlike*, in the simplest language, language suitable to the childhood of the world; but there is nothing *childish*, nothing unworthy of the faith of the manliest intelligence, and nothing unworthy of the Infinite Lord of Nature dealing with mankind in its beginnings." This estimate is elaborately justified. We select the points.

"1. Here, then, first of all, we find the sublimest possible conception of man's original. Man is Deiform, the image of the Infinite Being on earth, the direct creation of the Eternal Mind and Will. He is formed of the dust of the ground . . . as the last link in a series of animal lives. . . . But he does not spring from the earth as they did. He is specially fashioned by an Almighty Hand; God is represented as moulding him, working out in living art the eternal idea; and then breathing into him, by direct affluus of Divinity, the breath of life. . . .

"2. An equal splendour and originality characterises the relation of the creation of woman. . . . Man was not 'a beast of the field,' no 'beast's heart was given to him;' therefore no modified anthropoid or simian could serve as his wife. For a modified gorilla, a modified simian would have served well enough. But Adam was of Divine original,

'made in God's image,' and therefore Eve, in her glory and beauty, is the direct work of the Supreme Sculptor, Painter, Poet, and Life-giver; fashioning out of Adam himself the woman who should be one with him in life and love for ever and ever. Here is the strongest possible denial of the bestial origin of humanity. He could not pair with the lower races, for his origin was directly from the sacred fount of Deity. He was 'the Son of God.'

"The building up of the frame of Eve out of materials of bone and flesh taken from the entranced form of Adam is only a specific difference under the general principle that living beings descend from each other, under the plastic agency of God; and in this case the form of the action was specially fitted to lay the foundation of spiritual marriage, the only true human marriage, in the consciousness of their deep unity in Him. It is God who 'joins together' man and woman in a unity which is no mere partnership or trading company with limited liability, but a unity consecrated by the bonds of God's Spirit, and which, therefore, 'no man may put asunder.' . . .

"3. Next, observe that the man and woman thus formed are designed for immortal life. Those who speak so confidently of the absence of the idea of immortality in the Old Testament must have failed to note its earliest pages. So long as Adam abstained from the forbidden tree, he is free to take of the tree of life, the effect of which is to cause him to 'live for ever.' . . .

"4. But if man is not 'a beast of the field,' and if a 'beast's heart is not given him,' neither is he here represented as an automaton. He is free, and is placed at once under the necessity of choosing between good and evil, between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, God and self, in immediate trial. This trial is ultimately to determine whether the higher or the lower nature shall rule, the spiritual nature which unites man with the Infinite God, or the lower nature which unites man only with the creation by the attractions of sense and passion. . . . It was a test which brought out the whole strength of the two counter-attractions by which their being was drawn in two opposite directions—towards God the Infinite, or away from Him. . . . And the lower attraction was supplemented by the permitted assistance of a living tempter, enforcing the seductions of the inanimate object. . . . What is there ridiculous in such a trial! It precisely resembles in its essence the trial to which every man in the world is exposed—the trial of faith and fidelity to God, to right, to duty, as against created forces of seduction."

The third lecture discusses the sentences pronounced on the Man, the Woman, and the Serpent-Tempter. Mr. White finds, or thinks he finds, conditional immortality in the narrative, and takes the "death" appointed as the penalty for disobedience to be nothing less than extinction of being. We have no space for the refutation of this interpretation, and must content ourselves with saying that it is not at all necessary to the completeness of Mr. White's theory of the strictly historical character of the narrative. His observations on the Serpent-Tempter are ingenious and telling, especially those which relate to the curse recorded in the 14th verse of the chapter in question.

"Among the nine orders of reptiles, one order alone—that of Serpents—is, and always has been, through all past ages, wingless, finless, footless. The germs of hinder legs are concealed in some few kinds of serpents, as in the boa-constrictor, enough to show their relationship with the eight other orders of limbed reptiles, which fill up the space between fishes and birds. . . . Would it be irrational to take the words of the Supreme

Judge thus, speaking first to the Serpent, but more profoundly to the evil power which had sunk so low as to employ this reptile form ! ' Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field. Upon thy belly *hast thou gone* from the days of old, the one undeveloped, crawling, limbless reptile among all the kindred orders above thee and beneath thee ! And on thy belly *shalt thou go* all the days of thy life, so long as the world shall last ; no higher development awaits thee, no evolution into a nobler type ; but still carrying the marks, in thy unborn hinder limbs, of a better kinship, thou shalt go on hissing, crawling, poisoning the world, hateful and hated, striking man's heel, yet punished by his enmity, until the time comes when thou shalt be added to the already extinct orders of reptiles, and the " woman's Seed," destined to endless duration, shall bruise thee out of the creation.' "

The last lecture, on the conflict between good and evil, is one of great brilliance ; but we must not attempt an abstract. Leaving out of view the observations which bear upon the meaning to be attached to the terms " life " and " death," we have in these lectures a piece of Scripture exposition in the light of science and of history which is of the highest value, and which ought to silence such random and supercilious words as those which Mr. White quotes at the beginning :—

" If the allegory of Eden is a Divine presentation of certain perennial facts of human nature, which man's conscience attests and man's reason owns at this hour, then Paul's elaborate argumentation with his countrymen will have infinitely better ground to rest upon than if he bases it upon the hypothesis, at which conscience stands aghast, and by which reason is utterly revolted, that, because a miraculously talking reptile persuaded an inconceivably constituted woman to eat an actual apple, men, women, and children, in the nineteenth century, are guilty and accursed in the sight of God."

THE TREASURY : a Companion Tune Book to " Psalms and Hymns for School and Home ; " with Additional Tunes, Chants, &c. Compiled and Edited by Joseph B. Mead. London : Haddon & Co., Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

WE are gratified with the opportunity of adding our hearty commendation of this collection to the one which, if we remember rightly, we read in the *Freeman* a few weeks ago. It contains a large number of good melodies well harmonised for youthful hearts and voices. There are tunes here and there in the volume for which we have no great liking ; but this is no proof of their unfitness for a considerable proportion of the class of singers for whom the selection has been compiled.

Probably no better selection could have been made for the " Psalms and Hymns for School and Home," to which they are intended to be sung. The two volumes should always be found together.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. June. Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street, W.

THE June number of this excellent magazine opens with a brilliant discourse by Dr. Bersier, of Paris, on " The Widow's Mite ; or, the Unreserved Gift." This is followed by seven sermons in outline, more or less full, by various preachers, and by a well-written discourse on " The Ephesian Chancellor ; or, Tumult and Official Calm " (Acts xix.), by the Editor. To the Clerical Symposium—" In what Sense,

and within what Limits, is the Bible to be regarded as the Word of God?" —Dr. Stanley Leathes contributes a lengthy paper which seems to us to place the Divine authority of the Scriptures on the substantially right basis. In the Expository section, Dr. Payne Smith takes Dan. iii. 24-30 ("The Three Jewish Martyrs"); Dr. Dieffenbach, Matt. ix. 35-38, x. 1-10 ("Continuing Christ's Work"); and Dr. W. L. Alexander, Zech. x. ("Israel's Full Salvation"). In the Miscellaneous section, Dr. Rainy concludes his able essay on "Preaching." The magazine retains its freshness and vigour, and preachers are sure to find both pleasure and advantage in the regular perusal of it.

ANIMALS : their Past and Future. By G. H. Pember, M.A. Hodder & Stoughton.

IN this beautifully printed sixpenny pamphlet, Mr. Pember invites us to a study of the animal creation in the light of Scripture teaching. He seems to us to put a too literal meaning into some passages which are usually understood to be strictly poetical; but he shows conclusively enough that animals occupy a much higher place in the plan of creation and of Providence than that which is usually assigned them, and that, therefore, they claim a much kindlier consideration from man than that which they commonly receive. His remarks are worthy of thoughtful attention.

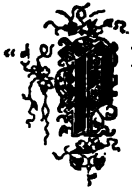
. Notices of the following publications (received too late for August) will appear in September:—"The Supre-

macy of Man," by John Pulsford (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.); "Preaching by the Churches," by Charles Stanford, D.D.; "Baptist Worthies (William Carey)," by William Landels, D.D.; "The Homiletic Magazine" for July (Nisbet & Co.); "The Gospel of St. Mark, with Introduction, Maps, and Notes, for Bible Classes and Senior Sabbath Scholars," by T. M. Lindsay, D.D. (Blackie & Son, Old Bailey); "Christ's Example about Baptism contrasted with His Disciples' confounding thereof, and the Lord's Rebukes to them in Consequence," by James Johnstone, Theologian, Electrician, and Engineer (Edinburgh: James Gemmell); "To Whom Shall We Go? a Sermon on Behalf of the London Missionary Society," by Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A. (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.); "Church Life in London: an Address," by Edward White (London: Warren, Hall, & Lovett, 88, Camden Road); "Man's Great Debt—The Great Creditor: His Mode of Dealing with It: an Inquiry," by Barton Hill—Matt. xviii. 24 (Elliot Stock); "Brotherhood, Fellowship, and Acting Together: Further Practical Reflections in Rhyme" (Elliot Stock); "Moravian Missions," by Dr. A. C. Thompson (Hodder & Stoughton); "Blackwood's Educational Series," Edited by Professor Meiklejohn, "Historical Reader" (Blackwood & Sons); "Little Glory's Mission," "Found at Last," and "Unspoken Addresses," by Mrs. G. S. Reaney (Hodder & Stoughton); "The Water-Drinking Hercules, the Templar Sage, and the Temperance Premier," by Rev. R. Whittleton (Elliot Stock); "Eudokia: the Angels' Song," by Theophilus, A.M. (Elliot Stock).

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1883.

Praise.



RAISE ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore." Truly, God gives to us many occasions for praise. How pleasant it is to get away for a while from the noise and turmoil of our busy town-life into the grand freedoms, the holy quietudes, and the genial companionships of Nature—to breathe her invigorating atmosphere—to realise the loveliness in which she arrays herself—to listen to her wondrous music! How pleasant it is to bask in the sunshine, to see the fruits and flowers thriving beneath the gentle rain, to retire into the forest shade, to stand on the hill-top and survey the various landscape, to stroll through some romantic dingle, to wander along by the margin of the winding river, to listen to the blithe and tuneful birds, to watch the lark as he mounts heavenward, pouring out his full-throated, full-hearted song as he soars, and soaring on strong and unwearied pinion as he sings! How pleasant it is to walk through the golden corn as it responds so peacefully to the fanning of the summer breeze, to loll upon some moss-covered or heather-covered rock, and look out upon the dear old ocean, resting, "like a cradled child," beneath the smile of the sky, or waking up to the sublime fury of battle at the bidding of the storm! How pleasant it is to take the companionship of the moon, and walk with her, in glorious freedom, along the highway of the starry firmament! I hope no reader of these lines is unacquainted with the sacred ecstasy which comes to the heart when we thus

minge with Nature's glories. But whence have those glories sprung? From the mighty hand of God. Why has He thrown them so plentifully around us? For our enjoyment. Nature does not exist, and shine, and smile, and sing, and open up her wealthy treasury for her own sake. Nature is God's great, splendid gift to man. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!"

But when contemplating the beneficence of God, a Christian likes, after all, to turn to the far brighter and more enrapturing manifestations of it which He has given to us in the "wonderful work" of redemption. There are beauties in Christ, the Saviour of sinners, with which Nature's fairness can bear no comparison, and there are joys to flow into the believing heart from the heart of Christ, compared with which the joys inspired by Nature are poor and worthless. If any man could revel amid the splendours of the material universe, surely John Milton could do so; and yet, when he was blind, and his enemies taunted and reproached him as being the victim of a Divine judgment, he could reply to them in these triumphant, majestic words: "There is, as the Apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me, then, be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as, in that obscurity in which I am enveloped, the light of the Divine presence more clearly shines, then, in proportion as I am weak, I shall be invincibly strong, and in proportion as I am blind, I shall more clearly see. Oh, that I may be thus perfected by feebleness, and irradiated by obscurity. And, indeed, in my blindness, I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favour of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion as I am able to behold nothing but Himself. Alas, for him who insults me, who maligns and merits public execration. For the Divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack; not, indeed, so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned this obscurity; and which, when occasioned, He is wont to illuminate with an interior light, more precious and more pure." Many a blind Christian has been able to sing with an emphasis of gladness:—

"Yea, in His looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of Thine hands;
The pleasing lustre of His eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies."

You may be deaf to

"The rich stream of music as it winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong."

The loving tones of husband, wife, child, brother, sister, friend, may sound in vain for you; but you may have an inner ear into which the voice of Jesus can penetrate, and that voice will be the sweetest music which your heart can feel. When God would "*commend* His love toward us," He does it—not in the shining of the sun, nor in the falling of the refreshing rain, nor in the fanning breezes, nor in the golden corn; He does it, not in the marvellous opulence and beauty of the earth, nor in the thrilling harmonies of the material universe;—in all these He calls us to behold how good He is; but when he would "*commend* His goodness to us," He takes us to the manger in Bethlehem's stable, to the shores of Genneseret, to the villages and hill-sides of Galilee, to the quiet home of Martha and her sister and Lazarus at Bethany, to the garden of Gethsemane, to the Cross, to the Mount of Ascension, to the upper chamber in Jerusalem where the Spirit was poured out from on high, to the place of Priestly Intercession in heaven, to the deathbed of the Christian, to the land of light and blessedness where God gathers His redeemed ones around Him. And when you have looked upon such great sights as these, and have, in your measure, understood them, you will break out with an apostle's rapture, and will want room and voice to sing, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" "Now unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

It is not to be forgotten that the providing of Redemption does not necessarily involve the actual enjoyment of it. The very depravity which makes it needful stands in the way. But God has aggrandized His goodness to our view by arranging that wonderful system of agencies by which human souls are drawn to the Saviour. Let no man dream or fear that Christ has shed His blood in vain. Over against that suspicion, it is enough to place the prophecy of the "multitude which no man can number" destined at last to dwell in the realms of heavenly blessedness. Jesus Himself said: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me;" and He is to "see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." Only Redemption

on a very wide scale would satisfy the Love which led Him to the Cross. Having given Himself to die for men, He gives His spirit to convince them of sin, to bring them to repentance, to unite them to the Cross, to "tie them in willing homage to the prerogatives of His eternal throne," and to inspire them with the gladness of a full salvation. Moreover, He so arranges His Providence that it shall answer the purposes of His grace. How empty He makes the world, that we may not rest in it. How attractive He makes the Cross, that we may embrace it! He shatters our idols that we may learn to say, "The Lord is my portion." He suffers the sandy foundation on which we build our happiness to give way, that we may learn to say, "The Lord is my Rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him." He permits the "moth and rust" to "corrupt" our "earthly treasures," or "thieves" to "break through and steal" them, that we may learn to "lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through and steal." Thus, even the severities of Providence are true to the goodness of God in the redemption of His people. He sometimes chides them in order the better to fit them for His smile—chastens those whom He loves, that the chastening may "work for them the peaceable fruits of righteousness;" puts them into the furnace, not because He likes to see them burn, but because He desires to make them pure.

"Often the clouds of deepest woe
So sweet a message bear,
Dark though they seem, 'twere hard to find
A frown of anger there.

"Kind, loving is the hand that strikes,
However keen the smart,
If sorrow's discipline can chase
One evil from the heart."

So sang Caroline Fry. But surely many of us might well say with another hymnist—

"We praise Thee oft for hours of bliss,
For days of quiet rest;
But oh, how seldom do we feel
That pain and tears are best!

"We praise Thee for the shining sun,
For kind and gladsome ways;
When shall we learn, O Lord, to sing
Through weary nights and days?"

Only a shallow mind, or a perverted heart, would set down the sorrow that is in the world as an argument against the infinite goodness of God, when the first rational thought about the matter is that, if God were not infinitely good, the sorrow would be immeasurably greater. We sometimes bemoan our lot; we are discontented; we want our circumstances to be other than they are; and, because we cannot have things "according to our mind," we murmur against the Divine Controller of our life. Let us be ashamed of such ungrateful folly. Instead of moaning, and wailing, and sighing, and saying, "*I am the man that hath seen afflictions,*" we ought rather to sing, "*The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.*" "*It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.*" "*He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.*" You have lost your best beloved one; but do not weep rebellious or despairing tears, for, because God is good,

"All are not taken! there are left behind
Living beloveds, tender looks to bring,
And make the daylight still a happy thing,
And tender voices, to make soft the wind."

You are poor; but, because God is good, you are not yet shorn of everything but your misery, and, if you will consider, you will find that you have many enjoyments every day. Your business does not thrive to your satisfaction. Panics, bad-debts, competition, dishonest methods of trading, stand in your way; and you writhe under these disadvantages. But remember that if God were not good, none of your schemes would have answered—none of your investments would have brought a return. You are at work for Christ, and those for whom you labour take little notice of you, or notice you only to thwart your efforts; and you are inclined to say, "*I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name.*" Whereas it is the goodness of God that permits you to connect yourself with the great Christian enterprise—that before now men have gone by thousands to the stake because they were gloriously constrained to testify the Gospel of the grace of God—and that you have the apostolic assurance that, being "*steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,*" your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord." You are tortured by relentless scepticisms, puzzled almost to madness by "the riddle of

the world," crying: "Where is wisdom, and where is the place of understanding?" and dismayed as the depth saith "It is not in me," and as the sea saith "It is not in me," and as all created things confess their impotence to solve the mystery. But remember that God Himself has been good enough to give the highest, truest, best answer which your cry can ever have: "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding." "Praise ye the Lord! O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever."

It is worth while to recall the fact that men *can* praise the Lord. You look on the beautiful flowers, and enjoy their fragrance; you quaff with eagerness the fresh country air; you listen to the warbling birds; you watch the changing of the clouds through all their fantastic but graceful shapes; and you say, "How nobly do all these things honour the God that made them!" Yet, they know not what they do. If they could but feel the ecstasy of conscious praise, how much nobler still would their praise become! Man *can* praise the Lord, with a clear intellect and a loving heart—knowing the *propriety* as well as the rapture of the praise. It is all very well to write poetry about the songs of the lark, the symphonies of the nightingale, the mystic murmur of the brook, the humming of the bees, the gigantic psalm which the ocean sings; but much of this is only, though rightly, in the imagination of the poet. And the truest use to which we can put the anthems which Nature sings to the Lord, is to accept them as themes and inspirations for anthems of our own; for *we* can sing, not the song of a blind but beautiful instinct, but "with the spirit and with the understanding also."

Some Christians have great delight in praise. It is the habit of their life. If they have their friends about them, they are sure to want "one of the songs of Zion." If they are busy with the duties of the day, they are sure to sing at their work. They know that God is always near to them, smiling upon them, and blessing them. They have a thousand mercies to think of, and they have their ready and cheery song for each. They are not without trials any more than others are; but they are always thankful that things are no worse with them, and can still sing, even with the pain or the gloom upon them,

"Sweet affliction! sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul!"

The writer knew a lady who was long under the power of a disease which involved excruciating and almost incessant agony, and from which death was the only possible deliverance. One day her sister said to her: "Would that I could help you." She replied energetically, "You *can* help me, Julia." "How can I help you, my dear?" "You can sing to me." "What shall I sing?" "Sing my favourite hymn, 'Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.'" The Christianity that can give a song such as this in a time of distress so dire, might well convince a sceptic that it is something better than a fable. Alas! most of us are apt to look on the dark side of things only, when the dark side happens to be the nearest—forgetting that "there is a silver lining to every cloud." Let us take our harps down from the willows.

"The road may be rough, but it cannot be long ;

Let us smooth it with hope, and cheer it with song."

"Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore."

The Suffolk Baptists of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.

NO. III.



ATTISHAM.—In the church book of Stoke Green, under date April 6th, 1761, we have the following entry:—
 "After repeated trial of our brother Hitchcock's gifts for the sacred work of the ministry, the church being met together did solemnly, unanimously, and verbally judge and declare him one entrusted of God with ministerial gifts; and that it was the incumbent duty of the church to give him all proper encouragement, and accordingly did by solemn fasting and prayer, April 6th, 1761, unanimously send him forth with free liberty, as a gifted brother of the church, to use and improve his ministerial talents, for the honour and interest of Christ, and the edification of His

body—the church—as the Word of God directs, and the providence of God affords opportunity.” About this time, Mr. Hitchcock, resident in that neighbourhood, began to preach at Wattisham, and it was probably with a view to the more regular exercise of his ministry there that he was set apart as a preacher of the Gospel, by the church at Stoke Green.

For the following particulars as to the origin of the church at Wattisham I am indebted to a letter received some years ago from the Rev. John Cooper, who was at the time pastor of the Baptist church in that village. He writes:—“From documents which I have seen, but which are not now in my possession, I learn that, about the middle of the eighteenth century, disputes arose in the church at Bildeston, chiefly between the pastor (Mr. Palmer) and Mr. John Hitchcock, of Ringshall, and some few others, then members of that church. These disputes led to the withdrawal of those persons from the church at Bildeston, who united with that at Woolverstone (at what precise date I do not remember, probably about 1760). The following I extract from our old church book, commenced 1763:— ‘Whereas, in the course of Divine Providence, some persons at or near Buxhall and Nedging, to the number of about twenty-eight, had, at different times, been added to the church of Christ at Woolverstone; and as the Lord Jesus Christ had raised up among us one of our brethren to preach the Gospel to us, who had some time stood related to us as a gifted brother; and as the Lord (the Spirit) was accompanying his ministrations and making them of use to conviction, conversion, and spiritual edification, on those encouraging circumstances on the one hand, and our distances from Woolverstone on the other, we unanimously requested our dismissal in order to incorporate as a distinct church. After the church at Woolverstone had duly considered our case, they deputed the pastor and four of the brethren to visit us with our dismissal, signed at their church meeting.’ When follows a long and cordial letter of dismissal, signed on behalf of the whole church by Samuel Sowden, pastor, two deacons, and five of the members, which letter is dated February 27th, 1763. The narrative in the church book thus continues:—‘At the same time the above grant was published (by Mr. Sowden, pastor,) being on the 1st day of March, 1763; we, whose names are as follows, being met together in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, did, with fasting and prayer, give ourselves unto the Lord, and to one another

in church fellowship, to walk together in the faith, order, and ordinances, and unity of the Gospel. And likewise we did at the same time, unanimously call our brother, John Hitchcock, to stand in the relation or capacity of a gifted brother, to be the mouth of the church, to continue his public ministry among us, till we may be directed, after deliberation, to make further progress in obedience to Christ as King in Zion. And, also, at the same time, we made choice of, and ordained, our two brothers, Wincoll Grimwood and Isaac Johnson, to the office of deacons.' Then follow the names of the twenty-eight persons thus 'embodied.'

"The first minute of the church is 'June 3rd, 1763. We made choice of and ordained our two sisters, Frances Cooper and Mary Mayor, to the sacred office of deaconesses.' Then follows a memorandum:—'We, the church aforesaid, through the good hand of our God upon us, and by his granting us assistance, were enabled to build and accommodate a place for the public worship of God at Wattisham, where we met for that purpose, for the first time, on Lord's-day, June 12th, 1763.'

"Immediately after this entry, we have recorded the choice of the first pastor:—'July 19th, 1763. We, the church of Christ, meeting at Wattisham, did call our brother John Hitchcock to the sacred office of pastor of this church, at which time he publicly declared his acceptance thereof; and we did immediately, cordially, and unanimously ordain him our pastor in the bonds of the Gospel.' Mr. John Hitchcock was pastor of the church nearly thirty-seven years, being removed by death February 21st, 1800."

In the report of the proceedings of the Suffolk and Norfolk Association, meeting June, 1771, at Woolverstone, Wattisham is named as one of the associated churches, the others being Claxton, Woolverstone, Worstead, Shelfanger, and Great Yarmouth; and Messrs. Hitchcock and Sowden were appointed to preach at the next meeting of the association at Worstead. But in the report of the proceedings of the association, meeting at Claxton, 1794, we are told that "Brother Cole read a letter from the church at Wattisham informing us that they had withdrawn from the association." I have not been able to ascertain the cause of withdrawal, but I find that the Wattisham church was received again into association in June, 1803. The later history of this church does not come within the limits assigned to these papers.

WEST ROW, MILDENHALL.—The date of the formation of this church

is given in Browne's History of Congregationalism as 1787, but I have not been able to obtain any information as to its origin or earlier history. The church book does not carry us back beyond the year 1805. In the report of the proceedings of the Suffolk and Norfolk Association, which met at East Dereham, Norfolk, Tuesday and Wednesday, 5th and 6th days of June, 1798, we find the following entry:—"N.B. —The church at West Row, Mildenhall, was received into the association. Agreed, that the next association, God willing, at West Row, Mildenhall, the first Tuesday and Wednesday in June; Brethren Green and Upton to preach; in case of failure, Brother Beard. To put up at Mr. Brooke's, farmer." From the report of the year 1799, we gather that the association met at West Row as arranged; that there was a meeting-house, in which they assembled, and that the church then consisted of nineteen members. From the facts that the church at West Row offered to entertain the association immediately after having been received into it, and that it was in possession of a meeting-house large enough for the association to assemble in, we may fairly conclude that the church had been in existence some time prior to 1798.

STOWMARKET.—The Baptist cause in this town existed for some time as a branch of the Baptist church at Diss, Norfolk, though it appears, from their first church book (kindly lent me), that they, from the first, kept a separate record of their proceedings, and enjoyed a considerable degree of independence. The first entry is under date December 13th, 1795:—"Branch of Diss Church, Norfolk, began under the direction of Charles Farmary, pastor, at Stowmarket, Suffolk, by whom the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered, in a room appointed for the worship of God, belonging to William Rust, to the following members, denominated Particular Baptists." Under date January 31st, 1796, we read, "Brother William Rust, being fully approved by the church, was called to the work of the ministry, likewise called to preach to the branch of Diss church formed at Stowmarket." This Mr. Rust, who had been previously connected with the Church of England, but had been led to adopt Baptist views, preached to the people for about fourteen months with much acceptance and success, many being baptized and added to the little community, the ordinance of baptism being administered at a place in the neighbourhood called Battisford, or Basford Tye. We have the following entry in reference to Mr. Rust's decease:—"William

Rust, minister, died on the 6th February, 1797, after a sickness of about fourteen days; was interred in the meeting-house on the 10th, having preached to the people about fourteen months. His funeral sermon was preached to a very large auditory by the pastor of the church on the 19th inst., from Ps. xii. 1."

Mr. Farmary, immediately after this, wrote to Mr. Jabez Brown, who was then, and for twenty-eight years had been, pastor of the Baptist church, Great Yarmouth, telling him of what had taken place at Stowmarket, Mr. Brown having, a few weeks before, written to Mr. Farmary and informed him of his intention to leave Yarmouth. On hearing from Mr. Brown that he would be willing to visit Stowmarket, he communicated this fact to the friends there, and their church-book thus records the result:—"We would here note with thankfulness, the loving-kindness of God, appearing to us at the time of our late minister's death. We heard of Mr. Jabez Brown's intention to leave Yarmouth as soon as God should open a door for him in providence. We gave him a call. He made us a visit, accepted our call at Lady-day last, 1797.

"On July 4th, 1797, we embodied as a distinct society, having full leave and liberty from our brethren at Diss, signified in a letter inserting our names, signed by the pastor and deacons, and others of the members in behalf of the whole church; and Mr. Brown was ordained a pastor over us in the presence of a large auditory. N.B.—With joy we record the goodness of God to us that day; the Lord blessed us abundantly, and graciously sanctioned what was then done with His presence."

In the church-book of Diss we have the following entry:—"July 4th, 1797, sixty-seven of our brethren and sisters (agreeable to their request, and by the free consent of the church) were given up in order to be embodied as a distinct church at Stowmarket. The same day Father Brown was ordained by them as their pastor. Two sermons were preached, one by Father Hitchcock, by way of congratulating his brother Brown on his new connection. The other sermon by our pastor to the people. It was a good day, and much of the presence of the Lord was enjoyed. The persons given up are distinguished in the book as dismissed to Stowmarket. The first sermon was from Is. xl. 12, and the other, Eph. v. 17."

In the report of the proceedings of the Suffolk and Norfolk Association, published June, 1798, we have reference to this same event:—

"N.B.—The church at Diss, in the last year, cheerfully resigned sixty-seven of her members to form a church of themselves at Stowmarket."

The ordinance of baptism was for some time administered in the river, some considerable distance from the village, the friends at Stowmarket enjoying the accommodation afforded by a farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Battisford. This arrangement, however, proved inconvenient, and we meet with the following note in the church book:—"The journey to Basford Tye, in order to baptize, being too great a fatigue for our people by reason of the distance from their respective dwellings, we determined upon making a baptistry in the meeting-house, which was completed and used for the first time on the 22nd of April, 1799." The church seems to have enjoyed prosperity under the care of Mr. Brown, of whom we read:—"He was our beloved, successful, and useful pastor till his death, which happened on Lord's-day, November 28th, 1819, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, and in the twenty-second year of his pastoral charge over us. The church more than doubled its membership during his pastorate, there being 66 members at the time of his settlement, and 142 at the time of his death."

Christian Fellowship.

BY THE REV. J. BIGWOOD.

CHAPTER II.—ITS DEVELOPMENTS IN APOSTOLIC TIMES.



IT is natural that those who have been brought into such close union with the Father, with Christ, and with one another, should desire to cultivate close association and friendship. Their realisation of their fellowship would thus be helped, and the duties and engagements, and also the happiness springing out of this fellowship, would thus be promoted. They would naturally become communities in the several towns or cities in which they lived; would unite in the love-feast and supper,

emphatically called communion or fellowship ; would meet together for prayer and praise, mutual growth in knowledge, and mutual edification ; and would also co-operate in efforts for the extension of the knowledge and Kingdom of Christ. Hence Christian churches or brotherhoods followed the preaching of the Gospel, and the union of the members of such churches came eventually to be called "fellowship." We have an illustration of this close association in Jerusalem immediately after the day of Pentecost. Anything more beautiful than the account of the first Christian church, found in the second chapter of the Acts, can scarcely be conceived. "Then they that gladly received the Word were baptized, and the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls. And they continued stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. . . . And all that believed were together, and had all things common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men as every man had need. And they, continuing daily with one accord in the Temple, and breaking bread from house to house ["at home," R. V.], did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." The first Christian community formed, as it were, one family. Their new faith triumphed over all personal and public feelings. They felt themselves bound together by a new tie, stronger than any they had ever before known ; and so closely united were they in faith and hope and love that they no longer regarded their possessions as their own, but continued together in one fellowship, community, or partnership, and had all things common. Not that they formally renounced their proprietorship of earthly goods or possessions, but, impelled by brotherly love and desire of Christian association, they surrendered their property, and sold their possessions and goods, and entrusted the proceeds to the Apostles, who dispensed to the believers as every one had need. This surrender was not compulsory, but voluntary ; not commanded, but the outcome of love to those into close union with whom their faith in a common Messiah had brought them. Although they numbered at least three thousand souls, they were like one family, and all other relations were subordinated to this one new and great relation. Daily they assembled in the Temple and also at their abodes, their numbers compelling them to meet in different com-

panies, but in unbroken fellowship. They thus, rich and poor, merging all distinctions of rank or position, partook together of their daily meal, at the close of which, it would seem, daily, following the example of Jesus at the Passover, they commemorated the Last Supper of Christ and their own union as Christians. At such meetings they would be helped by the teaching of the Apostles and united prayers. The simple, unostentatious piety of the church at Jerusalem, and its remarkable unselfishness and brotherly love, exerted, as might be expected, a marvellous influence on outsiders, won their favour, and caused a daily increase of the church.

It is noticeable that these Christians continued to attend the Temple services, and there is no intimation of any design of forming an organized ecclesiastical institution or church, as we understand the term "church" in the present day. The Apostles seem to have been at first the sole directors of the community and its only teachers. In course of time elders were appointed; when and how we are not informed. They are first mentioned in Acts x. 30. They are there mentioned as then existing, about ten or eleven years after the day of Pentecost, but there is no record of their appointment. They were probably instituted after the model of the synagogue, on which the order of the New Testament Church seems to have been somewhat based. In the sixth chapter of the Acts it is recorded that seven men were appointed—men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, selected by the brethren from among themselves to preside over the daily ministration, a murmuring of the Hellenists having arisen against the Hebrews because their widows were neglected. Up to this time this ministration would seem to have been presided over by the Apostles, who, feeling that it interfered with their more important work, requested the church to seek out others for this special duty. It is possible that these men were elders, as the management of the church funds was one principal part of the work of the elders. Some have supposed that these men, or others holding a similar office, are meant by the *deacons* referred to in Phil. i. 1 and 1 Tim. ii. 8-13. It is true that, in later times, those who helped the elders in distributing church funds were called "*deacons*," and that these deacons had no share, by virtue of their office, in the government of the church; but it is noticeable that the persons appointed to relieve the Apostles from the daily ministration are *not called deacons*. They were simply appointed over a special business, possibly a temporary

appointment, in order that the Apostles might give themselves entirely to the ministry—literally deaconship (*διακονία*)—of the Word. In nearly every case the word *διακονος*, or deacon, in the New Testament is translated MINISTER, and refers to the Apostles or preachers of the Gospel—*e.g.*, 2 Cor. iii. 6: “Who also has made us able *ministers* [deacons] of the new covenant;” 1 Cor. iii. 5: “Who then, is Paul, and who is Apollos, but *ministers* [deacons], by whom ye believed?” Eph. iii. 7: “Whereof I was made a minister [deacon];” 1 Tim. iv. 6: “If thou [Timothy] put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good *minister* [deacon] of Jesus Christ nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine, whereunto thou hast attained.” Any service of God was a *διακονία*, and all who served God in the church were deacons or deaconesses, and did not necessarily, if at all, hold what is technically called *office* in the church. In 1 Tim. ii. 10, “Let them serve,” would be a much better translation of the Greek, which is only one word, than “Let them use the office of a deacon.” So also in 1 Tim. ii. 13, “They that have served,” would be a much preferable translation of the one Greek word to “They that have used the office of a deacon.” It is the same word that Jesus used when He said, “The Son of Man came not to be ministered to, but to *minister*.” When Titus was left in Crete to set in order the things that were wanting, he was instructed to ordain elders; but in the instructions deacons are not mentioned. It may, therefore, fairly be inferred that elders were regularly appointed church officers, and necessary to the order of the church, but that deacons did not hold any official position. In the twelfth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, in the reference to the spiritual gifts, it is written (v. 5), “And there are diversities of administrations [ministrations, R. V.] [*διακονιων*] but the same Lord.” Any *ministration*, then, was a *διακονία*, and in some cases the ministrations were associated with the gifts of the Holy Ghost. When the disciples at Antioch determined to send relief unto the brethren that dwelt in Judæa, they sent it to the *elders*, not the deacons, by the hands of Barnabas and Saul.

As the Gospel spread, and Gentile churches were formed, elders were appointed over each church, as at Ephesus, Philippi, &c., &c., and were deemed essential to a church's completeness, as we may gather from Tit. ii. 5, already referred to. The elders seem to have been the presidents of the churches. Their duty was to watch over

the general order of the church, to maintain its purity, to watch for souls as those who must give an account, to be pastors or shepherds, to provide for the widows and orphans, to administer the church funds, and to have the oversight of all matters of administration. Each church in the New Testament age was a community or fellowship, not having all things common, or throwing all their property into a common fund; but, bound by the closest spiritual ties, they realised their close union with one another; they constituted a brotherhood, a commune, and out of their property, as able, contributed to a common fund, out of which the poor, the widow, the orphan, and all who needed were helped and, if necessary, maintained. The amount of money raised in each community must have been exceedingly great, and the feeling of brotherhood inducing it must have been immensely strong. The Christian communities sprang up in the midst of poverty. The Gospel attracted the poor; many became outcasts because of their religion; and many were compelled by Christian discipline to give up employments deemed sinful. In times of persecution the brethren in prison had to be fed, and those whose property had been confiscated had to be supported. Strangers passing through the Christian communities claimed and enjoyed hospitality, and many a refugee, driven from country to country on account of his religion, found a hearty welcome and hospitality in the community. In the New Testament hospitality is enjoined emphatically as a Christian virtue, and specially enforced in apostolic writings. "Brother" then was not a mere name without meaning; it expressed a reality; it indicated the closest union, the deepest sympathy, and self-sacrificing love. Of the funds of the community the elders had the charge. To the elders the disciples of Antioch sent their contributions for the poor saints of Judæa. The administration of these funds, and the care of widows, orphans, and the poor generally, formed one grand function of the elder or bishop.

The elders were also, some of them, teachers. Those who administered well were to be accounted worthy of double honour, especially those who laboured in word and doctrine. It was deemed desirable that an elder should be *apt to teach*, if necessary; but there were teachers that were not elders, such as, in the church at Antioch, Barnabas and Simeon (called Niger), and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen, who had been brought up with Herod and Saul. The Holy Spirit dwelt in the New Testament churches, and imparted spiritual

gifts to the respective members. In the meetings of the church all the gifted brethren were at liberty to speak; these gifts were imparted to the brethren for the profit of the whole church, and were freely used, that all might partake of the benefit. The elders on such occasions presided, that all things might be done decently and in order. Propheysings were not prohibited, nor restrained, nor despised, and a perfect equality in all matters was enjoyed by all the members under the presidency of the elders. Either a special revelation was made by the Spirit, or, more probably, the natural powers and knowledge of the brethren were employed and directed by the Spirit. This much is certain—that the indwelling of the Spirit in the church, in all its members, was a fact recognised in New Testament times; that a participation of the Spirit was regarded as involved in Christian fellowship; and also that the Spirit was allowed free play in early Christian assemblies, and to give freely, as He would, to each one for the benefit of the whole community.

So also with regard to baptism and the Lord's Supper. It was open to any, as opportunity arose, to baptize and to preside at the Lord's Supper. During the first two centuries, at any rate, no exclusive powers as to preaching, or baptism, or the Lord's Supper, were possessed by the elders. As long as the churches consisted of true Christians they were all spiritual, all brethren, all equally kings and priests unto God. They were all on a level as Christian brethren, and all taught of God, and able to exhort one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. The distinctions among Christians, indicated in the New Testament, were not based upon *office*, but upon *varieties of spiritual power*. They were given by the Spirit—some Apostles, some teachers, and so forth. Those who had gifts of ruling, or of teaching, or of exhortation, or of giving, were all possessed of the same Spirit, and were members one of another. When the church became less spiritual, office became a substitute for the Spirit, and organization for life.

The meetings of the New Testament Church were of a very simple kind. In Jerusalem, immediately after the day of Pentecost, the disciples met *daily* for prayers and the Lord's Supper, in connection with which was a social meal. So did also the Gentile churches at first. The fundamental idea of Christianity was the worship of God in spirit and truth—a worship confined to neither time nor place, but embracing all the actions of the whole life. It was a worship asso-

ciated neither with sacred places nor holy days. Every day was a Sabbath, every act was worship. Fellowship in devotion was regarded by the early Christians as a means of promoting their holiness and strengthening their spiritual life, and was daily sought. So also the Lord's Supper; and when eventually the first day of the week came to be called the Lord's-day, and on that day the disciples habitually met together to break bread, the day did not assume a peculiarly sacred character, and meetings on other days of the week were also held. At their meetings they were accustomed to combine mutual prayer, praise, reading of the Scriptures, and exhortation. Outsiders were not excluded from their meetings, but they were not invited to them, and meetings bearing any resemblance to our mixed gatherings for public worship were unknown. That unbelievers could unite in the worship of God, or share in the communion of saints, would have seemed an impossible thing to New Testament Christians. To the heathen they would preach the Gospel whenever and wherever they had opportunity. All the members of the New Testament Church that were able felt themselves called upon to preach the Gospel. They regarded the command of Christ to go and preach the Gospel as given to all the brethren; and the promise, "I am with you," as given to the whole Church as much as to the Apostles or rulers. Hence, when persecution arose at Jerusalem, the Apostles remained, but the disciples went everywhere preaching the Word. God gave some Evangelists, as well as Apostles, and these, called by God, needed not human authority to make known Christ.

There is no evidence that the elders received any fixed payment for the work performed by them. If they needed it, they would receive support from the church funds. They generally pursued their regular secular calling; and their daily business of life would not be interfered with. The evangelists, if they felt themselves impelled to consecrate their whole lives to preaching the Gospel, might cast themselves upon the kindness of those to whom they made known the Gospel, and those who were taught might feel impelled to communicate temporal things to those that taught; but neither eldership nor preaching the Gospel was a profession, nor was it deemed beneath the dignity of an evangelist or elder, or even an Apostle, to work with his hands for his daily bread. It was not until the fourth century that the clergy formed a class civilly distinct from the laity.

Thus, then, it appears that in New Testament times the Christians

in one town and neighbourhood constituted one church or community; that over each community elders or bishops were appointed, who were the administrators of the decrees of the community; that all Christians stood on the same footing, and were possessed of equal rights; that teaching was not confined to the elders, but all who had spiritual gifts took part in the conduct of the meetings of the church; that the elders were engaged generally in some secular occupation; that they did not constitute a clergy or class distinct from the laity, but all Christians were God's priests, God's clergy, and, as opportunity offered, preached the Gospel; and that this was the case as long as the church retained its purity and spiritual character.

Personal Reminiscences of Missionary Work in England and Ireland.

BY THE REV. C. KIRTLAND.

No. III.



NOW enter on a new chapter of my Reminiscences. After leaving Norwich, I spent eight years in Nottinghamshire. My first station was at a large village near Nottingham, exactly opposite Clifton Grove, of classic memories, at the foot of which

"The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow."

The chapel to which I was appointed was small, but it was too large for the congregation that met within its walls. In the village there was a select circle of godly and intelligent Christian people, with whom I had much pleasant intercourse; but the scope for real missionary work was limited. The ground had been pre-occupied, and the additions to our congregations came chiefly from other places of worship. My Sunday work consisted of morning and evening services, and an afternoon meeting in a village about four miles distant. Three or four services were held in different places during the week. There is no part of my public life on which I reflect with

less satisfaction, than on the short time I spent in this village. It may have been a salutary discipline for me, and a needful preparation for future work, but the direct spiritual results were disappointing.

At that time the great City Mission movement had not extended to Nottingham. I mentioned the subject of a Town Mission to some Christian men of influence. The suggestion met with encouragement. Conferences were held, and Mr. Nasmith came, by invitation, to form a mission. I well remember one of these preliminary meetings at the house of the late Mr. Herbert. Mrs. Herbert was a younger sister of Jane Taylor, author of the "Contributions of Q.Q." Another sister (Ann) was the wife of the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, Independent minister of Friar Lane Chapel, Nottingham, and the author of a treatise on the "Atonement." Mr. Nasmith was the guest of Samuel Smith, Esq., banker. His excellent wife, Lady Lucy Smith, entered very heartily into the movement. Lady Lucy "was full of good works and alms deeds that she did." Her ladyship had a chapel in connection with the family mansion at Wilford, which was supplied by ministers of different denominations from various parts of the country, whom she paid and entertained during their visits. Lady Lucy was very pronounced in her theological views, and very choice in the selection of her preachers. The trumpet must give no uncertain sound. Toplady, Romaine, John Newton, Harrington Evans, and others of the same school were her models; and a preacher who had not the true ring was not favoured with a second invitation. A Town Mission was formed, and funds for the support of four agents were quickly subscribed.

The Missionary Committee removed me to Newark, where I laboured for six years, first as an evangelist, and afterwards as evangelist and mission-pastor. At that time the Baptist cause was in a low and feeble condition. It had suffered from internal dissensions, and other causes which need not be mentioned. But there had been left a small remnant of godly, praying people, who clung to the place, and whose spirit often called to mind the familiar couplet:—

"Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes."

In a few months there were signs of a new life, and tokens of the Divine blessing. In addition to the usual Sunday services, I preached in the afternoon at a village station, ten miles distant, a swift-footed

horse taking me there, and bringing me back in time for the evening service. The week was occupied with Bible-classes, village meetings, and other religious services. The improvement was gradual. At the close of my first year, thirty-nine persons had found peace with God, and there were others who were on the threshold of the strait gate. I have a battered metal teapot which some of those young friends gave me, and which I keep as a memento of their strong affection. It bears the following inscription:—"A token of esteem from the young men inquirers, September 3, 1841."

I will now refer to a very remarkable movement which took place soon after the close of my first year's work in Newark. The Home Mission sent an Evangelist to hold in our chapel a series of services for the revival and extension of religion. In many of our churches, especially in the north of England, the honoured name of *Thomas Pulsford* was a household word. He was the father of eminent men—John Pulsford, author of "*Quiet Hours*," and Dr. Wm. Pulsford. Mr. Pulsford, senior, was a man of exalted piety and rare devotedness. During six successive weeks the Evangelist preached every morning and evening, Saturday mornings excepted. From Monday till Friday the morning service opened punctually at five o'clock, and, after the first few days, both morning and evening meetings were crowded. The preacher was calm, deliberate, and almost unimpassioned; but a wonderful power attended the Word—a living energy seemed to accompany almost every sentence. Such was the effect produced, that it was not uncommon to see half the congregation in tears. One evening, after a sermon on "*The barren fig-tree*," there was a rush of anxious persons to the vestry. About a hundred remained to ask the great question—"What must I do to be saved?" There were the husbands, wives, and children of many prayers. As the members of the church looked on that scene, many wept for joy. Every day I received letters asking that public prayer might be offered for the families and friends of the writers. The movement soon became the talk and wonder of the town. People whose ideal of religion was a cold and colourless creed and lifeless forms of worship, declared we had "*all gone mad*." Many flocked in from the villages to see the "*strange sight*." And the movement had the effect of largely increasing the attendance at other places of worship.

Those times were as the days of heaven upon earth. Believers

dwelt on the delectable mountains, where they walked in the light of the Lord.

The new converts were all anxious to receive baptism, and by the end of the fourth week from the beginning of the services, between thirty and forty made a public profession of their faith in Jesus Christ. There were sober-minded persons who thought the step premature, but the special Evangelist was, for the time, first in command, and he encouraged an early profession, as having the sanction of Christ and His Apostles.

At the expiration of six weeks the tide had reached its flood, and during the next two or three months the interest was pretty well maintained. During twelve weeks from the beginning of the movement, ninety-eight persons were baptized, and many more followed in the next few months. But when the tide began to turn the ebb was rapid and long. Then came bitter days of reaction and trouble. The love of many waxed cold, and there was soon a visible falling away. We heard of young converts playing at cards, going to balls, races, and pleasure-fairs. I well remember one dark night going to chapel during a violent thunderstorm. A vivid flash of lightning revealed the figure of a tall man reeling about as though he were drunk. The next moment the apparition disappeared in the deep and sudden gloom. But I had seen enough to fill my soul with anguish. The tall figure was that of a revival convert of high promise, out of whom the demon of drunkenness had been cast. But the evil spirit returned to its former habitation, and finding the house empty, swept and garnished, entered in, and the last state of that man was worse than the first. At almost every church-meeting for many months, sentence of excommunication had to be passed on backsliders. It was a noticeable fact, that very few of those who were brought in during the year preceding the revival, gave us any cause for anxiety. I have often asked myself the question, How was it that a movement so extraordinary, and, for a time, so full of promise, turned out—so far as permanent results were concerned—a comparative failure? I shall not here discuss the philosophy of revivals. If a week of special services can be justified, why not two, four, or any number of weeks, so long as the interest is maintained, and other duties are not neglected? Some thought that our chief mistake was the premature admission to church-fellowship of persons who had been suddenly plunged into a state of intense religious anxiety; that time

ought to have been given to test the work ; the conditions of religious life at the time, it was thought, were so abnormal, the excitement so extreme, the contagion of religious emotions so great, that more than ordinary caution was required to prevent us from accepting as real, that which might be only superficial and ephemeral. So, many reasoned. It is no new thing for us to be "wise after the event." There were many who remained steadfast, and some continue to this day—now "in the sere and yellow leaf"—walking in the fear of the Lord, and bringing forth fruit in old age. I mention one case. When the excitement was at its height, a young soldier came to visit his mother—"a widow indeed"—"well reported of for good works." He was brought to the meetings ; there he heard, believed, and was baptized. He went with his regiment to India. After a time he left the army, crossed over to Ceylon, where he engaged in coffee-planting ; and, having acquired a competency, returned to England. Shortly after his arrival, he found me out at the mission-house in John Street, Bedford Row, and became a yearly subscriber to the British and Irish Missions of two guineas. There were others who were "not of them that draw back unto perdition." Where are now those anxious, weeping crowds that filled the little chapel during the revival services ? At the end of forty-two years, there is only a small remnant left to recall the memories of those pleasant and stirring autumn weeks of Eighteen Hundred and Forty-one.

" Thus star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day :
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light."

There is one incident which, though of no interest to the general reader, may possibly afford solace to some young and ardent brother who is suffering disappointment through the failure of his plans and expectations of future missionary work. While at Newark, I had an intense desire to preach Christ to the heathen in distant lands. It was the dream of years. Day and night the subject filled my mind. During an informal correspondence which I had with the Secretary of our Mission—Dr. Angus—that gentleman was good enough to

give me a word or two of encouragement. The late Rev. J. M. Phillippo, of Spanish Town, Jamaica, urged me, both in private conversation and by letter, to devote myself to the work. The Rev. Joshua Russell, of Melksham—Secretary to the Jubilee Fund—paid us a visit, and introduced the subject, suggesting Western Africa as a suitable field of labour. But I lacked the courage to make a formal application to the Committee. Influential friends, however—without my knowledge—wrote on my behalf. Nothing came of it. The half-opened door was closed; and the joyful anticipations in which I had indulged, ended in bitter disappointment.

“What are our joys but dreams? and what our hopes
But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it
Some rainbow promise.”

I had to learn, by many hard lessons, that our little lives—though fraught with great results—are controlled and determined, even in their most minute details, by our All-wise and Condescending Father in heaven. And as the blank pages have been gradually filled with the records of many years, I see clearly that “He hath done all things well.” Slender as may have been my qualifications for any public Christian work, they were better fitted for home than for foreign service.

Towards the end of the sixth year of my work in Newark I quitted the service of the Home Mission, and settled at Sabden, North Lancashire, not thinking that, nineteen years later, I should renew my connection with the Society, but in another capacity.

“KEEP THY HEART WITH ALL DILIGENCE”

“THE world never harms a Christian so long as he keeps it out of his heart. Temptation is never dangerous until it has an inside accomplice. Sin within betrays the heart to the outside assailant.”

The Shadow of a Cross.*



HE Spring-time smiled upon me, and the flowers
 Of Nature's rearing raised their sunny heads,
 As if to welcome the long, joyous days.
 In rural spots the golden furze shone forth,
 And wild anemones hung graceful down.

But thoughts may come and go when none of these
 Around one's path are flung. At eventide—
 While looking from my casement—near, I saw
The shadow of a cross; and solemn thoughts
 Were wafted through the air into my heart.
 They seemed to say to me: "Take up thy cross
 From day to day, and follow Christ thy Lord.
 Thine is the *shadow* of a cross, compared
 With *that* He meekly bore for thee on earth.
 To thy weak heart, indeed, it seems no shadow!
 Full oft it weighs thee down, and makes thee cry,
 'Father, if possible, remove the cross!'
 Yet meekly bear it, as did He. Calm strength
 Will come, as by an angel, from God's throne.
 Christ's favoured servants feared when the great cloud
 O'ershadowed them; and yet what tongue can tell
 The enrapturing truths that dawned upon their souls,
 As there, baptized in dazzling clouds of light,
 They heard the voice: 'THIS IS MY SON! HEAR HIM!'
 The wondrous scene foretold both cross and crown.
 Then fear not. Though the shadow of thy cross
 Should lengthen down into the night of death,
 Heaven hath no cross, and thus can never have
 Its shadow! There for aye 'the crown of life'
 Doth deck each conqueror's brow."

Penzance.

H. H.

* Written on seeing the shadow of a cross thrown from St. Paul's Church, Penzance, on a house opposite.

Impressions of a German Lutheran Clergyman in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

(Continued from page 367.)



UT now let us look at the man himself. He stood in a simple coat, without gown, bands, or any other clerical insignia. On that morning he looked in perfect health, but I was told that for some years he had suffered much. His sermon, too, bore witness, in more than one passage, that he, too, must have experienced what St. Paul writes :—"Lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh." And verily, if Paul needed such a humiliation to be kept from self-exaltation, is it not needed also by the English preacher whose success in proclaiming the Gospel has no parallel in our times ?

On first seeing Mr. Spurgeon I was at once reminded of the late Christopher Blumhardt, of Bad Boll.* On more careful examination, however, I found a considerable difference between the simple, benevolent, meditative, mystical Swabian, and the bold, free, practical Englishman. In the sturdy, broad figure, the florid, round face, with the honest eyes, and winning, warm, informal manners, the two are much alike. But whilst the meditative German was quite filled with thoughts of the second advent of our Lord, and of the restoration of all things, the Englishman desires at once, in this very hour, to bring the lost and wavering souls to decision, and to sing "Hallelujah" over their salvation.

Mr. Spurgeon is the type of a man of noble heart-winning nature. One still recognised in him the self-taught man who has been trained, not by doctors, professors, philosophers, or rhetoricians, but directly by the hand of God, like John the Baptist of old in the wilderness. One recognises easily the man who once spoke on an overturned tub to the people who had gathered round him on a barren heath. He speaks exactly as he feels ; and he can confidently express himself

* A well-known clergyman who, by the instrumentality of prayer, performed many cures, cast out demons, &c.—THE TRANSLATOR.

thus, because his courage is founded upon a humility full of faith, Christian heroism, and sanctified self-consciousness—"by the grace of God I am what I am," shines through his entire being. "Every inch a man," somebody has said of him; and the impression I received of him is in harmony with this praise. We receive the calming impression that this man, if need were, would at any moment lay down his head on the block for the Gospel he preaches. It is hard to imagine a more decided contrast than between Mr. Spurgeon and the High Church priests whom I saw in Westminster Abbey, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and elsewhere. These were continually changing their dress, their position, their bearing, and even the tone of their voice. There everything is pomp and ceremony. Choristers, candles carried to and fro, processions, long-winded litanies, and glorious music, played the main part. All ears were bent on the music, while hearts were apparently little touched by the read sermon. These clerical brethren of the High Church reminded me but too much of Roman Catholics in bearing, training, and ritual.* With Mr. Spurgeon and other Dissenters whom I heard, one might have wished a little less freedom of speech. But, in his case, my final impression was that this man is as God has made him, and that there is not an atom of an actor in him, which is saying much. He is a preacher by the grace of God, and has become what he is by God's own original creation. He needs no gown or bands, though they would do him no harm. As to his outward manner, he would speak for five minutes scarcely moving head, hand, or foot. Then he would lay both hands quietly on the balustrade of his platform, or put his right hand into his bosom, or cross both arms over his chest, or behind him. But then, again, his whole frame would rise as if in holy struggle. It was like a fervent wrestling with God and with mankind. He would then lift both hands imploringly to heaven, as if he would constrain God to descend, and then again turn to his congregation with a touching

* To avoid misunderstanding, I remark, however, that at present these ritualistic priests are a minority in the Church of England. God grant it may continue so, otherwise the English nation would soon fall away into Romanism and Popery. In most churches of the "Church of England" the service is almost as simple as that of the Reformed Churches of Germany and Switzerland, with the difference only that in the whole English State-Church the Liturgy over-rules the entire service.—THE AUTHOR.

persuasive tone which moved and thrilled every heart. I need scarcely add that, in all this, his clear, sonorous, ringing voice was a great advantage to him.

The 40th Psalm was his text on that morning. Unfortunately, much was lost to so bad an English scholar as myself. For all that, the sermon greatly edified me. Even now it echoes, not in my ears only, but in my heart, how he pronounced the words three times, "Oh, Lord, make haste to help me" (verse 13). This is, of course, not the place to give an outline of the sermon. Before these lines are printed, it may possibly have been published in German. But until that Sunday I never understood the vast influence of this man. It was then clear to me that his sermons require not so much to be read as to be heard, and to be heard, too, in this grand stirring congregation.

An infinite pity for the sins of the people; a deep longing to lift out of ruin every soul that comes within the sound of his voice; these are his characteristics. I had already read many of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. Even at the risk of offending some of his friends, I must confess that, though I found most of them good, they were, neither in form nor thought, better than many printed German sermons which do not, by far, find so much acceptance among the German people. But now, when I heard this man and saw him personally, the influence he wielded was revealed to me; and I understood how it is that tens of thousands have the highest confidence in him personally; I understood how, Sunday after Sunday, thousands and thousands are attracted by his magic power from all ends and corners of gigantic London.

And here, perhaps, some of my dear brethren in the ministry will ask me whether Mr. Spurgeon carefully studies his sermons, writes them out, and commits them to memory. On this point I have not been able to ascertain anything certain or reliable; nevertheless, I will guarantee that this man works thoroughly, not only on his knees, but also with brain and pen, and does not rely on sudden inspiration, or on his happy genius. All he said was evidently thoroughly thought out. He never hesitated a moment over what he wanted to say, and never uttered an imperfect sentence. Yet he had so mastered his subject, that he was evidently lifted above his manuscript, and the sermon flowed forth like a full stream new-born from its source; and this is, I think, the object at which every clerical and secular speaker should aim.

However, I must say a word about the character of the congregation and the impression it made upon me. The thousands I saw before me were evidently from all ranks of society, and there were certainly as many men as women. Though the middle-classes prevailed, I also saw some people so degraded, physically and morally, that one could not find the like in all Germany. On the other hand, I saw gentlemen and ladies with powdered and pig-tailed footmen sitting behind them. Some negroes were also present; and I recognised a Chinaman and a Hindoo, whom I fancied I had seen the previous day in the Home for Orientals. In the gallery there sat a troop of splendid soldiers, whose white puggarees, bound to their helmets, indicated that they were about to sail for Egypt. For some of them this was, perhaps, the last public worship on earth; who can tell how many of them lie buried in the desert sand? Yonder, in the aisles of the area, several seamen, in their becoming costume, have taken their stand. Perhaps it is the first time for years that they are able to praise God in this great congregation. It is evident by their bearing that they are not accustomed to appear in such a place. Those two young women with their babies yonder have to leave the Tabernacle, because the little ones protest too violently against the preacher. More than one lady is led out deadly pale and almost fainting. I only wondered that this was not more frequently the case, for the air in the building on that sultry day was nearly stifling. It was not very edifying, moreover, that hundreds of fans were continually in motion to cool the air, and that not only in the hands of ladies! This made a very restless and disturbing impression; one got quite nervous from it. Too many of those present tried to improve the air by the musk which they carried with them. This is a lamentable fancy of the English; even the cabmen chew little pills of musk, so as not to smell of beer and gin. And from those who sat in front of me in the Tabernacle, there proceeded a smell of musk which was nearly overpowering.

From all this it might be concluded that the congregation made no very edifying impression on me. That is both true and false; it is necessary to discriminate. Doubtless, hundreds had only come from curiosity. Mr. Spurgeon belongs, as I have already said, to the remarkable sights of London; and numberless strangers are advised to see and hear him as a curiosity. Many hear him as one hears a celebrated violin player or reciter, and, therefore, without any

prayerful thirst for eternal truth ; and these are, of course, not reverential hearers. To me, it was both amusing and melancholy to find, some days later, in the celebrated wax-work cabinet of Madame Tussaud, the figure of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, not far from Arabi Pacha, who was just then the terror of the English ; not far from Cetewayo, who was at that time in London for the purpose of receiving his kingdom back again, and also to see with his own eyes the superior power of the English ; not far, too, from the figures of Stanley and Livingstone, and from those of Kaiser Wilhelm and Prince Bismarck, stood the much-admired image of the Baptist preacher, exactly as he stands on his platform ; and it attracted the attention of the spectators no less than the others. Now, it is clear that the many who had come to hear Spurgeon's sermon without a worshipping spirit, just as they go to a theatre, and who were busy with their lorgnettes and opera-glasses ; some writing, some, as it seemed to me, even drawing, others counting the audience—that these elements, I say, detracted from the solemnity of the impression. By far the largest number, however, I must say, listened with rapt attention to the words of the speaker. In many faces I saw the deepest emotion ; and many a tear fell from the eyes of those near me. Instinctively I felt certain that many of these men and women were receiving holy impulses whose wave-circles would reach the shores of the eternal world. Never shall I forget the kind face of the plain man who sat next to me, and who looked out the text and reached me his Bible. While doing so, he put his finger on the first word of the Psalm, and said, with an unspeakably happy tone, "The Lord inclined unto me." With this he looked into my eyes in such a way that I joyfully felt that he thought me one of those who knew what the Psalm means.

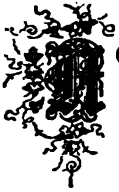
It did me good to see how friendly and cordial the people were with each other, and how, after the sermon, many shook hands, as if they wanted to form a bond of friendship over that which they had heard. It is also worthy of imitation that nearly all brought, besides their hymn books, a small Bible, and used it diligently. I observed, too, that they generally found the place in a few seconds, and by this one could see that they were much at home in the Word of God. The hymn-book contained mainly Psalms. Other hymns were there, too, but they rarely reach the beauty, power, majesty, and solemnity of our German hymns. The English hymns are, for the most part, too sentimental, and move in a very limited circle of thought.

At half-past twelve the service came to an end. It ended unexpectedly, so far as I was concerned, for I looked for a concluding hymn. This was omitted, and the omission seemed to me a mistake. The congregation ought to have the last word. But perhaps these are matters of taste.

From an elevated point of view outside I watched the surging human sea dispersing in all directions. Who can tell how many seeds of eternal truth had found their soil in the hearts of those thousands? "The day will make it clear." Soon, however, I was again sitting beneath the beautiful silent trees of Bromley. I read over the 40th Psalm, and resolved to preach from it on one of my first Sundays at Bremen. This I have done; and, if the sermon was edifying, our friend Spurgeon certainly deserves a share of the gratitude of my congregation.

Strange People.

BY PROF. MAX MÜLLER.



NOT far from our house, and opposite the old church with the golden cross, stood a large building, larger yet than the church, and with many towers. These looked old and gray too—they had no golden cross, but stone eagles were perched on their tops, and a large white-and-blue flag waved from the highest tower just over the lofty doorway, where the stone steps led up, and where on either side a mounted soldier kept guard. The house had many windows, and behind the windows one saw red silk curtains with golden tassels, and in the courtyard stood rows of linden-trees; they shaded the gray walls in summer with their green foliage, and strewed the turf with their white, fragrant blossoms. Many a time had I gazed up at them, and in the evening, when the linden-trees exhaled their sweetness, and the windows were lighted, I saw many forms moving hither and thither like shadows, and music sounded from above, and carriages drove up, from which ladies and gentlemen stepped forth and hastened up the stairs. They all looked so beautiful and good, and the men had stars on their breast, and the women had fresh flowers in their hair—and I often thought, Why dost thou not also go in?

Now one day my father took me by the hand, and said, "We will go up to the castle. You must be very good, though, and polite when the Princess speaks with you, and must kiss her hand."

I was about six years old, and felt glad—as glad as one only can be at six years of age. I had had so many quiet thoughts about the shadows which at evening I saw at the lighted windows, and had heard at home so much good of the Prince and Princess—how they were so gracious, and brought help and comfort to the poor and sick, and how they had been chosen by God's mercy to protect the good and punish the wicked. And so I had long since pictured to myself how it must be in the castle, and the Prince and Princess seemed like old acquaintances to me, whom I knew as well as I did my nutcracker and my leaden soldiers.

My heart beat as I ascended the long flight of steps with my father and, while he was still telling me that I must call the Prince and Princess "Your Highness," the folding doors flew open, and I saw before me a stately lady with shining eyes. She seemed to advance towards me and reach me her hand. Her face wore an expression I had long known, and a faint smile stole over her lips. I could contain myself no longer, and while my father still stood at the door, and, I knew not why, was bowing deeply, my heart leaped into my throat, and I ran towards the beautiful lady and threw my arms about her and kissed her as I did my mother. The beautiful, stately lady seemed not displeased, and stroked my hair, and smiled. But my father took my hand and drew me away, and said I was very naughty, and he would never bring me there again. Then I grew quite confused, and the blood rushed into my cheeks, for I felt that my father did me wrong. I looked at the Princess that she should defend me, but her face wore an expression of mild seriousness. Then I looked at the gentlemen and ladies who were in the room, and thought that they would stand by me. But, as I looked, I saw that they were all laughing. The tears came into my eyes, and I ran away through the door, down the stairs, past the lindens in the courtyard towards home, till I came to my mother, and threw myself into her arms, and sobbed and wept.

"And what has happened to you?" said she.

"Ah, mother," I cried, "I was with the Princess, and she was so good and so beautiful, so just like you, my dear mother, that I had to throw my arms about her, and kiss her."

"Well," said my mother, "you should not have done that, for those are strange people, and lords and ladies."

"And what are strange people?" said I. "May I not, then, love all people who look at me with their kind sweet eyes?"

"You may love them, my son," answered my mother, "but you may not show it."

"Is it something wrong, then," I asked, "that I should love people? And why may I not show it?"

"Well, you are right," said she; "but you must do as your father says, and when you grow older you will understand why you may not embrace all beautiful women with sweet kind eyes."

That was a sad day. My father came home and maintained that I had been naughty. In the evening my mother put me to bed, and I said my prayers, but I could not sleep, and kept thinking, What are *strange people* whom we may not love?

* * * * *

Poor human heart! So, even in the springtime are thy leaves broken, and the feathers torn from thy wings! When the morning-red of life opens the secret chalice of the soul, all within is fragrant with love. We learn to stand and to walk, to speak and to read; but love no one teaches us. It belongs to us as does life; yes, they say, that is the deepest principle of our being. As the heavenly bodies attract and incline to each other, and are held together by the eternal law of gravitation, so do heavenly souls incline to and attract each other, and are held together by the eternal law of love. A flower cannot bloom without sunshine, and man cannot live without love. Must not the heart of the child break with fear when the first cold breath of this strange world sweeps over it? Did there not shine upon him, from a mother's and a father's eye, the warm sunlight of love, like a mild reflex of Divine light and Divine love? And the love which then awakens in the child—it is the purest and the deepest love. It is the love which embraces the entire world; which glows where it meets the light of two sincere human eyes; which exults where it hears human voices. It is the old immeasurable love; a deep well, which no plummet has yet fathomed—a source of inexhaustible riches. He who knows it, knows also that in love there is no measure, no more and no less, but that he who loves can only love with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his strength, with all his mind.

But oh, how little there remains of this love even before a half of our life's journey is achieved! Even the child learns that there are *strange people*, and ceases to be a child. The well of love is covered, and with the years it becomes choked. Our eyes sparkle no more, but gravely and coldly we pass each other on the noisy streets. We scarcely greet, for we know how sharply it cuts into the soul when a greeting remains unanswered, and how it hurts to part from those whom we have once greeted, and whose hand we have pressed. The wings of the soul lose almost all their feathers—the leaves of the flower are almost all broken and fade—and of the exhaustless well of love there remain to us but a few drops to cool our tongue, so that we faint not. These drops we still call love. But it is no more the pure, free, child-love. It is love with fear and pain—glowing ardour—burning passion—love that consumes itself, like rain-drops on the hot sand—love that desires, not love that gives itself—love that asks, "Wilt thou be mine?" not love that says, "I must be thine!" A selfish, desperate love! And this is the love of which poets sing, and in which youths and maidens believe—a fire that flickers and flames, but does not warm, and leaves nothing behind but smoke and ashes. We have all once believed that these rockets are sunbeams of eternal love. But the brighter the glow, the darker the night that follows.

And then, when all about us grows dark, when we feel a great loneliness, when, right and left, all people pass by us without recognition, then sometimes an old, forgotten feeling rises in our breast, and we know not what it is, for it is neither love nor friendship. "Dost thou not know me?" one would say to every one that passes by coldly and indifferently. Then do we feel that man is nearer to man than brother to brother, father to son, friend to friend. And, like an old holy legend, it rings through our soul, that the *strange people* are our neighbours. And why is it that we must pass them by silently? We know not, and must submit thereto. When two trains rush past each other, and you see a familiar face that would greet you, try to stretch out your hand and grasp the hand of the friend who flies past you, and you will, perhaps, understand why man here below passes man silently.

Said an old sage, "I saw the splinters of a wrecked ship floating on the sea. But a few meet and hold together for a time. Then comes a storm, and drives them to the east and west, and here below they meet no more. So it is with man. But the great shipwreck has no one seen."—From "*German Love*," by Prof. Max Müller.

“Conservatism in Worship and Belief.”



PAPER with the above title was read at the annual meeting of the Midland Baptist Association, held in Leamington on the 25th and 26th of June, by the Rev. H. Collings, of Providence Chapel, Coseley.

The tone and character of that paper seem to have given great offence to a large number of those who heard it ; and, judging from the apparently full newspaper report which has been sent to us, we cannot affect surprise at the condemnation it has provoked. It is not our intention to subject it to detailed criticism ; for we cannot account it worthy of that amount of respect. We have no liking for the self-imposed occupation of heresy-hunting, and we would willingly allow some measure of freedom to young ministers among us who may show signs of impatience with old ways of thinking. Such impatience is a common and, we suppose, a natural characteristic of youth. Probably it was, in part, this spirit of wise tolerance that induced most of the ministers and delegates, of any superior standing, who were present on the occasion to refrain from protesting against Mr. Collings' gratuitously offensive remarks ; a decision which may be commended, if their silence be not misinterpreted by Mr. Collings himself and by other foes of the “orthodoxy” which he has presumed to denounce. What special qualification he has for sitting in public judgment upon the doctrines and practices which our churches have adopted, we are unable to discern. Lord Randolph Churchill is said to have an ambition to play over again the part of the late Lord Beaconsfield ; perhaps Mr. Collings may desire a similar fame to that which was achieved by the late George Dawson. We suspect, however, that in both cases the requisite *genius* will be found to be lacking. Mr. Collings can sneer, indeed, to perfection ; but we do not conclude from his paper that he can do anything else particularly well. He seems to be chiefly remarkable for his antipathy to all *past* theologies and forms of worship, for the simple reason that men once earnestly accepted them ; and to all *present* theologies and forms of worship, for the simple reason that men earnestly accept them now. What he has to offer in the place of what he would sweep away, he is either too proud, or too sagacious, or too limited in resources, to tell us. He is a sort of Nihilist in the Church, with this difference, that, instead of working mischief secretly, he allows—shall we say invites ?—his victims to look on while he fixes his box, lights his fuse, and fires off the explosive matter which he has compounded. He does not, in so many terms, condemn “the old Book,” “the old Gospel,” “the old theology,” “the old prayers, hymns, and tunes ;” he reserves his condemnation for the antiquated people for whom these old things retain their charm—a condemnation which logically implies that the old things which they prefer are not worth the preference. He seems to think that the newest things have the best chance of being the truest, and that the truest things of to-day will have ceased to be the truest to-morrow, inasmuch as things newer still will have by that time started into being. No doubt, as he says, orthodoxy was intolerant in former days ; so was

every other "doxy" in as far as it had the power to be so. The tables, however, are being rapidly turned, and orthodoxy is now compelled to take its taste of persecution. As for poor Mr. Spurgeon—"that 'guide, philosopher, friend,' theologymonger, sermon-maker for all hapless, helpless, belated, benighted, lazy, ignorant students—save the mark!—and ministers"—he is "the chief of sinners," chiefly, it would appear, because he is a Puritan of the Puritans! If Mr. Collings be not too self-confident to learn, he will think differently about all these matters by the time he is twenty years older. He will not complain of severity in the few lines we have ventured to write respecting him; they are gentleness itself compared with the onslaught by which they have been suggested. Why should we be angry? The old things of which "orthodoxy" is so "conservative" are not dead yet, and it will require a stronger man than our young assailant to slay them.

Reviews.

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES. By the late George Gould. With a Memoir by his Son, G. P. Gould, M.A. London: Jarrold & Sons, 3, Paternoster Buildings.

LAST month we briefly announced the publication of this volume, a more complete and careful perusal of which enables us now to give it the hearty commendation we naturally expected it would deserve. More than a quarter of the volume is occupied by the memoir, which, however, does not contain a single superfluous record, or a single reminiscence or reflection which might, with propriety, have been omitted. We may be thankful that Mr. Gould was blest with a son characterised by intellectual powers resembling his own, and animated by the high conscientiousness in the use of those powers, together with the fervent attachment to evangelical truth, which he uniformly displayed. Such qualities were requisite for the production of a suitable memoir; and the result of their pensive but willing consecration to the task is one by which Mr. Gould's many friends must be gratified. We can well understand the fine filial feeling which found expression in the prefatory words:—

"I have studiously endeavoured to write with impartiality, and to merge, as far as possible, the son in the biographer. If I shall seem not to have succeeded in this, I can rely with confidence upon the indulgence of those readers who can appreciate the difficulty of my task. To me it has been a labour of love, but a labour not without its attendant pain, to prepare this book. I would that I could have brought to my work more of experience, and more of power worthily to portray him to whose dear memory I am conscious I must do injustice, even while I seek to do it honour."

The memoir thus modestly introduced is a deeply interesting one. The principal facts embodied in it were recorded in our pages shortly after Mr. Gould's death, and need not be re-stated here. They set our lamented brother before us in the vigour and versatility of his mind, in the breadth and solidity of his acquirements, in the strength and exaltation of his moral and religious character,

and in all the noble heart-qualities which gave him weight and influence as a man, as a citizen, and as a Christian minister.

The sermons are twelve in number, and are of unequal length. Some of them are highly elaborated, and others are evidently little more than outlines of what he intended them to be in the pulpit. The first was preached in Bloomsbury Chapel in 1865 on behalf of the Baptist Missionary Society. It had for its subject "The Christian Campaign" (2 Cor. x. 3-6), and appeared in the May number of the Baptist Magazine of that year. It occupies some forty pages of the volume, and yet no thoughtful and appreciative reader will think that a single paragraph, or even a single sentence, could well be spared. The same remark may be made respecting the equally long, and, in some respects, still nobler discourse which follows it, on "Christian Fellowship," which was adroitly adapted to the Norwich Missionary Anniversary of 1867, and which ought henceforth to rank amongst the master-pieces of our sermon literature. It is founded on 1 John i. 5-7, and opens thus :—

"It frequently happens that a fact known to a group of friends equally interested in it makes a lasting impression upon only one of their number, and determines thenceforward the object of his life. A special power seems to accompany it into his understanding, and with the mysteriousness, promptness, and diffusiveness of life to penetrate every faculty of his soul, and subdue to its control all the elements of his being—all the conditions of his influence amongst men. Its hold upon him does not degrade him into slavery, but rather exalts him into a sphere in which he realises the most perfect liberty. By service constantly and cheerfully rendered to it, he becomes master of the opportunities life gives to assert its value and to diffuse its advantages ; whilst the tendency of accurate knowledge on any subject being to show the connection of all cognate facts and truths, enables him to turn to account what other men would think to have no relation to his purpose, and thus more readily and gracefully to overcome all opposition.

"It seems strange that no allusion is to be found in the writings of the Apostles who were the personal friends of our Lord on earth to His mediatorial prayer on the Mount of Olives, save in the case of the disciple whom Jesus loved. We might have expected that *such* a prayer—offered at *such* a time—and having exclusive reference to them and to the results of their work in the world—would have captivated their hearts, and defined the range of all their sympathies. But no ! Whether sorrow made them oblivious, or ambition pre-occupied their minds and made them speculate upon the Kingdom which—notwithstanding all He had also said about their being hated of all men for His Name's sake—their Master had 'appointed unto' them, as His Father had appointed unto Himself, that they might eat and drink at His table in His kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel ; or curiosity was busy in anticipating the strange events which they had been forewarned were about to occur that very night ;—not one of them recalls a phrase, a thought of the sublimest prayer that ever rose from earth to heaven, save John. But it seemed to live and breathe in him from that moment forward. A unity with God and His Son was revealed to his faith as not merely possible, but contemplated as the issue of the work of Jesus ; and his heart was informed of a fellowship with all who believed already, or 'should believe,' on Jesus, so intimate, and tender, and loving, that earth could not supply any analogy to it, nor the union of unfallen spirits before the throne be fit to resemble it, and the unity of God could be its only parallel and counterpart. As he mused, the light became more resplendent within his soul ! His eye darted as with the wings of the morning

through the coming ages, and gladdened by the sight of a fellowship 'made perfect in one,' drooped only when dazzled by the glory of Him whom no man hath seen, nor can see, but which he could assure himself shall yet be seen, and shared by the faithful, throughout eternity. And so the words with which we are all familiar sound like strains of music once heard but never forgotten—echoes which every breath of wind fanned into new life within him—and which no one could think of as originating in his own efforts to reproduce the thoughts he remembered :—'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word ; that they all may be one ; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us ; that they may be one, even as We are one : I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me. Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am ; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given me ; for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world.' Life became altogether new to him from the moment he caught these words, for they were, of a truth, 'spirit and life ;' and the purpose of his heart was, thenceforth, fixed to teach the unity of the Godhead as it had been illustrated by the manifestation of Christ among men, and to show how all the doctrines of Jesus were adapted to secure the fellowship of them that believe on His Name, not only with the Father and the Son, but with each other also. 'That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us : and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.' "

Having announced and defined his theme, the preacher gives full expression to the wonder occasioned by the fact "that, from being treated as a heretical sect amongst the Jews, the Christians of the Apostolic age, though drawn together by the same grace, made one with each other in Christ Himself, and 'reconciled unto God in one body by the Cross,' split into factions, and wasted their strength in strifes and debates"—a "catastrophe" against which "every provision seems to have been made." The observations on this subject lead to an impressive paragraph on the state and prospects of Christendom to-day.

"The reflection that, for nearly 1,800 years, these words (of the text) have been rehearsed in the ears of successive generations of Christians with only such results as we now see in Christendom, is correction of all sanguine expectations as to the immediate future. The state of our own country—certainly not the worst representation of the spirit in which the teachings of the Gospel are held by various classes of men, or of the effect produced upon the public mind by Christianity as thus commended by its disciples—is lamentable evidence that we have much to learn on this subject. The estrangement of Christians from one another, instead of startling us into thought by its incongruity with the genius of the Gospel, is popularly regarded as a matter of course. But the consequences are frightful to think of. We are losing the benefit of the gifts which God is bestowing upon those who walk not with us, and are addicting ourselves to schools of thought, which may give definiteness to the few things we study, but which do not invigorate us by their comprehensive range of teaching, or by the spirit of love which they foster in our hearts. We can speak to one another on questions of infinite moment, or of controversial importance, only through the press, and lose, in consequence, the magical power of the voice when tremulous with emotion, or firm as the basis of our convictions, or persuasive with the eloquence of love. How can we know each other thus? Could the mastery of speech make our compositions as perfect images of our

mental states as photography secures of our physical appearance, we should still be justified in saying that even then we could not be fully known to our neighbours, nor could we be thoroughly acquainted with them. And the mischief does not end there. The religious knowledge which exists in our social sects is all but stagnant. Our congregations do not care for a patient and exhaustive analysis of the mind of the Spirit. The men of business who are wearied by the bustle and excitement of daily occupation, eschew, as unsuitable to a day of rest, hard thinking upon the true grace of God wherein we stand, and contentedly assume that an assent to the things most commonly believed amongst is all the homage which they should pay to truth. The lovers of light and sensational literature cannot conceive of the possibility of so reading the Bible in relation to these days, as to discover adaptations to our wants which can burst upon the soul with the novelty and force of new revelations from heaven. They are satisfied with knowing 'the first principles of the oracles of God,' and do not pretend to go on unto perfection. Now, though I do not mean to assert that this stagnation of religious knowledge is entirely to be attributed to the estrangement in which Christians of various sects live in this country, I do say that it is intensified and perpetuated thereby. And, as the immediate consequence of our personal equanimity in the midst of the light of revelation, we can see how feeble is the apprehension we have of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in dying to redeem us from all iniquity, and to purify us unto Himself as a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Where are the men who 'thus judge'—not in their closets only, but in their houses of business, on the exchange, in the news-room, in social life—'that if one died for all, then all died, and that He died for all that they which live should not live unto themselves, but unto Him that died for them and rose again'? Where is the congregation of the upright, whose members live in the constant remembrance that they are not their own? Who of us can appeal from our own consciences to God who trieth the heart, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain'? What do we know of the constraint which the love of Christ put upon Paul? We do but babble about the love that passeth knowledge, when Paul felt words too poor to utter its grandeur, and to declare its glory; and our most rapturous joys in connection with our salvation are as evanescent as our conception of its sublimity is vague and indeterminate. No wonder that we have such a slight impression of the evil of sin in our own hearts and the mischief it is disseminating throughout the world. We do not linger at the Cross long enough to allow the evidence of more than a vulgar agony to infiltrate into our souls. We are amazed at the spectacle of an expiring God, but do not strain our eyes in the deepening gloom to see our own sins laid upon Him, until, in very intensity of contrition and gratitude, we crucify the old man which is corrupt in every evil lust. To how many is sin an inconvenience, a misfortune, a calamity, instead of the abominable thing which God hateth, and which we should loathe with unutterable abhorrence? Yet, when the grace of Jesus is not esteemed aright, the evil of sin may be admitted in words, but is never adequately felt in the heart, and the check upon its propagation, which consciousness of its essential evil implies, is withdrawn in the same degree. Hence the defective sanctification of not a few who are old and well-stricken in years. Hence, too, the worldliness of many more who do not follow the Lord fully. Hence, also, the mistaken notion with which multitudes assume the responsibilities of the Christian profession, as if the breaking off from their old sins were enough for God and man, and they were not to count themselves 'dead indeed' unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' For whatever lowers the appreciation we have of the blood of Jesus as it is sprinkled by the Holy Ghost on our consciences, must also lessen our sense of the demerit, the heinousness, the treasonableness of sin in ourselves and

others. Indeed, it may be laid down as an axiom in Christian science that the moral condition of man can be understood only by means of the sacrifice of the Son of God as a propitiation for the sins of the world. The school which rejects that sacrifice has never been conspicuous for its denunciation of sin, or for its efforts to beseech men to be reconciled to God. . . . But you, brethren, have learnt a different lesson, and have pondered, mayhap, the saying, 'the soul that sinneth it shall die' at the Cross; since *there* God hath demonstrated His unwillingness 'that any should perish,' and His willingness that 'all should be saved.' Yet, who of us has so studied the condition of man 'without Christ, without God, without hope in the world,' as to have shared the profound sorrow of saints in the olden time? . . . And as in a great degree fostering erroneous conclusions as to their imminent danger—or generating evanescent surmises as to the final judgement of God—or simulating, in spasmodic efforts, a zeal which should never know weariness in the service of God—the want of 'fellowship' amongst Christians must be condemned and deplored. If we dwell in love with one another as God hath loved us, we must needs be 'able to comprehend'—as we do *not* at present—'the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, being filled unto the fulness of God.' Our various histories would but illustrate the all-embracing grace of the Gospel, and perpetually remind us that the wider the test, the ampler is the proof that it is 'the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son that cleanseth from all sin.' And as our consciences became pure through the cleansing of that blood, and our 'walk' more and more 'in the light,' men would believe that 'God sent his Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him should be saved.' Our fellowship would daily become more perfect, and more completely answer its predestined uses; whilst it would impart new animation to our hope of being glorified together with Christ."

These quotations are long, but we have made them because they suitably illustrate the breadth and comprehensiveness with which Mr. Gould was wont to survey a subject, and the felicity of diction which he could easily command for the expression of the thoughts it suggested to him. Mr. Gould proceeds to discuss the method in which this "fellowship"—the "pressing want of the Church"—"is to be secured." Creeds, confessions, and organisations, he reminds us, have been tried, and have failed. Moreover,

"Churches are not designed to *produce* fellowship, but rather to make it manifest when, by other means, it has been produced; and their highest use in this respect, is to guard against the tendency to merge the fellowship of all saints with each other, in a narrow, denominational policy. They were instituted by Christ to make us men in our knowledge, our sympathies, and our unselfishness, and not to shrivel us into pigmies that huddle together for warmth in some hole in the earth."

Civil rulers, with their Acts of Uniformity, can render no help; "they have merely demonstrated their folly in forging mechanical bands for the souls of their subjects." On the other hand, "some Christians, with almost equal fatality, have suggested the substitution of an undenominational brotherhood for our existing Churches." With what result? Only to show "the practical working of such a scheme," as it has "long been displayed, in the most bitterly sectarian of the sects into which we are divided."

For a solution of this problem Mr. Gould sends us back to the last of the Apostles ; and the solution is found in the words : " If we walk in the light as Jesus is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus . . . God's Son cleanseth us from all sin." To the exposition of this truth the remainder of the sermon is devoted, and every page of it is luminous. It is drawn from " the functions of light," which (1) " manifests objects and their mutual relations," (2) " fosters and serves to develop life in its various organisms," and (3) " is ever preparing living things and beings to display its influence on a perpetually increasing scale." " If," then, " we walk in the light," these things are characteristic of us : (1) " consciousness of, and delight in, our new relation to God ;" (2) " accurate perception of, and assent to, our obligations ;" and (3) " cordial receptivity of the influences disclosed to us by the light." Under this last head the preacher well remarks :—

" Our relation to our fellow-Christians is made manifest in Christ, and it is part of His plan to make us serve one another. We must not, therefore, turn aside from the course which He has illumined, because of the association, which is unavoidable, with individuals who would be intolerable to us if they were not ' called to be saints.' Every one we meet with may teach us some lesson, if we are but willing to receive it, and it is our privilege to know that the most obnoxious, as well the most pleasant incidents in life are made to work together for good to them that love God. To ' walk in the light ' will always tax our self-control ; will call for perpetual watchfulness against thinking of ourselves above that which we ought to think ; will inculcate humility by training us in the habit of preferring in honour others to ourselves ; and will teach us that there is no power so great as love to overcome the jealousy, the spitefulness, the pride, the envy, in which our intercourse may involve us. Happy is he who is more anxious to get rid of his personal defects than to excuse them by the glaring faults of others !"

We must resist the temptation to epitomise or to describe the other sermons in this volume—most of which are, as to length, within the ordinary sermon limits, and some of which are short. Their topics are : " The Honour which Cometh from God," " Blessings Cursed," " Children of the Kingdom," " Joy in our King," " The Condition of the Final Award," " Deliverance from the World," " Ministerial Responsibility," " The Dispensation of the Spirit," " Fulness in Christ," " Truth in Prayer." To these are appended three invaluable " Addresses," on " The Early English Baptists," " The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," and " The Limits and Aims of Ministerial Work." The first was delivered to St. Mary's Literary Class, February 9th, 1881 ; the second was read at the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union, held at Cardiff, October 10th, 1867, and is an " Examination of the Theory of Sacerdotal Functions in the Administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, recently put forth by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury ;" and the third was delivered to former Students of Bristol College, September 3rd, 1878. The sermons on " Fulness in Christ " and " Truth in Prayer," closed Mr. Gould's long, laborious, and eminently useful ministerial career. For these fitting memorials of his princely intellect, his uncompromising integrity, his devout heart, and his noble life, his countless friends throughout the land, and in other lands, will be deeply grateful.

"TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?" A Sermon preached in the City Temple on Wednesday, May 9th, 1883, in behalf of the London Missionary Society. By Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

WE have here a great sermon—great in the truest and best sense of the word. A lady once said to a friend of ours: "You *should* have heard Mr. — yesterday morning. It was a *great* sermon; at least it was *greatly delivered*." Many sermons which are not great are "greatly delivered," and many which are truly great are not delivered in a manner befitting their greatness. We did not hear the sermon before us, but we have "sat under" some of the pulpit deliverances of Mr. Jenkins, and we know that he does not spoil the effect of the matter of his preaching by the manner of it; on the contrary, his manner gives his matter the best possible human chance of finding its way into, and taking full possession of, the understandings and hearts of those to whom he speaks. The symmetry and beauty of the structure of this sermon are charming. It is built of solid materials throughout, and there is not an imperfect stone, or a defective piece of woodwork, or a mistaken bit of ornamentation in any part of it. It is founded, as the title indicates, upon John vi. 66—69, and is addressed to the peculiar mood of our age in relation to Christianity, which he describes as "an unstable mood of thought regarding Christ." He says:—

"This is now the prevailing tone of the world; and no trial can befall the Church which is so fraught with danger. Hostility is a positive temper; we can define it and provide against it. Its effect upon the Church is seldom baneful, for it drives the flock into the securer retreats of the fold. Suffering for righteousness' sake, moreover, is an appointed instrument of purity and strength. But an unstable mood of thought regarding Christ, surrounding a Church that lives by faith in Christ, is the pestilence that brings death by infecting with noiseless contagion the elements of life. It is not merely that its footsteps cannot be discerned, but its favourite haunt is the bud, the spring-opening of the mind; and its symptoms are so misleading, that some of its worst types simulate health, vigour, and freedom. But that which most of all betrays its wasting power is its early assimilation to faith. The unstable mood is one of the incipient forms of incipient faith, and, therefore, of elementary discipleship; and its ravages are seen when, perverted by some passion or sentiment of selfishness, it puts back or destroys the growth of faith. It is answerable for the loss of thousands of our youth, and for the wide failure of initial stages of Christian profession, as foreseen by the penetration of the parable of the sower. . . . This particular mood of mind regarding Christ may be traced in that class of current literature in which religion finds unconscious expression; where the writer has a simple literary aim, and his reference to a Christian doctrine or a Christian work is an incidental illustration or reminiscence, indicating no bias whatever. The manner in which this casual touch escapes a modern writer is very different from that which distinguished the style of similar allusions fifty years ago. Then the stroke was firm, as if the public mind were pervaded by an impression of the Divine authority of the Scriptures and by a reverence for Christian ideas. Now the way in which a New Testament doctrine is cited, or a Christian work noticed, shows that the writer does not regard the religion of Jesus Christ as among the things 'which are most surely believed among us.' It seems as if there were a gradual going away from it. To an eye that does not look steadfastly at the sign there is nothing alarming; it may mean little more than a question of style and taste; but no

Christian thinker can study it without the gravest concern, without suspecting that he finds herein a loosening of that religious faith which, in the form of sentiment, has been wont to command the public opinion of this country; and he knows that if the miraculous inspiration of Christian doctrine depart from human belief, every institution that rests upon it is doomed."

Mr. Jenkins rightly reminds us that "the immediate future of the Church, the future of the next fifty years, will take its character, whether of triumph or failure, from us, not from our enemies.

"If, against the unstable mood of thought regarding Christ which now surrounds us, we, the followers of Jesus, present indissoluble stability; if we sharply recall to their allegiance to the Great Teacher those disciples who have not been seduced, I will not even say shaken, but distracted, by modern controversy; if by the help of the Master's appeal we can bring into a closer phalanx of unity 'all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours,' we shall wrest the next fifty years from the grasp of our enemies, and we, and not they, 'shall reign upon the earth.'"

Going away from Christ means that we must "choose to *drift*," or "to prosecute a new *search*."

"To drift would mean, in our case, a reckless submission to the involuntary moods of despair; in other words, that experience having made us ashamed of our Christian hope, that having been compelled to surrender Christian doctrine to the new tests of science, we cut ourselves from the last strand of faith, and consent to be swept along in such currents of physical and intellectual change as the irresistible course of Nature may determine for us."

Is the other alternative preferable? "To prosecute a new search would imply that Jesus has failed us;" and if that be so, "to whom or where shall we go for words of life?" Other religions are surveyed in the light of modern discovery; with what result? "Modern research leaves the question of a future religion for the world in this position, it must be *the Christian faith*, or *no faith*." From this point the preacher, in eloquent and convincing words, pushes home the claims of Christianity upon the acceptance of man. Accepted by the world, it will save the world; rejected by the world, the world will be lost.

"We are offered a philosophy which as yet has constructed nothing; we possess a faith which has been attested by the history of centuries, whose divinity is verified by the only civilisation which is living, and which creates 'all things new.' We set the experience of two thousand years against the speculations of yesterday; against the uncertain teachings of an ever-shifting hypothesis we set words of 'eternal life,' which, in the beginning, joined themselves to human speech, and have come down to us on the language of men, until they are fast becoming a spreading and deepening river of life; and judging from the districts over which it has rolled, which were once desert, and are now crowded with life and waving with produce, we make bold to predict that 'everything shall live whithersoever the river cometh.'"

BROTHERHOOD, FELLOWSHIP, AND ACTING TOGETHER. Further Practical Reflections in Rhyme. A Sequel to "New Covenant Ordinances and Order." Composcimus, Compascimus. Elliot Stock.

WE have not seen the work to which the one before us is "a Sequel;" but we can only say of the "Sequel" that it is a wide wilderness of doggerel. Is it meant for a burlesque? We can hardly suppose so; and yet, on any other supposition, we can hardly imagine that one person in a million, taking it in hand, could possibly read it through. Two stanzas, taken at random, will suffice for a sample.

"Love in ascendant, how and what,
She who care's tribute paid,
And she at JESUS' feet who sat,
Conjoint, exhibited.

"John the affectionate, combine
With longing, labouring Paul,
Add fervid Peter to be trine,
Yet is there told not all."

Surely here is told enough!

MORAVIAN MISSIONS. Twelve Lectures.

By Augustus C. Thompson, D.D.,
Author of "The Better Land,"
"Morning Hours in Patmos," "The
Mercy Seat," &c. Hodder &
Stoughton.

ALTHOUGH very much has been written and published concerning the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren—very much more, indeed, than we were aware of until Dr. Thompson's book came into our hands—yet we question whether these remarkable people and their history are half as widely known in this country as they ought to be. Bost's account of them—a translation of which was issued by the Religious Tract Society as far back as 1834—sets

forth their origin, progress, and work in a form well adapted for popular use. Nine years earlier a history of them appeared, in two volumes, from the pen of John Holmes; and Dr. William Brown, of the Scottish Missionary Society, devoted to their mission labours nearly 250 pages of his great work, in three volumes, entitled "A History of the Propagation of Christianity among the Heathen since the Reformation," which appeared in 1854. A vast amount of detailed information respecting them is scattered about in religious literature of a miscellaneous kind—some of it very valuable, and much of it, no doubt, comparatively worthless. The United Brethren, however, are, and have all along been, a people concerning whom it is good to read; who have maintained a high and, in most respects, healthy spiritual tone; and who have, under God, done a very extensive work of evangelisation in many parts of the world. The history of Moravian Missions has not been related, so far as we know, by any one writer so fully and so graphically as by Dr. A. C. Thompson in the noble volume before us. He has, by diligent research and by a careful use of all necessary sifting processes, made himself master of all the trustworthy facts, and has presented them in their own proper living force and grandeur to his readers. He has narrated over again the life of Count Zinzendorf, one of the most devoted, energetic, intrepid, much-enduring, self-sacrificing, strong-minded, and noble-hearted heroes the Church of Christ has ever had either in ancient or modern times. Nine of the lectures recount the missionary labours of the Society in the West Indies, in South and Central America, in Greenland and Labrador, among the North American

Indians, in South Africa, and in Australia. The first lecture describes the origin and growth of the Society, and the last enables us to form a definite idea of its modes of life, and of the spirit by which it is animated. The series was delivered in 1877-1880 at the Theological Seminary, Andover, and in 1882 to the Theological department of the Boston University. Christian readers in England have reason very warmly to thank Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton for having placed the volume within their reach. After reading it, we say, as the author himself said respecting the works he had had to consult in its preparation, "A perusal . . . can hardly fail to foster the sentiment of Count Zinzendorf: 'The whole earth is the Lord's; men's souls are His; I am a debtor to all.'"

BLACKWOOD'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES.
 Edited by Professor Meiklejohn.
Historical Reader, Books 1, 2, and 3.
 London and Edinburgh: Blackwood
 & Sons.

THE first of these three volumes gives the history of Britain and England from before Christ to 1154 A.D., for Standard IV. The second, for Standard V., carries the history of England forward from 1154 A.D. to 1603 A.D. The third, for Standards VI. and VII., proceeds from the last-mentioned date to the present time. All the main facts are stated in terse, condensed, but thoroughly intelligible language, and every facility is given to the memory; while many patriotic lays—some well known, and others less so—illustrative of the leading characters and events are appropriately introduced. Industrious and painstaking pupils in our schools

will be delighted with these "Reading Books for all Standards" which the eminent publishers and their accomplished coadjutor, Professor Meiklejohn, are providing for them, "specially suited," as they are, "to meet the requirements of the New Code and the instructions to H.M. Inspectors," and "copiously illustrated," as they are, "with maps and woodcuts." The paper, printing, and binding are all simply perfect, and, with ordinary care, will last almost any length of time. Another fact to be mentioned in favour of these admirable works is that, considering the style, at once tasteful and substantial, in which they are got up, they are remarkably cheap.

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LITTLE GLORY'S MISSION. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.

FOUND AT LAST. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.

UNSPOKEN ADDRESSES. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. Hodder & Stoughton.

MRS. REANEY has a well-established and well-deserved reputation as a writer for young persons. She possesses the knack of telling simple stories with great attractiveness and power, and can convey moral lessons and spiritual truths to the class of readers whom she addresses in a style well fitted to secure their attention and their assent. Her popularity is great, and she uses it, with exemplary industry and zeal, solely for the public good. These three little books have all the graces of simplicity, naturalness, purity of tone, and geniality of spirit which have won for their author an abiding place in the hearts of thousands, and which, if she be spared, will extend her usefulness more and more widely year by year.

THE WATER-DRINKING HERCULES, THE TEMPLAR SAGE, AND THE TEMPERANCE PREMIER ; or, Samson, Samuel, and Daniel in the Van of the Temperance Army. By Rev. R. Whittleton. Elliot Stock.

IN this vigorous lecture Mr. Whittleton has worked out a capital idea in capital style. The Rev. Charles Garrett says that "it covers the whole ground well, and the arguments seem to be irresistible." Freshness of method in expounding and enforcing the claims of Temperance is not yet exhausted. In Mr. Whittleton the good cause has an able champion.

EUDOKIA: the Angels' Song. A Vindication of the New Testament (English and Greek) of our Blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as affected by the Work of the Bible Revision Company, 1870, in its Two Respective Publications, 1881, 1882, and shown fully in the Parallel New Testament, A.V. 1611, R.V. 1881. By Theophilus, A.M. of Glasgow University. Elliot Stock.

THAT the work of the New Testament Company of Revisers has been done to perfection few, we imagine, would be inclined to contend; but that it has been done so badly as this author endeavours to show fewer still, we think, will be induced to admit. He says that the Revised Version "is found, upon careful examination, to be wonderfully like the Popish Douay or Rhemish New Testament in English, rendered from the Roman or Latin Vulgate, *only out-doing* that Version in retaining all its corruptions, in importing into the text many changes of a most doubtful character, and in casting

out many precious scriptures without cause or reason shown." A sweeping charge this, which the author has failed to substantiate. Very much of his reasoning is based, not upon scholarly investigation and research, but upon sheer theological bias and unchecked sentimental prejudice. The author seems to think that nearly all that is most vital to Christianity has disappeared from the New Testament in the form in which the Revisers have handed it to us, whilst much that is hostile to Christianity has been introduced! If this statement should awaken the sceptical curiosity of our readers, they had better see how far it is justified by examining "Eudokia" for themselves. Its perusal has afforded us neither pleasure nor profit.

PREACHING BY THE CHURCHES. An Address to the Churches of the London Baptist Association, June 26th, 1888. By Charles Stanford, D.D. London: Alexander & Shephard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn.

ANOTHER of Dr. Stanford's pithy, pungent, beautiful, well-illustrated, and intensely earnest addresses, which should be read by all the members of our churches from one end of the land to the other.

CHURCH LIFE IN LONDON. An Address at the Annual Meeting of the London Congregational Union, March 9th, 1883. By Edward White. London: Printed by Warren, Hall, & Lovitt, 88, Camden Road, N.W.

MR. WHITE's address might fitly and usefully accompany the address by Dr. Stanford noticed above. It impres-

ively suggests the true Church ideal, and the respects in which existing churches fail to reach it; and every sentence is fitted to tell wholesomely upon the convictions, aspirations, and practical life of all Christian readers.

MAN'S GREAT DEBT. The Great Creditor: His Mode of Dealing with it. An Inquiry. By Barton Dell. Elliot Stock.

AN extremely thoughtful book, to some extent heterodox in its teaching, but reverent and mild in its tone. "Man's great debt" is that of obedience to God; a debt which he has failed to pay. The question is as to how "the Great Creditor" deals with it—whether by free forgiveness, or on the basis of a "satisfaction" rendered to Him on behalf of the "debtor" by Jesus Christ. The author's reasoning is intended to show that these two alternatives must be kept rigidly apart—that they cannot mingle in a plan of salvation. He maintains that forgiveness excludes the idea of "satisfaction," and that "satisfaction" excludes the idea of forgiveness. His position may be indicated by a sentence quoted from a page near the end of the book:—"The payment of man's Great Debt is irrevocably decreed, or it is not. If it must be paid, some one must satisfy the creditor. If paid, it is not forgiven. If forgiven, payment is surrendered—forever." The hard logic of such language is undoubtedly plausible; but the Word of God, to the teaching of which we should be ready to defer on this, as on all other moral and religious questions, is immeasurably deeper and broader than human logic; and that teaching, on the question which our author has undertaken to discuss, may

be comprised in the words, "*God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.*"

SCRIPTURE BAPTISM. A New and Beautiful Engraving of a Baptism in the Open Air. Manchester: J. Nettleton, 3, Strutt Street.

MR. NETTLETON has produced a very interesting picture of a River Baptism, done in a fair style of art, and nicely engraved on enamelled paper. The scenery is romantic, and the grouping of the figures on the banks is good. There is an appropriate border, with Scripture texts, and quotations in favour of immersion from Dr. Doddridge, Richard Baxter, Dean Stanley, and John Wesley. It would grace our Baptist homes.

CLARKE'S COMMENTARY. Parts 26, 27, 28. London: Ward, Lock, & Co., Salisbury Square.

THIS new edition of Dr. Adam Clarke's great Commentary, under the editorship of the Rev. Thornley Smith, is rapidly proceeding to its completion. We last noticed it in our April number, and intimated that the New Testament had been entered upon. We have since received the three parts mentioned above, which conduct the student to the close of the Fourth Gospel. To each of the Gospels, in addition to the "Introductions" by the learned author, the editor has supplied "Prefatory Notices" suggested by more recent research and criticism, which will be found to throw some valuable light upon terms and passages here and there. The work ought to command a large sale.

CHRIST'S EXAMPLE ABOUT BAPTISM ; contrasted with His Disciples' confounding thereof, and the Lord's Rebukes to them in Consequence. By James Johnstone, Theologian, Electrician, and Engineer. Edinburgh : James Gemmell.

THE "Electrician and Engineer" may be a "Theologian," but the theology of this odd-looking little book from his pen is of a very questionable kind. His object seems to be to show that our Lord never enjoined water-baptism at all, but only the baptism of the Spirit, and that His teaching on the subject of baptism was utterly misunderstood even by His apostles ! The reasoning is sometimes clever, but often cloudy, and generally inconclusive.

THE INFLUENCE OF NONCONFORMITY UPON THE LIFE OF THE NATION. By the Rev. W. T. Rosevear. London : Alexander & Shephard, 21, Castle Street, Holborn.

AN elaborate speech delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Worcestershire Association, held at Alcester in June last. Mr. Rosevear was requested to publish it, and, as the request was a wise one, we are glad that it has been acceded to. Mr. Rosevear is not only widely known as one of the ablest ministers of our denomination, but also as an intelligent and zealous Nonconformist. He does not stand aloof from

the Church of England without feeling himself to have the most impregnable grounds for doing so. His Nonconformity, without even the slightest dash of bitterness, has all the elements of strength which come from wide and impartial reading, from patient and conscientious study, and from perfectly definite and intense conviction. The speech before us is essentially historical in its spirit, and the main facts, with the inferences they supply, are brought forward with all the vigour of insight and of eloquence which we have long been accustomed to expect from its author whenever he takes a great subject in hand. He evidently has a special liking for his theme, and no true-hearted Nonconformist can read what he has said upon it without a renewed feeling that the Nonconformity to which he adheres is an element in the life and prosperity of the nation to be proud of, and one for which he is more than ever constrained to give God thanks.

THE GOSPEL OF MARK : with Introduction, Maps, and Notes for Bible-Classes and Senior Sabbath Scholars. By T. M. Lindsay, D.D. London : Blackie & Son, Old Bailey.

AN admirable little guide to the study of Mark's Gospel, which members of Bible-Classes and Senior Sabbath Scholars will do well carefully to consult.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1883.

Robert Moffat.



HIS veteran Christian missionary passed to his rest on the 9th of August last, almost within four months of the close of his eighty-eighth year. Fifty-four years of this long life were consecrated to the great work among the South African heathen for which he had so enlightened as well as so intense a passion ; and when compelled at length to retire from it, he said that had he a thousand lives he would willingly live them all in the same good and holy cause. He takes rank with the noblest and most self-sacrificing missionaries who have devoted themselves to the propagation of Christianity in any age.

He was born on the 21st of December, 1795, at Ormiston, East Lothian. His childhood passed at Carron Shore, near the great Carron Ironworks, where his father held a Customs appointment. His first educational experience is best described in his own words :—

“ I remember well being sent to the parish school to learn the A B C. Wully Mitchell, as he was called, was a scholar, and this he knew ; but he was one who could use well the rod and the biting tawes. At that time the only first school-book was the Shorter Catechism. On the first page there were the Roman and Italic characters, double letters, and the figures from one to ten. When these were knocked into us, the leaves were turned over, and plump went the young pupil into the first question, ‘What is the chief end of man ?’ smiling with pleasure at having got through the first labyrinth. After having gone through the course of reading, writing, &c., I was removed to the village school. The master was paralytic in his left side ; but well do I remember that to us boys his right side possessed a power quite terrible.”

To escape from some hardships from severe treatment of which he was at this time the subject, he ran away from home, and hid himself in a vessel which was about to sail for the east coast of Scotland. The captain took a liking to him, and on the return of the vessel, interceded for his father's forgiveness, and afterwards took him, as a ship-boy, on several voyages. A seafaring life, however, was not to his taste, and he came back to resume his education at a superior school at Falkirk. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a gardener, having already acquired some knowledge of botany and horticulture; and at the end of his apprenticeship term (three years) he obtained congenial employment in the gardens of Lord Moray at Donibristle House. At this point we may extract the following facts from one of the London evening papers:—

"There is living at Colinswell, near Burntisland, a retired gardener, named John Roxburgh, who in his youth worked alongside of the late distinguished missionary in the gardens at Donibristle, and who has some interesting personal reminiscences of him. Mr. Roxburgh believes that Moffat served out his time with his uncle in the gardens at Hopetoun, on the opposite shore of the Forth, and entered the service of the Earl of Moray at Donibristle as a journeyman. He lived with his fellow-workman in the bothy there, only occasionally going home to Inverkeithing. Moffat whittled away the evening hours by practising the fiddle, and contributed greatly to the amusement of his companions by his performances on that instrument, of which he was very fond. The same informant states that Moffat was an excellent swimmer, and embraced the opportunity of bathing which the proximity of the gardens to the sea-shore afforded. He mentions an instance, of which he was witness, of Moffat's bravery in saving the life of a person who was in imminent danger of drowning. On the alarm being given, Moffat, who was working close at hand, rushed into the sea, and by the exercise of his swimming powers, and at great personal risk, effected a rescue. The anxiety felt by his mother that her son, on leaving this district for the south, should promise to read a portion of the Scriptures daily, and her pleading with him on the way to the boat at Queensferry, are still fresh in Mr. Roxburgh's recollection. The promise reluctantly given was conscientiously fulfilled, and the good habit contributed, as he afterwards admitted, in turning his life to noble aims."

After a while he removed to High Leigh, a few miles from Warrington, where he still pursued his occupation as a gardener. One day when at Warrington he saw a placard which contained the announcement of a missionary meeting which had been recently held. It reminded him of "his mother's talk about missions and missionaries," and awoke within him a desire to be devoted to missionary work. We soon find him in Manchester, and an attendant on

the ministry of the Rev. William Roby—a change of circumstance which he declared to be the most momentous in his life, as it gave a turn to all his subsequent course. Here he spent part of the day in the neighbouring nursery gardens of his future father-in-law, and the other part in Mr. Roby's Missionary College. He was thence transferred to the Missionary College at Gosport, and in 1816 was solemnly set apart to missionary work at Surrey Chapel, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, with Africa for his destination. In the ordination service he had eight companions, one of whom was John Williams, the "Martyr of Erromanga." Before starting for the Cape, he does not appear to have had any understanding with the authorities of the Society as to what amount of pecuniary support he was to receive. Probably this was a matter about which he never thought of enquiring; his mind was wholly absorbed in the difficult but entrancing enterprise which he had undertaken. Five brethren went out with him, and he states the "salary and allowance" thus:—"For a single missionary, £18 7s.; for a wife, £5 5s.; for building a house, £6 3s.; and when we started, one year's salary in advance." We are further informed that "in London there had been dealt out to him a mattress and camp-stool, tool-chest, £10 to buy books, and £5 to buy shoes and other odds and ends." He set sail for Cape Town on the 31st of October, having been appointed to Namaqualand, the region in which the once ferocious Africaner now held a chieftainship. Previously to this time Africaner had come under the influence of Christianity. His change of character and life was gradual. Some parts of it are thus described by Dr. Moffat in connection with an account of the death of this remarkable man:—

"Many had been the refreshing hours we had spent together, sitting or walking, tracing the operations of the word and Spirit on his mind, which seemed to have been first excited under the ministry of Christian Albrecht. Subsequent to that period his thoughts were frequently occupied while looking around him, and surveying the 'handy-works' of God, and asking the question, 'Are these the productions of some great Being?—how is it that His name and character have been lost among the Namaquas, and the knowledge of Him confined to so few?—has that knowledge only lately come to the world?—how is it that He does not address mankind in oral language?' His mind had received an impetus, not from the light of nature, bright as her page appears to one even partially illumined by the voice of revelation, but from what he had heard from the missionary. The torch of Divine truth, which had just begun to irradiate with its yet feeble

rays his intellectual powers, had been by his own violence removed far beyond his reach, and he was thus left to grope like one in the dark. In trying to grasp the often indistinct rays of light which would occasionally flit across his partially awakened understanding, he became the more bewildered, especially when he thought of the spirit of the Gospel message, 'Good-will to man.' He often wondered whether the book he saw some of the farmers use said anything on the subject; and then he would conclude that if they worshipped any such Being, he must be one of a very different character from that God of love to whom the missionaries directed the attention of the Namaquas. It was at a period when Africander's judgment appeared to be wavering, and when he was about to dismiss for ever from his thoughts the graver subjects of revelation, death, and immortality, that he had a rather remarkable dream, which gave his mind a bias it never afterwards forsook. He supposed that he was at the base of a steep and rugged mountain, over which he must pass by a path leading along an almost perpendicular precipice to the summit. On the left of the path, the fearful declivity presented one furnace of fire and smoke, mingled with lightning. As he looked round to flee from a sight which made his whole frame tremble, one appeared out of those murky regions, whose voice, like thunder, said there was no escape but by the narrow path. He attempted to ascend thereby, but felt the reflected heat from the precipice (to which he was obliged to cling) more intense than that from the burning pit beneath. When ready to sink with mental and physical agony, he cast his eyes upwards beyond the burning gulf, and saw a person stand on a green mount, on which the sun appeared to shine with peculiar brilliancy. This individual drew near to the ridge of the precipice, and beckoned him to advance. Shielding the side of his face with his hands, he ascended, through heat and smoke such as he would have thought no human frame could endure. He at last reached the long-desired spot, which became increasingly bright, and when about to address the stranger, he awoke.

"On asking him what was his interpretation of the dream, he replied, that it haunted his mind for a long time, like a poisonous thorn in the flesh, and he could bear to reflect on it only when, as he said with great simplicity, 'I thought the path was the narrow road leading from destruction to safety, from hell to heaven; the stranger I supposed to be that Saviour of whom I had heard, and long were my thoughts occupied in trying to discover when and how I was to pass along the burning path;' adding, with tears in his eyes, 'Thank God, I have passed.'" (*Moffat's "Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa."*)

On reaching Cape Town, Mr. Moffat wished to proceed at once to his appointed sphere of labour; but doubts as to the genuineness of Africander's conversion were so prevalent that the authorities refused to permit him to do so, and he had to wait for a period of some eight months. He arrived at Africander's kraal in the January of 1818. His description of the perils and fatigues of the journey is full of exciting interest. Circumstances did not look promising on his arrival. Differences had arisen between his predecessor, Mr.

Ebner, and the people, and Africaner was "out of sorts." After an hour's waiting, however, the chief came to the new missionary, gave him welcome, hoped he might long remain, and ordered a number of women immediately to build him a house.

"Hottentot houses (he says) are at best not very comfortable. I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell I came in for a share of it; when the wind blew I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog that wished a night's lodging would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day; and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. Nor were these all the contingencies of such a dwelling, for as the cattle belonging to the village had no fold, but strolled about, I have been compelled to start up from a sound sleep, and try to defend myself and my dwelling from being crushed to pieces by the rage of two bulls which had met to fight a nocturnal duel."

Mr. Moffat soon had to encounter a grave difficulty. Titus Africaner, brother of the chief, was "an inveterate enemy of missionaries," and, in company with others, presented himself before the house of Mr. Ebner, and, "loading him with the most abusive epithets, and in the most opprobrious language, ordered him to leave, threatening to lay violent hands upon him." Mr. Moffat obtained an interview with the chief, and begged him, as a Christian brother, to interpose; but he was "cool and reserved," and would only promise to prevent Mr. Ebner from being assaulted. The next step was to try to induce Mr. Ebner to "desist from disputing with a man in a rage," and to entreat Titus to "refer the case to the chief," to which Titus calmly replied, "I hope *you* will not interfere." The quarrel subsided towards evening, by which time Mr. Ebner had made up his mind to quit the country. Mr. Moffat naturally felt that such a commencement of his missionary work was by no means an auspicious one.

"Here I was, left alone with a people suspicious in the extreme; jealous of their rights, which they had obtained at the point of the sword; and the best of whom Mr. E. described as a sharp thorn. I had no friend and brother with whom I could participate in the communion of saints, none to whom I could look for counsel and advice. A barren and miserable country; a small salary, about £25 per annum. No grain, and consequently no bread, and no prospect of getting any, from the want of water to cultivate the ground; and destitute of the means of sending to the colony. These circumstances led to great searchings of heart, to see, if I had hitherto aimed at doing and suffering the will of Him in whose

service I had embarked. Satisfied that I had not ~~run~~ ^{run} ~~un~~ ^{un} ~~sent~~, and having, in the intimate and somewhat ^{obscure} ~~obscure~~ ^{coarse} ~~coarse~~ I had come, heard the still small voice, saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it,' I was wont to pour out my soul among the granite rocks surrounding this station, now in sorrow, and then in joy; and more than once I took my violin, once belonging to Christian Albrecht, and reclining upon one of the huge masses, have, in the stillness of the evening, played and sung the well-known hymn, a favourite of my mother's,

'Awake, my soul, in joyful lays
To sing thy great Redeemer's praise,' &c."

The faith and hope of such a servant of Christ were not likely to break down; nor did they though they were afterwards many a time tested with far greater severity. It soon became evident that Africaner's kraal was not a suitable locality for the establishment of a missionary station, and Mr. Moffat, with a view to the discovery of better quarters, travelled away to Damara-land, where fountains of water were said to abound. He recorded in the incidents of this journey in his "Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa," published nearly a quarter of a century later; and these incidents comprise adventures and experiences of the most thrilling description. No opportunity of making known the Gospel was neglected. The expedition, however, failed in regard to the specific purpose for which it was undertaken. Soon after his return, he learned that Africaner had been invited by the Griqua chiefs to remove, with his people, to their country away to the east of the desert, and he requested Mr. Moffat to make a journey of exploration thither, and to bring back a report. Possible political difficulties caused Mr. Moffat to hesitate, but as the people were urgent, and as the journey might further the interests of the mission, he consented. The account of this expedition also is replete with multifarious and oftentimes appalling adventure. Africaner was satisfied with the report presented to him on Mr. Moffat's return, but resolved to defer his removal for a time.

"My labours were resumed, but the drought was severe, and great hunger prevailed in the place. The means of grace, however, were well attended, and a delightful unction of the Spirit realised, especially in our Sabbath convocations; and so strong was the attachment of the people that, although I was contemplating visit to the Cape, I dared not mention the subject."

To be continued.)

Christian Fellowship.*

BY THE REV. J. BIGWOOD.

CHAPTER III.—SUBSEQUENT CHANGES.



THE constitution of the New Testament Church, as thus sketched out, accords with the very essence of Christianity and was the natural—indeed, the only natural—outcome of the Christian fellowship above described. The disciples of Christ were one, having joint and common participation of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. They had one common Father, to whom they all had equally free access; they all trusted in one Christ, their common Lord and Master, and therefore had no dominion over one another; they were all partakers of one Spirit, dwelling in their midst, distributing His gifts to them severally, the gifts bestowed on each being for the benefit of all. They all stood in *equally immediate* relationship to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and did not depend on the prophetic or priestly office for the propagation and development of the Kingdom of God. An order of priests and prophets, the medium of prayer and intercourse with God, and the source of Divine knowledge and all spiritual blessings, would have no place in a community in which Christ Himself was the one Priest and Prophet for all, making them a priestly and spiritual race; in which there was one heavenly King, Guide, and Teacher, through whom all were taught of God; one Oracle in the heart of all—the voice of the Spirit proceeding from the Father; in which all were members of one heavenly kingdom, and furnished with the powers of the world above—all without distinction of rank or privilege. In this community all were consecrated to God; all were kings and priests, to make their lives one continual priesthood, their bodies a living sacrifice; and thus to present to God continually a reasonable and spiritual worship. The advancement of the Kingdom of Christ, the extension of Christianity, the good of the community, was the duty, not of one class, but of all—of each individual. They had common privileges, common blessings and joys, and common duties. In such a community there was no room for the distinction between

* [I have not hesitated in these papers to make free use of Neander's "Planting of the Church," Neander's "Church History," and the Bampton Lecture on "The Organisation of the Early Christian Churches," by the Rev. Edwin Hatch, M.A.—J.B.]

spiritual and secular. Their religion was a life—a life in Christ, in whom they had become dead to the world—and, animated by the Spirit of God, they were enabled in all things, whether they ate or whether they drank, to do all to the glory of God. Under such circumstances the edification of the church or the development and advancement of the active life of the community was the common work of all; and in their church gatherings all, guided and capacitated by the Spirit of God dwelling in them, and imparting gifts according to their peculiar nature, could minister to their mutual comfort and growth (*c.f.* Rom. xii., 1 Cor. xii.-xiii., Eph. iv., portions of the New Testament Scriptures which cannot be too carefully studied by the inquirer into the constitution and worship of the New Testament Church). For such a community it is evident that *the headship of one individual* would be utterly unfitted. He would soon become a centre in the room of Christ, and also check the free development of the life of the church, and prevent the consciousness of mutual independence as well as dependence and individual responsibility. How difficult, if not impossible, to find an individual capable of guiding the affairs of the community and possessing the confidence of all! How much easier to find several heads of families, whose united qualifications might inspire confidence and fit them for the work! The spirit of Christianity calls for mutual help and common counsel and prayer. Hence the beauty, the suitableness, of the simple constitution of the New Testament Church. A body of elders—men of good report, not novices, known and approved by the community—to preside over and direct the affairs and worship of the church; possessed of no authority, but simply to advise and carry out the resolutions of the community; at the same time, like good shepherds, watching over the flock, and labouring among them as necessary in word and doctrine; men of the same order as themselves, sharing in their daily temptations and difficulties, and therefore knowing, by their own experience, how to meet the requirements of the community.

The Church of Christ, as thus sketched out, presents as striking a contrast to the Church of Christ in the present day as can well be conceived. There is scarcely a single point of resemblance. To trace its progress from the one condition to the other, and the causes influencing it, would be an interesting and not difficult task. Slow and scarcely perceptible at first were its onward steps, but more and

more rapid as they proceeded, until at length the beautifully simple brotherhood of the New Testament age culminated in a huge ecclesiastico-political organisation, devoid of spiritual life and incurably corrupt. The distinguishing features of New Testament Christianity were purity, mutual affection, and brotherly kindness in an age of vice, corruption, and selfishness. Not that all the Christians of that age were perfect; but holiness was enjoined and exhibited by the Apostles, the maintenance of strict Christian discipline was the chief work of the elders, and a Holy Christ was the centre of union and the ensample to the flock. To promote their piety, and to aid one another in resisting temptation, they were wont to meet for mutual prayer and exhortation, and commemoration of the death of Christ as a sacrifice for sin. Repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ were the subject of apostolic teaching and the basis of church fellowship. Indications of party spirit, of ambition, and of ungodliness were apparent in the earliest days of the church, even among the disciples of Christ in His lifetime, and by Him emphatically condemned; but the condemnation of such, and instructions to leaders and people to maintain a godly life, form the substance of the apostolic and canonical Scriptures. Philosophizing teachers soon appeared, but at once to be discouraged and condemned. The "sound doctrine" of the New Testament Scriptures was the healthful teaching of morality, of a religion that should pervade the life of its professors and influence them in all its relations and duties (*c.f.* Tit. ii.). The early church was emphatically, in spite of all its imperfections, a holy church. Its spiritual life, its manifestation of a brotherly love such as the world had never witnessed, its consecration to God, were the weapons of its warfare with heathenism and the secret of its triumphs—triumphs such as have never been equalled in any subsequent period.

The first noticeable change in the constitution of the Church of Christ was the distinction between bishops and presbyters, and the gradual development of monarchico-episcopal church government. Originally the names "presbyter" and "bishop" were synonymous, the former name being of Jewish, the latter of Gentile, origin. Then the presiding elder, *primus inter pares*, monopolized the title of bishop; but as late as the third century the presbyters constituted a council without whom the bishop could transact no business of importance. But eventually, after many struggles, the bishops obtained superior power in the guidance of the church.

In the early days of Christianity faith in Jesus, in a living Person, and a changed life resulting therefrom, was the basis of union and Christian fellowship. United to one common Saviour, they were united to one another, and all were brethren. They had one faith—Christ the Saviour, Lord, and Example. A speculative theology gradually took the place of a living faith. A fixed rule of doctrine was then deemed desirable. Doctrine came to be regarded as of more importance than Christian life, and to the presbyters was entrusted the teaching of Christian morality, and to the bishop the custody of the Christian faith.

In the early days of Christianity the mere membership of a Christian church was a presumptive evidence of piety and spiritual life; but gradually infant baptism obtained, and Christianity became a fashionable religion. Many grew up professedly Christian, and others became members of Christian communities devoid of spiritual life. Persecution revived, and many apostatized. After the persecution many of the *lapsed*, as they were called, sought re-admission into the church. It was frequently difficult to get the church together. The presbyters admitted the *lapsed* without consulting the community; contentions ensued. It was contended that none should be readmitted without the knowledge and approval of the bishop, and eventually the right of re-admitting penitents became inherent in the episcopate; but out of this controversy respecting the *lapsed* arose the rule that there should be only one bishop in a community.

In connection with the rise of the episcopate was the theory that the Church of Christ was a pure theocracy; that in our Lord's lifetime He Himself had been the visible Head of the Kingdom of Heaven, His Apostles had been His ministers, and His disciples the new people of God; and that, after His death, the bishops sat in the Lord's place, the presbyters were in the place of the Apostles, and the people were bound to honour and obey them. Gradually another theory took its place—viz., that, as the bishop had become the custodian of apostolic doctrine, the bishops, not the presbyters, took the Apostles' place. When the bishops became the centre of discipline as well as doctrine, it was argued that they had succeeded to the Apostles' powers of binding and loosing, and of conferring spiritual gifts at confirmation and ordination. Hence the rise of the notion of apostolical succession.

At the same time the influence of Judaism led to the idea of

a Christian priesthood, and sacerdotalism in the church obtained. The universal priestly character of Christians, springing out of the relation of all to Christ, the source of the Divine life, was repressed, and the presbyters came to be called priests, and the bishop (even by Tertullian) *summus sacerdos*, the chief priest. In connection with this, the original free constitution of the communities became also changed. The ministry became AN ORDER, and gradually the priestly character of the Christian was ignored; and the teaching in the church assemblies, and the administration of baptism and the Lord's Supper, or Eucharist, as it came to be called, were confined to the bishops and presbyters. Then the clergy separated themselves from the ordinary business of life, and became a distinct class. Then, as the idea of the priestly character of every Christian was obscured, that of the priestly consecration to God of every Christian was obscured also, and the piety of the people relaxed. A conventional holiness then sprang up. A higher religious life was required in the clergy than in the laity—that is, *external* religious life—a substitute for the inner life of consecration to God, which at first was deemed an essential part of Christianity, and expected in every Christian.

When Christianity became the religion of the State the power and position of the clergy changed. They were now granted the same immunities and privileges as the heathen priesthood and the members of the liberal professions. They were freed from the ordinary public burdens and exempted from the ordinary jurisdiction of the civil courts, which recognized the right of Christian associations to frame and enforce their own laws, and made compulsory the decisions of the representative assembly of a province in all matters in which the clergy were concerned. The clergy thus became a class *civilly* distinct from the rest of the community. Up to this time the clergy, even after they received an allowance from the funds of the communities, were accustomed to supplement their income by trade, or farming, or handicraft. There was no incongruity or disgrace in a bishop's working with his own hands or selling goods in the open market. In business, as in other matters, they were expected to be ensamples to the flock. But now the State allowed the churches to hold property, and they soon became rich. The church became a kind of universal legatee, and it became necessary to enact that ecclesiastics should not even visit the houses of widows and wards. Constantine endowed some churches with

revenues chargeable upon the lands of the municipalities, and, in some cases, gave to churches the valuable revenues and buildings of heathen temples. The clergy now became a class, not only civilly distinct from the rest of the community, but also possessed of social independence. With the growth of the power and dignity of the clergy was a corresponding decline in the power and position of the laity. Little by little the unofficial members of the communities were excluded from the performance of all ecclesiastical functions. At first a layman might not preach if a bishop were present, and, finally, not at all. At first the vote of a layman was taken in cases of discipline; but, finally, laymen had no vote in the ecclesiastical tribunals. In the early days of Christianity the different communities held friendly intercourse, met in friendly counsel, conferred on different subjects, and recorded their opinion, but claimed no authority. But now, after Christianity was recognized by the State, such conferences or councils multiplied, and their decisions in all matters of doctrine and discipline were made binding, and the formation of new associations by dissidents was ultimately prohibited. The churches were thus, by the help of the State, consolidated into one grand confederation, which preserved its power when the power of the State passed away, and, indeed, became the only powerful organization in the civilised world. It was now regarded as the Kingdom of God, the visible Church of Christ, the only visible Church; the City of God, the body of Christ, the Holy Catholic Church, and all outside this confederation were regarded as outside the Church of Christ. The church had now reached the height of its earthly glory. It was one grand organization, with a priesthood that might vie with the old Jewish priesthood, and possessed of undefined and unlimited power. The clerical office had become a profession, and the clergy found their place among the aristocracy of the earth. The church was now ripe, not, however, for fruitfulness, but for decay; powerful, not for good, but for evil. It became, and that speedily, the hotbed of vice and corruption. Very soon the mediæval priesthood and laws of celibacy, asceticism, and monasticism appeared, and the foundation was laid for all the evils and vices which at last evoked the Reformation. The church now presented a body from which the spirit had departed; a dominant hierarchy, instead of a loving brotherhood; a ritual, instead of a worship; a creed, instead of Christ; a grand organization devoid of life, instead of the living



temple, the habitation of the living God. It had reached the summit of human ambition, the pinnacle of human power and glory; but the spirit of godliness and brotherly kindness, the life of faith and hope and love, which were both the strength and the beauty of the Pentecostal Church, had passed away with its simplicity. The glory of the Lord had departed. "Ichabod" was written on its walls. It had become the abode of every unclean thing.

After the Reformation other churches sprang up. In our own country, churches, established and non-established, have had their rise, each in its turn struggling after purity and spiritual life, but without returning to the simplicity of constitution by which the New Testament Church was distinguished. They simply cut off some branches, more or less, of the corrupt tree, and retained the germs of the evils which were the ruin of the mediæval church. They all make a creed, in addition to repentance and faith in Christ, the basis of fellowship, substitute organization for life, and a clerical order for the priesthood of the whole community. They all aim at large earthly organizations, as synods, unions, councils, and hundreds, which are calculated to repress the development of the individual Christian life and authority, and, as they grow in strength, to breed evils and corruptions, destructive eventually of the organizations themselves. Notwithstanding all the teachings of ecclesiastical history, men, yea, Christian men, are struggling to erect vast ecclesiastical Babels, instead of simply labouring to pervade the inner life of society with the leaven of the Kingdom of heaven. And yet it is to be hoped, yea, believed, that there are some earnest Christ-loving souls who covet the return of the communion of the early days of Christianity; when there was no formal confederation of churches, but, in the language of Tertullian, "the communication of peace, the appellation of brotherhood, the token of hospitality, and the tradition of a single creed;" who feel that the true communion of saints is not found in externals, is not the result of external bonds and laws, but is an inward, hearty, spiritual communion of kindred souls with one another and with God; something more Divine, essential, and real than any outcome of external organization; a communion of thought, feeling, and affection among those for whom the Saviour prays "that they may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, even as We are one."

The Voluntary Choir.



HOUGH a woe is prophesied to those of whom all men speak well, yet we are not aware that any special blessing is to fall to the lot of those of whom everyone speaks ill. Few will attempt to controvert the assertion that the Voluntary Choir is the best abused, if by no means the least used, section of our Nonconformist Churches.

Ask the minister what he thinks of his choir. Recollections flit through his mind of favourite hymns sung to inappropriate and unknown tunes; of a solemn sermon whose effect was anti-climaxed by the wild rush of a popular sacred melody; of a pathetic minor heralding the announcement of his text,—“Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation;” of Chard’s rollicking chant produced in response to his gentle request for quiet music to the Forty-Second Psalm; and of tunes full of weird and darkly mysterious harmonic progressions performed by the choir with scientific accuracy, while the congregation stood dumb, some glowering at the organist, some simply apathetic, all offering a splendid wayside for the fowls of the air. In his large-hearted charity he will not accuse those who, like himself, lay their gifts on God’s altar, but says slowly and thoughtfully: “Sir, it is difficult for any body of persons to project themselves into perfect sympathy with the moods of a single individual.” With that incontrovertible remark he deftly changes the subject.

Ask the deacons what they think of their choir. They will look knowing, and probably reply that the musical temperament is particularly sensitive; that though they do not believe in paying to have God’s praises sung, the members of the choir are a little difficult to deal with, not easily pleased; find the desks too high or too low, the gas too bright, or the light too dim; dislike the tune-book in use as too commonplace or too heavy; loudly pleading for a change, but divided in opinion as to what the substitute should be; some going so far as to say that no psalmody could be worth listening to unless from “Hymns Ancient and Modern,” while others will hint that an occasional “Sankey” would wonderfully brighten the service.

Ask the congregation what they think of the choir. All have

charges to bring against it, all criticise it; and the more profound the ignorance of the art of music; the more confidently and unhesitatingly is the criticism offered. "What were you all about this morning?" was said to a member of a choir after a soft and pathetic rendering of the matchless hymn, "O sacred Head once wounded!" "I thought there was going to be a regular breakdown in that third hymn, and I had a mind to come and help you myself." The old people complain of new tunes, and retain their seats in token of displeasure when such are announced; the very young shrug their shoulders and are disdainfully silent as St. Ann's or St. Stephen's is sung. On wet Sundays it is declared no bass is to be heard, on fine Sundays we are told the bass drowns the treble. If the tenors blend well with the other parts, sarcastic enquiries are made as to their existence, and if they pursue a decided and individual line of their own, the Congregational dictum is, "They ought really to be asked to leave the choir; nobody else can be heard while they are singing." So it is with the trebles; they are either offensively obtrusive, or absurdly weak; and the altos are either too prominent or inaudible. And so on, *ad nauseam*.

Ask the organist what are his views of a voluntary choir. He will give a furtive glance round and tell you confidentially that he prefers a despotic monarchy to a republic; that a choir of boys will, after suasion in both kinds, do what is right in his eyes; but that a voluntary choir of ladies and gentlemen only illustrate the Latin proverb, "Quot homines, tot sententiæ;" that one likes a verse now and then to be sung unaccompanied by the organ; that another, with a lively sense of the tendency of many voices to flatten, declines to put in an appearance when that experiment shall be made. One likes single chants; another, less advanced, votes them monotonous and wearisome. One would fain coquette a little with Mother Church, and even goes so far as to suggest dividing the choir and singing in antiphon; while another can barely tolerate a chanted Psalm. Some like hymns and their accompanying tunes to be wedded without chance of a divorce; others would perpetually send out such hymns as "All people that on earth do dwell" on foraging excursions through the tune-book in search of new pasture. And as for their attendance, the organist will report that the only regularity in it is the regularity of irregularity; that on a fine Sunday he may have a choir of twenty-four, and on a wet Sunday there may be a sixth part of that number present. As regards the weekly practice of psalmody, he

considers it of little appreciable effect, for after he has drilled perhaps the twelve members present in the hymns, carefully noting all the points of expression, on the following Sunday half-a-dozen others will come into the choir, and from mere thoughtlessness override the rest, and stamp out completely the marks of thoughtful preparation.

Ask the choir themselves, as individuals, their views of themselves as a body corporate. Now the shafts of criticism cease to rebound harmlessly from the breasts at which they are aimed. Sped on their way by intimate knowledge instead of ignorance, they reach their mark, they rankle, being dipped in the poison of a little personal jealousy—a far more active irritant than a spirit of indiscriminate fault-finding. The rank and file declare the more prominent members to be lacking in culture and delicacy of refinement; they, in their turn, consider seven-eighths of the choir to be useless lumber, and agitate for a quartette where it is practicable. Several complain that the leading treble makes her voice too prominent, and that, leading the van at the commencement of each verse, she is found at the close bringing up the rear. Naturally, this is not popular; it annoys the purists by destroying the precision of attack and cessation, and gives the unmusical listener the impression that the choir are too tardy in beginning and too hasty in leaving off—an imputation which no one can be expected to bear with meekness. The baritones are restive under the superior weight of the heavy basses, and the basses think that baritone voices don't *tell* in a choir. Etc., etc., etc.

Is this an exaggerated view of the state of things in the choir? Hardly. The writer of this sketch, for many years a member of an average voluntary choir, has seen the possessor of a gentlemanly little tenor voice injured in some of his most delicate sensibilities when an individual with a fine sonorous bass, of ten-man power, takes the vacant chair beside him, saying, "There are so many basses here this morning, I'm going to sing tenor." The effect is simply cruel; but it is a voluntary choir, and if a man is not paid to sing bass, who says he may not sing *treble* if he can? Sometimes singing birds of passage alight in a choir with letters of recommendation from sister churches, sing with more or less effect for two or three months, and then migrate to a warmer moral atmosphere, giving as the private reason for their departure that nobody noticed them. It is a voluntary choir; why should they stay if they don't like it? Then, again, as regularly as the month of August comes round, recurs the Hegira of civilised

society. Schools and colleges rise from their studies, and pupils, teachers, and heads of families take flight to the Continent, the sea-side, or the country, as taste or pocket dictates. The choir departs in due course, and the organist is left nearly unsupported.

"All these things are against us!" cries voluntaryism. It is so; and a cure or even mitigation of these various evils is hard to find, and requires, on the part of all concerned, patience, and a quiet sacrifice of pet idiosyncrasies. The voluntary principle is the right one; let that truth be firmly upheld. To preach the Word of God in such a manner as to build up the saints in their most holy faith, and arrest the careless sinner; to encourage the timid and check the presumptuous; to lead the devotions of a congregation so that each member shall find his own deepest need laid before the Father; to guide with discretion the affairs of a church, with a gentle tightening of the rein here, a touch of the spur there, and a wise oversight everywhere—this is the engrossing work of a lifetime, and demands as a recompense freedom from all the harassments of pecuniary cares. To attain such skill on the organ as shall enable a man to *persuade* a large congregation, giving support to the wavering, precision to the vague, and a firm restraint to the lawless, requires years of patient study, and musical gifts accorded to few. These, too, demand substantial recognition on the part of those who reap benefit from them, and such recognition should include consideration and respect.

But the choir do their work simply as an act of worship to God. No surpassing gifts, no years of absorbing study are necessary to fit them for their part. A fair amount of vocal power, a knowledge of elementary music, including ability to read readily at sight, and above all a willingness to be guided by the choir-master in things little as well as things great,—these are all that are indispensable to make a good and useful member of a choir; and we maintain that a choir composed of such materials as these need no paid stars to show them the way. Regular attendance at practices and the habit of singing with one another would soon give them all the confidence and precision necessary; and the feeling that the trifling gifts of their voice, their time, and their labour are offerings acceptable to God would give an untold sweetness to any small sacrifice involved. But we do think that those who offer to the Lord that which costs them somewhat should be spared the shafts of congregational criticism as to the quality and quantity of that offering. As the choir generally include

the most musical section of the congregation, and are under the leadership of unquestioned talent, it is more than possible that they are on a higher level than their critics; at all events, they are their fellow-worshippers, and they arrogate to themselves no position of superiority, so that the choir might with equal fairness criticise the singing of the congregation. We cannot without a sense of shame criticise a brother's prayers; why should that brother criticise with complacency his brother's singing? Decidedly, unpaid singers are not fair subjects for captious carping. Then, the very genius of our Nonconformist worship is *simplicity*. We assemble ourselves together for united worship, not to listen to musical performances or oratorical displays; and we venture to say that 500 voices uniting with one accord to sing "Our God, our help in ages past," to the good old St. Ann's, is more likely to pierce straight to the throne of Him for whom praise waits in Zion, than the most splendidly elaborated anthem, performed with perfect taste and exquisite vocalisation by a carefully trained choir. Is that praise? Is that worship? Possibly it is to fifty appreciative listeners, who hardly like to join, lest they should spoil the effect; but what is it to Hodge and Betsy, standing wearily till it is over, and they may sit down again? If we Nonconformists desire performances of sacred music, let us try and organise such in our own drawing-rooms, or look for them in the Albert Hall or Crystal Palace, but do not let us try to turn our chapels into concert-rooms, nor our weekly assemblies for worship into musical performances. We shall not *permanently* attract the young by so doing. They will soon discover that the cathedral or Ritualistic church produces a far finer thing, and our principles will have been set aside to no purpose; and indeed success itself purchased at such a cost would turn out to be mere Dead Sea Fruit.

But it will be truthfully objected that if we confine our psalmody to such hymn-tunes as all can join in we shall soon be reduced to a very dead-level of monotony. About forty tunes in each ordinary metre, and perhaps three in each peculiar metre, would form the average congregational stock, and these would recur with distressing frequency. Might not the choir be allowed one hymn out of the usual five, to give them an opportunity of introducing a tune which should have been carefully practised, so as to be sung with perfect boldness and confidence? This tune repeated every Sunday for, say, six weeks, would, at the end of that time, have become familiar to

every one ; and from the very beginning those who could not join in singing would still have the words of holy joy or prayer or penitence to be filling their souls, while others were uttering them aloud.

To the writer it seems as if many of the evils before referred to would be obviated if every voluntary choir would form itself into a musical society, to be governed by fixed rules, and superintended by a president. Even a secretary, a treasurer, and a librarian might find scope for work appertaining to those offices. Might not attendance at the practice become more regular if absentees were called upon to pay a small fine ? Would not members who were necessarily absent or unpunctual be willing to consent to such a regulation if the sacrificial penny went towards a fund for procuring fresh music for practice ? Members of the congregation not singing in the choir might enrol themselves as members of this society, and hold themselves ready to do occasional Sunday duty for those who were ill or absent from the neighbourhood ; and in this case the choir proper might be called upon to hold themselves responsible for providing substitutes in case of necessary absence. These small restraints would stimulate members to regularity. It would be absolutely incumbent on the choir-master to have no fear of man or woman before his eyes ; he must be as ready to rebuke a pretty and high-spirited girl for violation of any of the musical canons as he would a meek dunce who was only just beginning to try harmonies. And all—musicians and amateurs, proud and poor in spirit, old and young, rich and poor—must, beyond a question, be ready to submit absolutely to the dictum of the choir-master, who would, in his turn, cultivate pleasant relations with the minister, and consult his taste wherever possible, being well aware how much the force and beauty of a sermon depend on calm, unfretted nerves and a perfectly tranquil spirit in the preacher. For so earnest and useful an organisation as this would be, the minister himself would be glad to make the little additional effort necessary for preparing a list of the Sunday hymns in time for the preliminary practice. These would be thoroughly prepared, any special little nicety carefully looked into, and, as the weekly festival of the Christian church came round, each member would be in his place, calm and confident, and ready to enter heart and soul into the holy exercises of the day.

These suggestions are thrown out with diffidence, under the pressure of a strong feeling that much needs to be changed in our Noncon-

formist church choirs, the very name of which seems at present to be a synonym for discordant harmonies. Discords are, indeed, the very soul and charm of music, but they all wait for their due resolution into pure and perfect consonance.

L. M. D.

Illustrations from a Preacher's Note-Book.

(Continued from page 220.)



46. The need of Spiritual Vigour.

WHEN blight or mildew comes to a garden, the plants that suffer first and most are those which have been badly cared for, and are, in consequence, weak and sickly. It is not often that hardy and vigorous plants are attacked or injured. If we fail to use the means which are needful for sustaining our souls in spiritual health and soundness we shall be very liable to the blighting influences of evil. It is only by being careful to maintain a vigorous spiritual life that we can hope to keep ourselves "unspotted from the world."

47. Prosperity and Adversity.

Some people could not endure prosperity. Its hot sun would enervate them—would take all energy out of them, and scorch up every possibility of strong growth, of high achievement. They are like certain plants which live and thrive in the bleak and chilly north, but whose hardihood and beauty the sunny south would quickly kill. Give such people wealth and luxury, and they would become dull and unaspiring; every germ and juice of good in them would become dried up, and their character would be without colour or fragrance, whilst their life would be a mere stagnation, never advancing into bloom or fruit. Give them, on the contrary, toil and hardship, and they will grow by these things out of all inertness and sluggishness; every force and faculty in them will be called forth into activity; they will keep themselves sweet and pure by motion, as running brooks do; and they will rise step by step into manliness of the finest, noblest order. Instead, therefore, of murmuring because

our lines have not fallen in more pleasant places, and we have not a goodlier heritage, let us be cheered by the thought that God knows what is best for us, and that by the present poverty and arduousness of our life He may be drawing out the best parts of our nature, and leading us upward into a richness and fulness of being which a more prosperous and pleasant course could never aid us in attaining.

48. Individual efforts to do Good.

The joy of doing good is one of the richest delights which the human heart can know ; and yet, in its fulness, this joy is not often realised even by those who are the readiest to respond to the calls of the needy and the distressed. And for this simple reason, that the good they do is not done directly with their own hands, but indirectly through the hands of others. It is not so much in the sending of charity to the poor, of instruction to the ignorant, and of condolence to the sorrowing, that the gladness of a real benevolence consists, as in that personal contact with men—that manifestation of a living sympathy, and a loving trust, which draws out their affections, and binds them to ourselves in the bonds of a grateful, trustful dependence. Those who cultivate their own gardens get a vast deal more genuine enjoyment out of them than those who merely employ gardeners to do the work. The day-labourer who, in his spare moments, attends to his small parterre, and from a few seeds trains to their perfection only rows of pinks and pansies, gains unquestionably a much finer, purer pleasure than the millionaire who bestows no individual care upon his flower-beds and his conservatories, but simply contents himself with looking upon the results which others have been paid to bring about. There is always a peculiar satisfaction in witnessing the products of our own care and pains. That which we employ others to do for us may, when it is finished, give us joy ; but the joy will be very largely increased if we do the work ourselves, so that, at every stage of its course, at every development of its progress—as well as in its final, completed result—we can watch the workings of our own energy, skill, and patience. Every Christian who wishes to share in the joy of Christ must learn, like Him, to “go about doing good.” He must not be content with giving to charitable institutions—however munificently ; or with supplying funds for the relief of the needy—however liberally ; or with providing means for

enlightening the ignorant, and reclaiming the sinful—however extensively. All these are good, as far as they go, and cannot be done without; but besides, and beyond, all these, he must himself come near to men in the exhibition of a tender, loving spirit, and do what in him lies to clear away the hindrances which stand upon their path, to make less painful the burdens which weigh upon their spirits; to guide and lift them to a loftier plane of life; to train them into spiritual comeliness, and strength, and good. Only so can he reap the full reward of Christian labour; only so can he enter into the rare blessedness of fellowship with Him who said: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work."

49. *Material things not to be clung to.*

Set in the midst of material objects, the Christian will naturally enough attach himself to these; but his attachment will be in no sense necessary or vital. He will no more depend upon them for sustenance than the seaweed depends upon the rock to which it clings. The seaweed, unlike the land-plant, derives no support from the stones on which it grows; to these it fastens only mechanically, drawing its nourishment exclusively from the air and water which surround it. What food can material things afford to the spiritual nature of man? They may be of use to him in a limited and external sense; he may hold on to them for the sake of physical convenience and comfort; but so far as his inner and truer life is concerned, they are of no avail; for *that* he has to rely on things which are altogether different in their character. That which is spiritual can be maintained and strengthened only by that which is spiritual.

50. *The insufficiency of mere external goodness.*

No amount of mere external goodness can alter or improve a sinful heart. You may cover brick with plaster until it looks like costly stone, but it is brick still; you may paint wood to resemble marble but it is wood still. And so you may overlay a depraved heart with a fine religious exterior, but it is a depraved heart still; and, however it may deceive men, it does not deceive God. He sees the false beneath the true, the bad below the good, and values us, not at what

we seem to be, but at what we really are, and will judge and deal with us accordingly.

51. *The Piety of the Humble useful.*

We are told that in the prairies of South America there grows a flower that always inclines in the same direction. The traveller may lose his way while crossing one of those prairies, and he may have neither compass nor chart by which to steer his course; but, turning to this lowly flower, he will find a guide on which he can implicitly rely; for no matter how heavily the rains may descend, or how violently the winds may blow, its leaves and petals invariably droop towards the north. If, whilst we live, we subserve a purpose analogous to that of this humble flower, we shall not have lived in vain. And such a purpose we can unquestionably subserve. We may feel ourselves unfitted for any prominent or active service in behalf of our fellowmen; but we can, each one of us, however humble and inconspicuous, point out the direction in which, for safety, for happiness, and for honour, some weary and bewildered travellers over the plain of life are wishing to go. Many a man, longing for a higher good than this world could supply him with, has found the way to the Fountain of all good by simply seeing the Godward piety of lowly men and women around him. If we live to God, if we turn to Him in faith and love and prayer and service, as the prairie-flower turns towards the north, some seeing our good works, our comely life, will be led to "glorify our Father who is in Heaven"—to glorify Him, not only by acknowledging Him to be the source of all that is beautiful and blessed in life, but also, and chiefly, by consecrating themselves to Him as their Father and their King.

51. *The Manifestness of Christian Service.*

Every Christian is bound to make known God's truth to men. Not that every Christian is called to enter a pulpit and speak therein as God's ambassador to men. For such work as that thousands of earnest-hearted Christians are evidently unfitted alike by nature, by training, and by grace. Preaching—in the conventional sense of the term—is only one of many ways in which the truth of God may be proclaimed to men. In the physical world God has many servants

doing His will, and these serve Him in manifold ways. Birds sing, stars shine, flowers bloom, oceans roll, rivers flow—each of these natural objects has a different form of service, but in essence the service is the same in all, namely, to glorify their Maker by ministering to his creature, man. So we, differing from one another in mental character, and social station, and outward circumstances, have to serve God in a variety of modes; but whatever the mode, the end is the same—to make known God's truth to our fellowmen. Given a heart touched by the Spirit of God and filled with the fire of His word, and in each, and every sphere of life there will be found an opportunity of doing His will among men. Wilberforce found it in the hall of legislature, Florence Nightingale in an hospital, Sarah Martin in the prison-cells at Norwich, Hannah More in a drawing-room. We may find it anywhere, everywhere. Parents may find it amongst their children, tradesmen in their daily contact with men, labourers in the field and in the workshop, women in the cottages of the poor and in the parlours of the rich, little children in the playground and in the school-room. God has no exclusive class of servants, and He insists on no stereotyped form of service. He simply puts before us the duty of doing His pleasure, and leaves us to adopt the methods which are most suited to our own gifts and most in consonance with the circumstances in which our lot is placed.

B. WILKINSON, F.G.S.

THE HOP-PICKERS' MISSION.

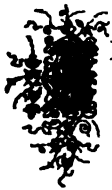
WE regret that a communication from the Rev. J. Burnham, on the claims and needs of this Mission, reached us too late for our September number. That communication is now out of date, but Mr. Burnham informs us that a larger number of "pickers" than usual have gone to the district this year, and that "the needs of these thousands are appalling, the more so as the funds have fallen off." We presume that the nature and purposes of the Mission are known to our readers. The subscription list is still open, and contributions may be sent to Rev. J. Burnham, 24, Keston Road, East Dulwich Road, London, S.E.

Personal Reminiscences of Missionary Work in England and Ireland.

BY THE REV. C. KIETLAND.

No. IV.

FIRST VISITS TO IRELAND.



IVE pleasant and not unfruitful years were spent in connection with the church at Sabden, North Lancashire. In this peaceful and picturesque valley, reposing under the sheltering ramparts of lofty hills, the late Mr. Cobden began his illustrious career. During his occasional visits he sometimes occupied a seat in the old square family pew of his friend and partner, the late Mr. Geo. Foster. Kindred spirits were these eminent men, although, in public matters, they often worked on different lines. The elders of the village were proud of recalling the efforts of Cobden and his public-spirited partners to advance popular education in the valley; and sometimes alluded with considerable gusto to the nervous hesitation and timidity of the future Hercules of free trade in his early efforts at public speaking. A friend informs me, on the authority of one who was present at a meeting of twelve or fourteen persons in a small room belonging to the old print-works, that "when Mr. Cobden was asked to say something, he consented, on condition that he should be allowed to sit during the time he spoke, as his nerves were so weak."

In 1851 I entered on my long and happy pastorate at Canterbury. A few years before my settlement a City Mission had been formed, and through its solitary agent was doing a good work. In a city of less than 20,000 inhabitants, having a vast cathedral, with its daily services, its heavy staff of ecclesiastics, and princely revenues; its thirteen or fourteen parish churches, and six Nonconformist places of worship, there ought not to have been any necessity for an Institution outside the religious bodies to do their work. But the churches had neglected their true mission, and the work which should have been undertaken by individual Christians had to be done by deputy. The result of

inquiries similar to those which I had made in London, showed a lamentable amount of ignorance and irreligion. Over-crowding of houses, neglect of public worship, non-attendance at school, scarcity of the Holy Scriptures, drunkenness, and other forms of immorality, were very prevalent. And on certain classes, the presence of a large military force had a pernicious influence.

I had scarcely completed my [second year in Canterbury, when an opportunity was offered me of gratifying my old love for missionary work. Some influential gentlemen connected with the Evangelical Alliance projected a month's evangelistic work in Ireland. The movement was popular. Funds came in freely, and in the early part of September about one hundred ministers of different denominations met in Dublin. After spending a day or two in conference and prayer, we left the capital in twos, and sped away to our different fields of labour. But it soon became evident that a grave error had been committed. The committee had sounded a trumpet before us, and its echoes were repeated from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway. The priests were on the alert. They marshalled their forces, and prepared to give the Protestant invaders a warm reception. Their mode of action was characteristic of themselves. Instead of meeting us with the weapon of fair argument, they denounced us from their altars as "Soupers" and "Swadlers;" told the "Boys" to be prepared for the heretics; thus inflaming the minds of a naturally excitable people, and tacitly sanctioning the brutal outrages of lawless and violent mobs. Our appearance in villages and towns was often the signal for uproar. When we stood up to sing, crowds gathered round us, and, after listening a short time, began to shout, and hurl at us such missiles as came to hand, until we had to close the service, but not without leaving behind us some precious seeds of Gospel truth. One day I walked into an empty church at Tullamore, King's County, and while looking at a large painting above the altar, a tall, powerful woman, with a savage expression of countenance, matted hair, and face begrimed with dirt, came in, and exclaimed, with much vehemence, "If ye'd cross yer brow wid this holy water ye'd be Christian as long as ye live." I made no reply. My silence so exasperated her that she seized me by the shoulders and tried to force me from the church. I declined her attentions, and soon released myself from her grasp. As I was leaving the church, she shouted, "To-morrow is market-day, and then, bedad, we'll ball ye

off." I didn't wait for the balling off, but went to Clàra—a town nigh at hand—where, under the protection of a friendly Quaker and his pious daughters, my companion and myself had fair opportunities of proclaiming the good tidings in the open air, to numerous congregations. In some places, the violence of the people was such that I had to put myself under the protection of the constabulary. During two days in King's County I was escorted from place to place between armed men. In connection with our work there were some stirring incidents, and, some providential escapes. Turf, mud, and stones, were laid under tribute; but our hats and coats usually fared the worst. One afternoon we mounted a butcher's block in the market-square of Mountrath, and began to sing. In a short time a large crowd was on the spot, and for some time we obtained an attentive hearing. We had been preaching about twenty minutes, when our voices were drowned by the discordant shouts and rough music of a large mob. While we were vainly contending for silence, a singular accident diverted the attention of the crowd. We had been drinking tea with a Quaker in the market-place, a few yards from the rude platform on which we then stood. His house was large, with a long frontage facing the square. While the uproar was at its height, nearly the whole of the slates on the roof fell into the road with a deafening crash. We had just left the spot. The rough music was silenced. The report was heard in every part of the town, and there was a general rush to the square. As will be seen presently, we were held responsible for what had happened. Fearing a breach of the peace, we left, and went by a back lane towards our lodgings. When we had reached within a hundred yards or so of the house, the mob met us, and began to pelt us with turf, stones, and mud. Our first impulse was to take shelter in some respectable house; but we pushed through the crowd, and presently reached our lodgings pretty well bespattered with mud. On the way we passed a priest, but, instead of interposing on the side of order, he seemed rather to relish the fun. Some of the aforesaid roughs came to the door and demanded that we should be given up to the people. "Ye see what the Protestant divils have done to the Quaker's house, and if ye harbor them ye won't have a roof over yer head in the morning." The courageous Biddy McCarthy at once refused to turn the "gentlemen" on the street, and, after giving the men the length of an Irishwoman's tongue, slammed the door upon them. Shortly afterwards, an officer of the constabulary came in and

strictly charged us not to leave the house until morning. After reading and prayer we retired, and slept in the chamber of peace, "whose window opened towards the sun rising." The next morning we were escorted to the railway—distant from the town three miles—by armed men. The accident to the roof of the Quaker's house was quickly noised abroad, and proved to be a good advertisement of our work. It was ascribed to the exercise of power that we had derived from a questionable source. At Maryborough—which we visited a few days later—we found the following absurd story in circulation:—"Last Friday, two devils entered the town of Mountrath. They had iron feet, and eyes in their foreheads. They entered the house of one P——, a grocer, and, after eating and drinking at his table rewarded him by blowing the roof of his big house into the air. They were seen ascending in the smoke and dust."

A witty remark, or question from our hearers, sometimes brought down on us a storm of ridicule. During an open-air service at Kilbeggan, I asked the question, "What think ye of Christ?" In a moment, a small boy cried out, in a shrill voice, "An' pray, what think ye of His blessed Mother?" The small boy was greeted with a hearty cheer. The Angel's salutation, "Blessed art thou among women," would be regarded as a lame reply by those who place the Mother above the Son. In every Roman Catholic village there is an individual who is known as "the priest's man." The work of this person is to worm himself into the confidence of every family, get possession of domestic secrets, ascertain whether anyone has received a Protestant Bible or tract, or has listened to heretical teaching, and then report to the priest, who promptly denounces the offender, by name, from the altar. "The priest's man" is usually the lowest, most notorious, and most unprincipled fellow in the community; but he serves the purpose of his employer. While we were speaking on one occasion in the open air, one of these men, named Pat B——, accosted me thus: "Thou son of the devil! just the image of thee fayther—eyes, nose, mouth, face—how came he to let thee slip out of his hands?" Pat was simply reminded that he must have a very close acquaintance with the person in question to enable him to identify one of his children. The repartee pleased the hearers, and, for once, Pat was silenced.

Popery has always been opposed to free thought. At Roscrea in Tipperary—a town of 8,000 persons—I sought in vain for a book-

seller's shop. At last I found, in a general store, about twenty-five volumes of third or fourth class novels. In Maryborough a similar state of things existed. In one street, about 200 yards long, I counted thirteen spirit-shops. I went from store to store, and asked for books, and at last discovered, on a side-shelf in a draper's shop, from thirty to forty volumes of tales. From more recent personal inquiries, I have ascertained that there is still the same dearth of a sound and healthy literature. Some years after the events which I am now relating, I was taking a car-journey across King's County. During an hour's halt at Clara—the place of my encounter with Pat B——,—I got into conversation with a group of idlers at the corner of a street. "What is the population of Clara?" "About a thousand." "How many places of worship are there in the town?" "Three; a Catholic and a Protestant church, and a Quaker's meeting-house." "Is there a library or reading-room?" "Yes, both; but they are supported chiefly by the Quakers." "What books do you get in them?" "We have newspapers, books of travel, history, and fiction; the *Edinburgh*, *Quarterly*, and *Cornhill*." One man remarked: "I was a member, but am not now. I joined that I might submit the names of books to our priest, to see if they were such as a true Catholic might safely read." "Why couldn't you form your own opinion?" "Ah then, its but little time the likes of us has for inquiries such as yer honour recommends. And there is another thing. Catholics have no will of their own. They are bound hand and foot to the teaching of the Church." This was a frank admission, and he tried to justify the bondage on the ground that it relieved them of all responsibility. I quoted Scripture—"Prove all things." "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." "I don't believe that," was the curt reply. The horse and car being ready, I resumed my journey with a sad heart.

In England, the Mission of the Hundred provoked both censure and ridicule. That there were mistakes cannot be denied, but the chief error consisted in giving such wide publicity to it beforehand. In many places the Gospel was preached to hundreds who had never heard it before, and tens of thousands of books and tracts were sown broadcast over the land. In spite of fierce opposition, we had many opportunities of proclaiming the glad tidings for fifteen or twenty minutes with little or no interruption. The disturbance generally proceeded from a few "lewd fellows of the baser sort;" then the

multitudes took the contagion and rose up against us. But the truth had gone forth, and we left it with Him who said, "My Word shall not return unto Me void." So fully persuaded was I that the hand of the Lord had been with us, that, twelve months later, my companion in labour and I went over the same ground again, and the Lord set before us an "open door." As before, there were many adversaries. On our return from the second visit, we were welcomed at a large meeting held in Freemasons' Hall, under the presidency of R. C. L. Bevan, Esq., who, in common with other gentlemen, expressed the pleasure he had felt in listening to our narratives.

In closing this chapter of my *Reminiscences*, I may observe that, apart from the direct spiritual results of our work, there were others that should not be overlooked. The attention of Christian people on this side of the Channel was drawn to the benighted condition of the sister island; and its priest-ridden millions were brought before the Throne of Grace more frequently and earnestly than before. I have a strong conviction that the great awakening which took place a few years later was—in part at least—a result of the Mission of the Hundred. To that wonderful movement I shall refer in my next paper.

Hope.

THERE is no vale, however low,
 But opens to the sky;
 And through the deepest night of woe,
 Faith reads the stars on high.

 There is no rugged pillow-stone
 Upon life's desert plain,
 But has a Bethel of its own
 Where angels come again.

 There is no bitter Marah spring,
 But finds its healing near;
 And joy and gladness sit and sing
 Where sorrow dropped a tear.

 There is no cloud, however dark,
 But has its heaven-wrought bow;
 And hope sings upward, like the lark,
 "There's life beyond, we know."

There is no wave of troubled sea,
But lifts us nearer land ;
He makes the storm a calm for me,
And hides me in his Hand !

And as I watch, and hope, and wait,
Life's brighter, better things
Reach forward to the pearly gate
Where angels fold their wings.

Our Autumnal Meetings.

 OUR denominational gatherings are to take place somewhat earlier in the month of October this year than usual. By the time the present number of our magazine passes into the hands of its readers the brethren will be assembling. A large attendance may be anticipated, and we pray that God's blessing may rest on all the proceedings. The Leicester churches will show their wonted enthusiasm and hospitality, and the Christian friends of other denominations will be glad, as is usual on such occasions, to second their endeavours to give a hearty reception to the ministers, delegates, and other visitors. Leicester rendered the same generous service to the denomination fourteen years ago, when the late Dr. Brock was President of the Union ; it is singular that an honoured successor of his at Bloomsbury, the Rev. J. P. Chown, should this year have to fill the place he then occupied. On the former occasion the Rev. J. P. Mursell was present, in the enjoyment of a good measure of the intellectual vigour which was consecrated for so many years to the service of God, and which secured for him a foremost place, for about half a century, not only in the wonderfully prosperous town of his public ministry, but also among the churches at large. He is still, at eighty-four years of age, among the living ; but alas ! not only is his general health greatly enfeebled, but his princely intellect is darkly overshadowed. During our denominational week, many a pensive thought will turn to his home, and many a prayer will rise to heaven on his behalf. Since the last Leicester gathering, his noble son, James—one of our most beloved and useful ministers—has been removed by death, and Leicester itself has lost two eminent ministerial brethren, who had much to do with the efficiency of the arrangements—Mr. Lomas and Dr. Haycroft. Happily, their places are well supplied. The programme of the meetings is an attractive one, and, we doubt not, good work will be done.

Correspondence.

To the EDITOR of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

“CONSERVATISM IN WORSHIP AND BELIEF.”

SIR,—In the September number of this Magazine you inserted a notice of a paper on the above subject, which was read at Leamington, in June last, by the Rev. H. Collings. Your remarks would convey, to a casual reader, an erroneous impression of the character and tendency of the paper, and thus do a great injustice to its author. I was present when the paper was read, and, having been previously requested to take part in the discussion, I was also favoured with a sight of it beforehand. I am sure that if you had heard that discussion, and more particularly if you could have listened to Mr. Collings' reply at its close, you would not have so written as to lead your readers to suppose either that he advocated “heresy” or even advanced any startling or outrageous views. I feel confident that nothing was farther from his intention, and that he had not the faintest notion of proclaiming a revolt against everything established and revered, like the Nihilist to whom you unjustly and ungenerously compare him.

The paper was aimed at the obstinate conservatism which is only too common in our churches, and which induces many of our brethren to wilfully refuse to seek or receive new truth or increased light in respect of anything savouring of doctrine. To enforce his remarks, Mr. Collings certainly instanced what physicians would call “well-marked” cases of the evil which he was attacking, but he never assailed, or even questioned, any doctrine held by the churches. He aimed his blows at a particular attitude of mental blindness which is frequently met with, and which is the undoubted cause of much evil and hindrance to our work. He referred to the results of recent scientific inquiry and Biblical criticism, and complained that the body of church-members distinctly refuse to receive these new lights, and will not even look at what they have to reveal. Not a word was said by him in disapproval or disparagement of any who, after candid examination of these novelties, come to the conclusion to discard them; but he inveighed strongly against those who insist that the last word has long since been said in faith and doctrine, and that it is impossible that anything can be known beyond what the Church accepted some centuries ago. In the matter of the smaller details of public worship, Mr. Collings did indeed express, to some extent, his own opinion as to the most advantageous methods of interesting a congregation; but even this was of a perfectly harmless nature, and in no sense revolutionary. I have taken the liberty of describing the line adopted by Mr. Collings because he has been grievously misinterpreted here and elsewhere, and, if not set right, this may be detrimental to him. The church to which he ministers in peace and with acceptance would scarcely recognise their pastor in the guise of an incendiary—a spiritual Guy Fawkes—as you have depicted him.

As to the subject of the paper, I am glad it was brought before our association. In a town like this, where atheism and infidelity are active and increasing, and where, only last Sunday, I had the not uncommon experience of a Sunday scholar, fourteen years old, boldly impugning the authority of the Scriptures, and prepared to challenge his teacher with some of the arguments and objections used by infidel writers, I feel very strongly that if the Gospel of Christ is to have a fair chance, it must not be hampered by any form of presenting truth which has lost its force for the present generation. In the course of the remarks I made after Mr. Collings had read his paper, I tried to show that conservatism and liberalism are not distinct entities to be supported or attacked, but are tendencies of mind which should, in a well-balanced character, work simultaneously in the shaping of man's view. It is natural for men to hold what they already possess; it is also natural to reach forward for some new acquisition; and the two tendencies are not mutually destructive, but may and do exist together. Consequently, if either preponderate to the exclusion of the other, it is a sign of mental deformity, and this, I fear, is true of a multitude of our members.

I also attempted to lay stress on a point which seems to me to lie at the root of the whole subject—namely, that these currents of opinion in men's minds do not, and, indeed, cannot affect the eternal and immutable principles of truth. We are called upon at every stage to exercise our judgment as to what is absolutely true and righteous, and, therefore, justly demanding conservation; and what is the offspring of a morbid desire, either to cherish dross and worthless elements, or to make radical and fanciful changes without sufficient reason. This is often difficult, because self-interest, indolence, and indifference conspire to prevent us from investigating and deciding upon many questions of vital importance. But it is none the less our duty to seek boldly and frankly behind and underneath these natural tendencies, with all their exaggerations and foibles, for the fundamental principles of things—principles which are so unfailingly true, as to give us firm ground on which to stand, and to furnish efficient criteria in all the emergencies of life. We are also called upon to distinguish between what is and what is not capable of progress, and to judge as to what things can be promoted or retarded by our own effort. For instance, we cannot alter or affect the law of gravitation, which is universal, or the truth of a mathematical proposition like Euclid I. 47, which is absolutely demonstrable. Now, if we apply these rules, we find that *doctrine* means simply *learning*—that is, our learning, or knowledge, of the truth. The truth itself—the subject of the doctrine—is unchangeable. But doctrine—our knowledge of the truth at a given time—is peculiarly susceptible of enlargement and progress, because it is always exactly commensurate with our intelligence and receptive power, which are in their nature progressive. A man's doctrine will always correspond in size and character with his general intelligence, whether large or small, broad or narrow. Therefore, while we can neither improve nor damage the Christian religion *per se*, we may improve our knowledge and apprehension of it—that is, our doctrine—and also our capacity to receive the messages which it has to convey. We cannot alter the truth, but we may alter our own relation to it, and we may affect the extent or character of its influence upon us. What is orthodoxy? Simply the prevalent belief or view

for the time-being of an age or a class. It has no permanency apart from the truth with which it is held. Mark the progress of orthodoxy as shown in the very different opinions held by the Fathers, the Schoolmen, the Reformers, and the Puritans. Even the various sects of to-day set up different standards, and a tenet which is cherished by one denomination of Christians as the centre of its life, is rejected ignominiously by another. And yet the truth itself remains the same, and without possibility of change. The prevalent agitation of belief is only as the casting off of an old garment, and will but make way for a fuller and more certain knowledge of the truth. There are certain facts of human nature which are incontrovertible. Any true religion must, if God be consistent with Himself, harmonise with those facts, and herein lies the weakness of the more extreme statements of Calvinism. Rather should Christians welcome everything which helps them to a thorough understanding and appreciation of the truth, whether it be the Christian revelation, the inquiries of science, or aught else. We need not fear lest men should rest satisfied with science alone. Facts must form the foundation, but cannot form the superstructure. We need not only knowledge of things tangible, but also love and sympathy, warm hearts and brotherly affection, without which the hunger of our souls cannot be appeased. But the actual facts must not be belied or dismissed from the calculation. We must not mislead people by a false or conventional use of certain phrases and dogmatic statements.

The same principles apply to worship. What is its underlying purpose? To refresh men's spirits by communion at once with God and the brethren. Worship will be profitable just so far as it serves this purpose. There is no power or consecration in any form for its own sake and apart from this. Use, then, the form which you find best helps this great purpose. It need not, and indeed will not, be the same for every congregation. If it loses its power and is worn out, get another. The purpose of a knife is to cut, and if it has no edge it is useless.

The great need of the day is for Christians to be willing to search for and investigate truth. The Church has many foes, and needs to try the edge of her weapons. Like David, she dare not trust to unproved armour. The Christian life, like that of the race, is progressive, and we may naturally expect to see the old truth in new lights and with more perfect vision. We must not fear the encounter of truth and error. Milton says, "Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam." If the Christian faith is as true and perfect as we believe, it cannot need to fear examination; and will only be strengthened by a free and intelligent criticism, which cannot but result in a stronger grasp of all that is good and true, even though it involve the sacrifice and destruction of some weak, untrue, or unessential thing which we have previously cherished.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Birmingham, Sept. 8, 1863.

ISAAC BRADLEY.

[We gladly insert Mr. Bradley's letter, and should have still more gladly done so had he more fully succeeded in putting a satisfactory construction on Mr. Collinge's paper. Before writing about it, we gave that paper a frequently repeated perusal, in the hope that our impression of its "character and tendency" might be modified; but the hope was disappointed. We could not describe it in terms of

milder disapproval than those we adopted in our short notice. If Mr. Collings had simply advocated openness of mind to new light on theological questions, and had done so in the spirit which happily marks the sentences with which Mr. Bradley has favoured us on that subject, we do not suppose that his observations would have been misunderstood or seriously objected to. True, Mr. Bradley speaks of an "obstinate conservatism which is only too common in our churches, and which induces many of our brethren wilfully to refuse to seek or receive new truth or increased light in respect of anything savouring of doctrine;" whereas, we must say that, with opportunities of considerably wide observation, we have not detected much of this obstinate and wilful conservatism. Our impression is that the prevalent tendency is rather in the opposite direction. Of course there are parrot-talkers in the church; but they are not, proportionately, more numerous than in societies political and scientific. We have not said that Mr. Collings "advocates heresy," if by that expression it be meant that he has publicly committed himself to any form of heretical doctrine; but he has certainly given to the heretical spirit an amount of patronage which is by no means consistent with adherence to orthodox views. Moreover, the paper is characterised by a flippancy and a contemptuousness of tone towards good men who are at least as worthy of respect as himself, which so young a minister ought to be the last to exhibit. He unfairly selects the worst specimens of the "conservatism" he ridicules which observation or report may have enabled him to accumulate, caricatures them, and, at least by implication, suggests that they are typical of the orthodox community as a whole. There is scarcely a sentence which indicates any idea on his part that his picture, to be truthful, requires a great deal of the darker colour to be taken out of it, and colours of a brighter hue to be introduced in their stead.

We are not concerned to defend a blind "orthodoxism." Undoubtedly theology is an open science, just as every other science is, and must be until it has attained to absolute perfection. But whilst the religious faith of the world cannot—must not—be stationary, surely there ought by this time to be some solid theological principles which future discoveries shall not supersede. Man is in a poor plight religiously considered, if he is to be "ever learning, yet never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." If Mr. Collings means just as much as this, and no more, his paper is certainly not a felicitous instrument for making his meaning known.—ED. B. M.]

"A Real Poem."

"If we can but keep alive a spiritual meaning in every little action, we shall have no need to write poetry; our life will be a real poem."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Reviews.

THE SUPREMACY OF MAN : *A Suggestive Inquiry respecting the Philosophy and Theology of the Future.* By John Pulsford. A New and Revised Edition. London : Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

To what extent the writings of John Pulsford attract the popular mind we have no means of knowing ; but from what we are able to judge of the popular taste, we suspect that they have fewer readers than they deserve. For devout, earnest, and free-minded students, who like to be conducted into new regions of thought, they have an irresistible charm. The author is no mere retailer, in verbally modified form, of other men's ideas ; in every sentence he is seen to have thought with conscientious care for himself, and his utterances are those of a mind at once so powerful, and so scrupulous in the exercise of its power, that it can well afford to be independent. He does not fritter away his strength upon superficial or ephemeral themes ; he delights calmly and patiently to master as completely as may be the great problems of the universe. He is not the slave of any set of received ideas ; without diverging from them arbitrarily and for the mere sake of divergence, without even any lack of the spirit of deference which is due to them, he feels that they can only become true to him in the degree in which he can verify them by such tests as his honest judgment can approve. He is not a philosopher wearing the badges of any separate school of philosophy ; but he is a philosopher nevertheless. We know of no theological school to which, taking his teaching as a whole, he can be said to belong ; but he is none the less on that account a theologian, with principles which are clearly defined to his own view, and which he can forcibly present to the view of his readers. His intellect is intuitional rather than logical in its operations, though his ratiocinative powers indulge themselves on occasion in by no means ineffective displays. He is gifted with a fine imagination, and has no slight measure of the true poetic spirit. Considering that his thoughts often move far beyond the common range, his language is remarkably free from obscurity to intelligent readers who are willing patiently to follow him. He has some idiosyncrasies of mind and of temperament which ally him to the Mystics ; and yet he has, so far as we can discern, no contempt for the practical obligations which belong to the life we have to live in the flesh. Without accepting his teaching as a whole, we have no hesitation in describing him as a *genius* to whom much of the illumination of the Spirit of Christ has been given.

This book of his, "The Supremacy of Man," is not a new one, but is a revised edition of a work which was offered to the public some time ago. We wish that, for the benefit of such readers of ours as may not have met with it, we could give an adequate representation of the many healthful, noble, and stimulating principles and reflections it contains. But it is an octavo volume of nearly 300

pages, crowded with thought ; and our space is very limited. It opens with a short "Address to the Reader" which supplies some intimation of the aims which the author has had before him. He says :—

"The object which this series of papers keeps in view is to show that Nature, Scripture, and Man are but different manifestations and approximate expressions of the same Eternal Unity, of which Unity Humanity is the most complete realisation. . . . It is the character of the First Energy which makes the crowning result. Man is the Primal Unity bearing testimony of Itself. If the First Cause were not Personal, neither could the last effect be. But if the universe consummates itself in a thinking personal unity, then clearly it is an evolution from One Personal Intelligence. And that it does thus consummate itself is within the range of every man's personal observation. If the observer is taken captive by the superficies of the universe, by its size, by its countless facts, he is groping in darkness, not knowing whence he came, nor whither he is going. The Central Life and Light not being active in him, he cannot penetrate to the Centre ; he is therefore necessarily subject, sometimes as a plaything, and sometimes as a slave, to the forces of the creation. On the contrary, the man who is open to Inspiration from the Centre perceives the unity which underlies Nature's innumerable particulars—becomes conscious of the rhythm of all things, and partakes of the earnestness and joy of the Creator. He is a mirror of the First Cause, and turns the loving, reverential face of a child to the all-loving, worshipful Face of the Father of men and the Source of all being. He has solved the Sphinx's riddle, and is not appalled by Nature's magnitude, nor distracted by the multiplicity of her objects.

"The guide who became confused by the details of the city, the palace, or the grounds which he was showing you, would certainly not be your guide a second time. 'The man has lost his senses,' you would say. The trusty guide must hold himself erect and entire in all museums and bazaars, in dockyards and palaces, royal mews and kennels, gardens botanical and gardens zoological—yes, before all that is in the heavens and the earth. The man who does not know himself to be Nature's Head and superior will only lead you into a maze, and then leave you. Servilely, he will exclaim, 'Look at these wonderful particulars, and, lo ! here are more wonderful particulars.' 'Yes,' you reply, 'but I am inquiring for the unity and philosophy of all particulars.' He smiles, but is dumb. Without any clue he holds on his way, plunging more and more deeply into the labyrinth. You part ; and in the moment of turning from him, a voice penetrates to your inmost soul, crying, 'Man, *know thyself*.'

"And immediately another Teacher stands before you, to whom man is as much greater than Nature, as to the former Nature was greater than man. He is Himself supremely Human and supremely devoted to men. He says at once, 'The universe exists for man, and apart from him has neither meaning nor end.' What though millions of suns exist in infinite space, illuminating and quickening untold millions of earths ! Whoever perceives the law which prevails in one planet is acquainted with the law of the universe. If, under one sun, man is the unity in which all the ministries of Nature terminate, and the intellect which they address, then you may be sure that man is everywhere the person whom the universe keeps in view and honours. Quantities of sunlight, quantities of atmosphere, quantities of water and of land, with their beast, bird, and fish tenantry, are very broken and diffuse manifestations of the Creator ; but man is the offspring of His unity. By the law of his being and birthright *man is at the Centre*, for the Centre is in him. For him, therefore, to search for the secret of Nature in Nature, rather than in himself, is to leave the only temple where the light

shines in its unity, for the dim environs where only remote and broken beams are to be met with.

"Unhesitatingly we assign to man a rank above all created things. 'Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of Thy hands. Thou has set all things under his feet.' In other words, the lowest things in man are higher than the highest in creation. For in him are embodied the intelligence, manifoldness, and unity of the Divine Nature; and nowhere but in him."

The work is divided into four parts, or "books," in the first of which the author discourses of "God and the Creation." God is Personal.

"Goodness, wisdom, power, law are no more possible without a person than thoughts without a thinker. If you are to have the attributes and abilities of the horse, you must first have the horse. You cannot have human qualities and powers apart from a man. Nor without God could there be universal laws, and, therefore, no authoritative morals. Personality, law, operation must have a Fountain Head. The eternal ground of things could no more be set in motion apart from the Eternal Ego, or Person, than the Eternal 'I am' could exist without His own eternal ground or being. If you divide these, neither is possible. These two are One. To deny the unity of these is to deny the possibility of creation. . . . The denial of a personal God is not only the denial of everything, but the denial of the possibility of there being anything."

On the "threefold distinction in God," we have the following suggestive remarks :—

"Whether we call the distinction by the term Trinity or not, a threefold distinction in God is just as inevitable as His existence. The ground of a thing and its manifestation are surely distinct. The ground of everything is the hiddenness which underlies its form or manifestation. Neither can be without the other. Whether you call the ground or hiddenness of God the Father or not, God of necessity must have His own ground or hiddenness. And whether you call the Form, Brightness and Glory of God, the Son or not, God must have in Himself both ground and manifestation. But everything that exists has not only its own ground and manifestation, but also its quality, or qualities, and an influence, or operation, according to its qualities. And of necessity there must be, both from the hidden ground of God and from His manifestation, a proceeding influence and spirit of operation. Now, whether you call this third distinction the Holy Spirit or not, you will grant that there must be such a distinction in the Divine Nature. For the best of reasons, therefore—namely, that it cannot be otherwise—the Scriptures and the Church teach that our One God is in Himself Essence, Form, and Influence—that is, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. If you make this threefold distinction grotesque and self-contradictory the folly is your own, and neither chargeable to the nature of the case nor to the Scriptures. The Father, or first distinction of God, is unsearchable, inconceivable; but in the second distinction of His nature—in His Son—He is manifested, brought out to view; while in the third distinction, or the Holy Spirit, we have the communicativeness of God, or the possibility of fellowship between Him and His creatures."

The phrase "the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father" is thus illustrated :—

"Without question, every possible idea of God must include Essence and Form. There must be Invisibility behind the Visibility to account for the same. And if the Invisibility

is to be both objective and operative it must have its Organ. What were the boundaries ether, if it were not gathered up and expressed in its own sun? And how could the sun have a universality of operation, unless it were in the bosom of the ether, and ministered unto by the ether, as its visible convergency and organ?"

But does not this idea of "Form" impute limitation to God? To "the sensuous intellect, *which is enslaved to the physical idea of form,*" it must seem to do so. But

"the idea of form as applicable to a natural substance, and the idea of form as applicable to God, must be as distinct as God is distinct from the matter of the universe. It may help some persons towards an elevation of their idea of form, by reflecting that even material things are not so much limited by their forms as by their qualities. To assert that the sun has a form of his own, is no denial of the omnipresence of his light throughout the solar system. The form of the sun limits its presence in no other way than it is limited by its qualities. Suppose the sphere of light proceeding from the sun were a conscious spirit, having vision and thought, and proceeding from an intelligent being, and suppose that this emanative intelligence, instead of carrying physical heat, carried spiritual heat—namely, love in its bosom; and suppose the irradiated intelligence and love to be absolutely universal, these universally operative powers would in no way be inconsistent with a central form. So far from 'the Form of God' being a denial of His Omnipresence, when properly understood it rather accounts for it and makes it an intelligible possibility. . . . The Form of God is the fulcrum of infinite qualities, the Organ of His illimitable perfections."

With equal facility the author shows the distinction between "the Form of God" and "the Spirit of God":—

"The properties of a given form, as, for example, the sun's form, may be distributed and operative over the whole earth, and over the whole of Jupiter and Saturn; but these effluent properties are very distinct from the solar form. And to believe in a universal Spirit of God, and not in the Person and Form of God, is as if one should believe in daylight, and not believe in the orb whence daylight proceeds. Day is simply the robe worn by a certain orb. And as there could be no such thing as a sun's robe, or a solar day, without a sun, learn how absurd it is to talk of a universal force, or presence of God, apart from the Person and Form of God."

Having, after this manner, discoursed of God, the author takes his view of Creation, and advances at once to the position that "if man, in his essential being, is not of the substance of matter, but of the substance of spirit, then there must be a higher world which begins where sensuous observation ends."

"But in crossing the boundary of phenomenal nature, be cautious, lest, instead of entering the world of purer forms, you are decoyed into the metaphysical inane. Many transcendentalists, so called, never approached the higher world of real substance and true form, but are taken captive in the meshes of a mere thought-system. They have given up phenomenal nature as a sphere of final wisdom, but they have arrived nowhere. They are infatuated with wordy conceits and definitions, but they are far enough from the higher cosmos. . . . Let no one beguile you with his philosophy unless he be a seer of things. Why should you be befooled? Phenomenal nature is but a universe of lower forms, suggesting to us the universe of higher forms. It is cloud-land indeed, but cloud-land is a *realized* *imaginary* substantial land. The cherubic, living-vell of visible nature

is an unmistakable sign that it hides 'the holy of holies.' In ascending the ladder of Divine order, we shall never see Nature outraged. In phenomena we see her mirror, in the kingdom of the real we shall see her face. What we call the temporal world, and our own temporal nature, are strictly eternal powers, projected and working in temporal forms. We shall not exchange the earth for a no-world, but for a higher human home."

Over all the "forms" which constitute the universe, from the lowest and rudest to the purest and highest, there "reigns and shines the infinitely perfect, all-forming Form. 'Behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to the heavens, and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold the Lord stood above it' (Gen. xxviii. 12, 13). 'Above the firmament that was over their heads was the likeness of a throne, and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of *Man above upon it*' (Ezek. i. 26)." Our Lord called Himself "the Son of Man;" not, however, because He was born man on this earth.

"Undoubtedly He is humanity's Son; but in this sense He is rather 'the seed of the woman,' 'born of woman,' than of man. Put these two things together—that He never called Mary His mother, and yet that He habitually called Himself 'the Son of Man'—and we can scarcely suppose that the title simply refers to His assumption of our flesh. Rather was He not made 'flesh of our flesh' because He *was* the Son of Man? Grant that He is the Absolute Man, and it becomes admirably fit that He should be the Saviour of man. On the other hand, if the First-born Son of God be not Supremely Human, and the first instance of the human form, there can only be a general, and by no means an harmonic, relation between God and man.

"Consider further, that if the title, 'Son of Man,' were only applicable to His assumed humanity, He could not have said, 'He that came down from heaven *is the Son of Man which is in heaven.*' And surely no one will contend that He made reference to His outward and visible nature which He had derived from Mary, when he enquired of His disciples, 'Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?' For it was on this occasion that Peter answered, 'Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God.' And Jesus answered and said unto him, 'Blessed art thou, Simon, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.' Most clearly, under the title of 'the Son of Man,' He alluded to His Divine Sonship from the Father, and in the Father, in virtue of which He was still in heaven. This is also abundantly clear from such passages as the following:—'Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you.' It is certain that He did not allude in these words to the flesh and blood of His visible humanity. For He reproved this grossness of understanding in the Jews who were about Him, saying, 'The flesh profiteth nothing. It is the spirit that quickeneth. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.' 'I am the bread which came down from heaven.' Many of His disciples said: 'This is a hard saying; who can hear it?' When Jesus knew that His disciples murmured at it, He said unto them, 'Doth this offend you? What, and if you shall see the Son of Man ascend up *where He was before?*'"

From such words Mr. Pulsford infers that "the hidden secret in the bosom of the Father is Potential Humanity." "The outbirth," he says, "of all the powers,

principles, virtues, and possibilities of Godhead in their appropriate manifestation and form, as the organ of creation and the rule of judgment, is 'the Son of Man.' 'As the Father hath life in Himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself, and hath given Him authority to execute judgment also, *because He is the Son of Man.*'"

"Observe, Life itself in its hidden eternal Source is the Father; Life itself in its hidden Eternal Form is 'the Son of Man.' Quite naturally, therefore, as the Beginning and Head of humanity, 'His delights are with the sons of men.' He is universal King, Lawgiver, Teacher, and Redeemer of men, 'because He is the Son of Man.' The less human, the less Divine; the more human, the more Divine. The true blood and spirit of humanity are not from Adam or any fleshly form of our nature, but from that One and Only Divine Man—'the Lord from heaven.' Our ancestors, by corrupting the blood and spirit of humanity, brought upon the Son of Man His sore travail. The degeneracy of the race is His humiliation. Whatever reproach He may suffer, He will be numbered with transgressors, that through His straitness He may break their bonds and restore the integrity of their nature. He must redeem men, 'because He is the Son of Man.' On the other hand, men must abjure their hereditary nature as the spurious-human, and receive, by generation from Him, the Divine-human. Such, indeed, is the force of the sublime paradox: 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for My sake (for true Humanity's sake) the same shall save it.' By repudiating in the day of his grief and repentance his corrupt and vain human form, fallen man is apprehended of his original Divine human form, and an interior process of transfiguration commences."

Shallow minds and minds wedded to certain modes of theological thought will probably turn away from this sort of writing as so much jargon, or something worse. Perhaps they would not be either intellectually or spiritually any the poorer, if they were to try with some earnestness to master the teaching it is intended to convey. So far as we can see, it does but place some very old truths in a new and clearer light. The author proceeds to some profoundly interesting enquiries respecting the degeneration of humanity and the diffusion of evil, and then to the Great Remedial Process, which he describes as "the Original Plan carried out." And here we have to say that the doctrine of a "Forensic Atonement" finds no place in our author's scheme. That doctrine is not so much as hinted at, so far as we have discovered. Mr. Pulsford repudiated it so far back as the year 1846, in the second of his series of Tracts entitled "Orthodoxy Examined." We regret its absence from the volume before us. It appears to us to be clearly taught in the Scriptures, and so far from being out of harmony with his general view of the Gospel, we cannot but think that it would have given greater completeness to that view. In the second "Book" we have a large expansion of the idea that "God and His Creation are centred and expounded in Man." Other aspects of the same idea are presented, mostly in dialogue form, in the third "Book" under the title "The Playground of all the Forces; wherein, as in a Mirror, the Beginning and End are alike seen." The last "Book" treats of "The Final Home, and the Fruit-gathering," and contains some of the richest and most inspiring of the thoughts with which the volume abounds. We have marked several

passages of great literary and spiritual beauty for quotation ; but these must be reserved for a future number.

SERMONS ON CHRISTIAN LIFE AND TRUTH. By John Burton.
Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

MR. BURTON is a retired minister of the Wesleyan connection. Some fifteen years ago we had rather frequent opportunities of hearing him, and so high was our appreciation of his pulpit power, that we were careful not to lose one of them. Though a preacher different, in many respects, from the late Dr. Punshon, it was often a wonder to us that he had not, at least, an equal fame. Probably, however, his reputation was even greater amongst those members of the Wesleyan body to whom a brilliant rhetoric is an attraction secondary to that of original, profound, and comprehensive thought. We do not mean to insinuate that Dr. Punshon was not, in the best sense of the word, a thinker ; but his special power lay in the charming expression which he could give to thought of the quite average kind. Mr. Burton possesses in a high degree, and does not disdain to use, the strictly oratorical power ; but his style is different from Dr. Punshon's, and, to our minds, not a whit less captivating, whilst he brings to his themes a breadth of survey and a depth and clearness of insight which are characteristic of that order of mind which we call "genius." Old and familiar subjects acquire a new fascination when he takes them in hand. We see them in new lights and new relations. They supply teachings which we have not before detected in them—teachings which the preacher has not arbitrarily or surreptitiously put into them, but which he has sagaciously evolved from them by a process so natural and easy that it seems as though any other Christian student of ordinary ability ought to have done it with equal fulness and accuracy. Fresh as his thinking is, its acceptableness and its effect are never marred by the least obscurity. He does not perplex the hearer or the reader with ambiguities or vaguenesses of language. His style is as clear as the light of a cloudless day, and what we may term the thought-scenery on which, through the medium of it, he invites us to look is replete with every variety of interest. Moreover, his sermons glow with a warm rich life. This was our impression when we listened to him years ago, and it has been renewed and deepened by the noble collection of discourses before us. The fine, vigorous, healthy spiritual tone of the book is an additional and still more important element in its excellence. We feel, as we read, that the religious life of such a preacher can have nothing of the merely professional or conventional about it but must be evermore fresh and real from the Divine Source of Life. He accurately reads the character of the times, and knows how to speak a word in season. For the most part free from theological controversy, these sermons are saturated with the spirit of the Gospel of the Grace of God.

In our desire to justify this high praise, we are bewildered by the wealth of the resources from which it is our privilege to draw. The volume contains eighteen sermons, every one of which shines brightly with the qualities we have mentioned. In the first, entitled, "The first true type of the Religious Man" (Gen

xvii. 1-3), after developing with great beauty and impressiveness two points—viz., 1. The Simplicity of Christian Duty ; and 2. The Sanctity of the Christian Life—he indulges in some appropriate reflections, the first of which relates to “the contrast between this view of ancient piety and that which obtains among ourselves” :—

“Religion, in greatly too much of its modern conventional practice, is little more than a senseless formalism, an idea swathed in tradition, or weltered into inanity by rapid and unspiritual ceremonies. With not a few, it is a pompous parade of stereotyped words, into which no ideas whatever seem to have entered. The psalm, the prayer, the whole pretentious ritualism, however artistic and imposing to the senses, is little more than a glittering chain-work of dead unmeaning mechanism, empty of all intelligent thought. It is a ‘form of godliness without its power.’ There are others, again, to whom Religion is altogether an affair of knowledge. It belongs to the intellect, because it is supposed to deal with the grandest objects ; or to the imagination, because it unfolds the highest beauty ; or to the emotions, because it stirs the hopes and kindles the fears potential within us. In either case, it is a mere spasm of the natural man, a galvanic twitch of the sensibilities, rather than a grand energizing power wrought into the soul by the Spirit of Truth. And last of all, one of the commonest and most fatal forms of our modern religion is that which thinks of it as a relief, a solace, a refuge to which we can betake ourselves, when the holdfasts of life are all giving way—a sort of spiritual ‘Life-boat’ into which we hope by a desperate, convulsive effort to leap when the vessel is foundering in the surges of death. The end comes to us all when the gilded scaffolding of life crumbles, and the sheer nakedness of the soul for the decisive future stares us in the face. Then Christ is sought not for Himself, but for the loaves and fishes. We seek Him, or think we do, not because of what He is, but of our need of Him in the bitter extremity of death. It is the mean attempt of the cowardly sinner to sneak from perdition when the pleasures of sin are ended.”

In correction of these mistakes, we have a fine setting forth of Religion as a supernatural thing—“in its beginning, as in all its after methods of progress, the offspring of a divine influence working directly within and upon the moral nature of the man.” We see, in the instance of Nicodemus, “the severity with which” our Lord “sets aside the position postulated by the intellect, and strikes down direct upon the underlying necessities that belong to the heart.” The confession of Nicodemus was a “noble” one ; it was that of “an ingenuous and philosophical apologist.” Christ’s rejoinder

“is His rejoinder still to every one who, on the strength of his concessions to the mission of Christ, seeks to evade the necessity of submitting to his personal claims. That Kingdom in its conceptual form, is not a secretion of the brain ; it is not a philosophy of miracles or of morals, but a supernatural life wrought in the soul by the Spirit of God. . . Mere incrustations of outward decency or defilement leave the core radically the same. And if this be so, the admission to the Kingdom of God is fenced round with conditions to which all must submit. We cannot dedge round the gate of the New Birth, or climb up some other way. We must be supernaturally born into it, in whatever school we may have been trained, or in whatever shining garments of morality we may be adorned.”

The words, “Abram fell on his face ; and God talked with him” suggest the following observations :—

“These venerable patriarchs, who sat in the dear of their tents and communed in

this close and familiar way with God, those grand old Chaldean shepherds, over whose rapt meditations and patient scanning of the heavens the glittering pomp of a Syrian sky threw its evening splendours, saw more of God, I think, and were nearer to him than we moderns. To their unsophisticated sense God was a personal and conscious reality. They saw Him in the fleecy clouds; they heard Him in the whispering winds; they felt Him in every pulse of their innermost heart. They walked with God. All nature was a parable, each star a letter spelling out the mystery of His Name or reminding them of His presence. Everything was full of God. The heavens were vocal; the earth was not silent; the mountains shook; the floods clapped their hands; the bushes burnt with fire; every blade of grass, every blushing flower was a hymn of praise. And these men, as they trod this young green earth, roofed with its silent stars, felt as if they were 'walking down the ghostly aisles' of God's immediate dwelling-place, and they reverently uncovered the head and worshipped.

"It is hardly so with us. A remorseless science has robbed us of the whole of this beautiful apocalypse of a Father's presence in His works. It has emptied a whole vocabulary of Old Testament teaching of its rich and plaintive music, and, in place thereof, has set us down face to face with inexorable physical laws. We are supposed, indeed, to stand in a vaster presence than those ancients ever imagined; to be familiar with immanent and awful forces of which they never dreamed; but, then, they are forces divorced from personality, unconscious, unsympathetic, knowing nothing and caring nothing about men. The heavens above us and the earth beneath us, the great wide universe itself with all its play of wise and orderly movement, is but a vast 'out-door Infinity,' a cold and empty orphanage, a stupendous engine-house and manufactory, where 'dead masses of material swing under the impulse of mechanical law,' but with no intelligent oversight of a Father to originate or control them. We believe in a God, but then He is too remote, too abstract to care for ephemerals like ourselves. There is a Providence, such as it is, but it is employed chiefly in driving the enginery of Nature. We pray; but then, to pray to a God expecting Him to give us the things we ask is, we are told, like praying for the sun to rise at midnight. There is a future of the human race, but we know nothing of what it is or where. Man has a history, full of gloom and glory; he is of few days and full of trouble; 'he cometh forth like a flower and is cut down;' he has strange thoughts, great powers, wild ambitions; he speculates on himself, on nature, on God; he takes the universe into his grasp, and sifts through its tangled mysteries the light of his keen analytical science; and then he dies, with the fires of his genius all aflame within him, and all that is left of him is the urn that contains his ashes."

Mr. Burton turns away from these agnosticisms, and revels in the grandeur of the Religious Life as the Bible portrays it. His delight in it is eloquently expressed in the closing sentences of the sermon:—

"What are we to think of a being who in this way can walk with God, of the Abrahams, the Enochs, the Noahs of our Christian age? If I could show you a man walking our streets possessed of the secret of sending a telegram beyond the sun and getting an answer back, would you not stop to look reverently upon him? But that is the Christian man in fellowship with God. He walks the earth an embodied inspiration. He may create a language, or found a kingdom; he may build temples, and make poems, and enact laws, and light up by his discoveries new worlds in space; but his grand distinction is that he is a creature capable of communion with God. He is

speak to God. God can—He does—veritably commune with him. To walk with the good and excellent of the earth, to commune with nature when the summer flowers lift up their face to the beaming heavens, or the skies flash with evening splendour, to walk with the imperial dead as we commune with their undying thoughts—that is a heritage of joyous distinction beyond the purchase of all material wealth. But to *walk with God*, to be inspired, to be lifted up and glorified by the thoughts of the living God streaming through us, making all life clear and beautiful and strong, that is the summit on which the greatness of humanity culminates. To the man who is really alive and responsive to such a communion, what distinctions on earth can be compared with it? And when all earthly distinctions are dropping from us, when earthly friends are failing us, when mortal ties are all sundering around us, when the world is cold or hostile to us, when there is none to understand or sympathise with us, when we are alone, or in sorrow, sick, or dying—then to feel as Jesus felt, and to feel it in all its lofty might and grandeur, ‘I am not alone, because the Father is with me,’ that is to set its peerless climax on the majesty of man.”

Our extracts have so far been taken from the first sermon. We may quote some timely and weighty words from the seventh, on the question of the Philippian jailor, “What must I do to be saved?”

“By whosoever this question is understandingly asked, in whatsoever circumstances it comes to be regarded as a stern reality and not a fiction or a dream, it is one of the most imposing and impressive questions which the mind of man in its moments of deepest solicitude can originate, or his lips can utter.

“And it is none the less imposing or impressive in that nowhere outside of its record in this Book is an answer to be found. ‘The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not in me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be told for the price thereof.’ This magnificent material universe, with the music of its marching systems, has not a whisper to it. Those calm, grand laws, which move so orderly, and strike down so unpitifully the man who transgresses them, know nothing of mercy. Our schools of philosophy fumble blindly at the question of man’s origin, or lose themselves in seeking to fathom the abyss of the Godhead, but they know nothing of salvation. The science that so patiently scans the heavens and the earth, and makes the smallest atom and the remotest star tell the secret of their birth, has not a word of pity for guilty men. It can take the red fire out of the lightning flash, but it knows nothing of the redder fire that burns in the justice of God against sin. It can track the wandering comet through the wilderness of space, but it cannot open a pathway through the grave, or light up the gloom of death’s deep midnight with the hope of a life beyond. It sweeps with eagle eye the vast and glorious outposts of the ‘heaven of heavens,’ but the beacon-fires of a lost world’s hope, as they flash out in the Cross of Redemption—these it does not discover. ‘Nature,’ it has been said, ‘holds the secret of our woe and its relief.’ Does she? Then the secret, whether in crypt or catacomb or jewelled zone, baffles our keenest research. Then ‘*Mécanique céleste*’ is the march of an imperial intellect through a universe of worlds; but Laplace found no God, and no Christ, and no redemption in Nature. No: that grand and terrible question—the first, in all probability, in which the anguish of the human spirit got vent in language five thousand years ago, and the last that will freeze the blood or fire the brain to madness when the world is in flames—has but one answer, one solution, one relief. Can I submit to receive it? And if I cannot, what then? What if I refuse to kneel at the Cross of Redemption? ‘What must I do to be saved?’ I cannot appeal to the ancient religions, or to the gorgeous myths of naturalism,

or to any of the conflicting schools or jarring creeds, or to the changing systems of men. God in Himself is 'the Great Unknown'; Nature is a fathomless mystery; I myself am a distraction; my fellow-men are a despair. Oh, tell me where, as a burdened, terrified sinner, I am to fly for relief, if I cannot, will not, fly to the Christ of Christianity! 'Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death!'

Here, alas! We must halt. Gladly would we refer to other sermons, for the purpose of showing what complete, substantial, and beautiful structures they are, luminous with evangelical truth, and pervaded with vitalising and refreshing air from heaven; but we have already encroached upon our limited space. Every page of the 450 is a page of Light and Life.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. July, August, and September. Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

We regret that our hearty recommendation of this magazine, based on the July and August numbers, was "crowded out." The September number is to hand, and we can speak of the three, as we have spoken of all their predecessors, in terms of high praise. Each number opens with a full sermon; the first of three by the Bishop of Liverpool on "The Breath of Praise" (Ps. xl. 6); the second by Dr. H. Bonar, on "The Church's Present and Future" (1 Peter v. 10); the third by the Rev. James G. Lourie, M.A., of Mount Stirling, Illinois, on "The Attractive Power of Christ" (John xii. 32). The three numbers together contain twenty-two full outlines of sermons by seventeen different preachers, several of whom are men of pulpit celebrity. The editor (the Rev. Fredk. Hastings) contributes three capital papers on "Obscure Scripture Characters"—Adonibezek, Rispah, and Barabbas. The "Expository Section" is rich in contributions from such writers as the Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Grosart, Dr. W. S. Alexander, Dr. Pope, Dr. Luthardt, and Dr. Keogh. There is a very sensible and useful paper in the July

number by a clergyman, the Rev. W. Burnet, M.A., on "The Imprecations in the Psalms," and another in August on "The Jewish Kabbala," by the Rev. O. T. T. Drake. The question, "In what sense, and within what limits, is the Bible regarded as the Word of God?" continues to be discussed in the "Clerical Symposium." Of the three papers on this important subject which are before us, we consider the one contributed by Principal Cairns to be the soundest. The Rev. A. Mackennal, M.A., draws what seems to us to be a needless and dangerous distinction between regarding the Bible as the Word of God, and as containing the Word of God. The distinction is a growingly popular one; but the Rev. J. Page Hoppe (Unitarian) points out the serious consequences of admitting it. This shilling monthly should be a great boon to preachers and students for the ministry.

BAPTIST WORTHIES. By William Ladd, D.D. No. 6, Robert Hall; No. 7, Adoniram Judson. Baptist Tract Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

He who can discourse, with due appreciation, of two such different celebrities as Robert Hall and Dr. Judson, must

be no common man. But Dr. Landels has the qualifications requisite for the task; and he has discharged it very satisfactorily in these two parts of the admirable and useful series of Baptist Portraits, which he is now issuing. He surveys with admiring eye the intellectual stature and brilliance, the learning, and the fine culture of Hall; fittingly describes his marvellous eloquence; and delights in the simplicity and strength of his character, and the fervour of his piety, giving him his due place as a Christian instructor rather than as an evangelist. With equal facility, and, if possible, with a still intenser sympathy, he traces the great, the heroic, the truly apostolic career of Judson, with its stupendous trials and its brilliant triumphs, in the benighted land where he laboured for wellnigh forty years, and holds him up as a splendid example of intrepid and unflinching consecration to the spread of that clear and experimental knowledge of Christ and Him crucified by which the world is to be redeemed.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD:
A Light Rising in Obscurity. By J.
R. Andrewa. Morgan & Scott.

A *very* cheap reprint of the five-shilling edition of the life of the great preacher and evangelist, produced by the author some years ago, which is still in circulation. With this reprint we have only one fault to find. The table of contents has been omitted; an omission which has not contributed much to the cheapness of the book, but which has impaired its value as a book of reference. Nevertheless, Whitefield's great work shines out brightly from its pages; a work simply stupendous when viewed in the light of its results, and of the

difficulties in the face of which he had to prosecute it.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. Vol. I,
Part II. April, 1883. London:
Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill.

IF we were to attempt to follow the various papers comprised in this publication, we should soon be out of our depth. We do not object to the researches on which the Society is intent, provided they be honestly, intelligently, and cautiously pursued; but they seem to us to be more open to deception and mistake than those of any other science.

THE NUMBER "SEVEN" IN SCRIPTURE.
Compiled by S. A. Blackwood, C.B.
Morgan and Scott.

THOSE who are inclined, with Mr. Blackwood, to attach some Divine significance or purpose to the very frequent recurrence of the number "Seven" and its multiples in Scripture, will find this work valuable for reference. We ourselves had no idea, till we looked over the pages before us, that this number figured so largely, and in such a variety of connections, in the sacred volume. Mr. Blackwood has put the results of considerable research into a very manageable and intelligible compass.

THE ROLL CALL; or, Erasure Column
of our Baptist Year Books. By the
Rev. W. March; of Todmorden.
London: E. Marlborough & Co.

WE have here the Circular Letter to the Churches, read before the pastors and delegates of the 114th Association of

General Baptists, held at Bradford in June last. It contains "important facts, confessions, suggestions, and tabulated statistics." The facts are startling and the suggestions are wise. Such an address should be read and pondered by all the pastors and members of our churches. It can be obtained for three-halfpence by post, and a dozen copies will be sent post free for 1s. 6d.

THE TRUTH ON ALBANIA AND THE ALBANIANS, Historical and Critical. By Wassa Effendi, an Albanian Christian Functionary. Translation by Edward Saint John Fairman, M.R.A.S., &c. London: National Press Agency, 106, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street.

A VERY useful pamphlet on a subject of present and pressing interest.

THE PRESENT TRUTH. A Collection of Sermons preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. By C. H. Spurgeon. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

To recommend people to read a book by Mr. Spurgeon would be almost as superfluous as to advise them to avail themselves of the sunshine. Of course this new Collection of Sermons preached by him will command an immense sale, and will be eagerly welcomed on all hands. The inexhaustibleness of Mr. Spurgeon's mental and spiritual resources as a preacher of the Gospel seems to us little short of a miracle. We have here eighteen Sermons delivered on Sunday and Thursday evenings; and they are full of wise,

sagacious, brave, but loving speech on the greatest and most practical subjects which can occupy the mind, the conscience, and the heart of man.

THE PREACHER'S ANALYST: a Monthly Homiletical Magazine. Price Fourpence. Elliot Stock.

We wish to keep this very excellent periodical before the attention of our ministerial brethren and lay preachers. It will furnish them with excellent topics for the pulpit, and will set their minds on useful tracks of thought respecting them.

EVANGEL ECHOES: a Collection of Psalms, Solos, and Songs. Compiled and Used by Messrs. Fullerton and Smith. Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

THESE "Echoes" are widely known, and, for Evangelistic use, deservedly popular. Music and words are published at a shilling; words alone at various prices from a penny to eighteen pence.

666, **THE NUMBER OF ANTI-CHRIST, IN THE NAMES "GLADSTONE," "LATHEMOS," "TEITAN," &c.** By J. E. Nelson. Robert Banks, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

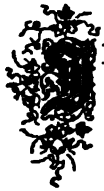
MANY pranks have been perpetrated on the mystic number "666" in the Apocalypse. This author is responsible for another, which he sells for three-pence to as many as may have curiosity enough to buy it. It has not destroyed our faith in Mr. Gladstone, and we should pity the imbecility of any reader upon whom it could produce that effect.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

Robert Moffat.

(Concluded from page 438.)



IN 1819 Mr. Moffat went to Cape Town, apparently for the purpose of marrying Miss Mary Smith, the lady to whom he had for some time been engaged, and whom he was expecting to meet from England. Miss Smith was the daughter of a Scotch gentleman residing at New Windsor, near Manchester, and was educated at the Moravian School at Fairfield, where her intense and heroic devotion to the great mission cause was generated. Her biographer, Mrs. Pitman, remarks:—

“Doubtless there were seasons when the mission work to which Miss Smith had dedicated herself appeared full of difficulty and trial ; for the young man was settled in the midst of a savage and barbarous people, upon a salary of £25 per annum. The prospect was anything but inviting ; the people were so uncivilised that they laughed to scorn the idea of the sacredness of human life ; so greedy that they stole his food at all opportunities ; and so dark and imbruted in mind that it was with the greatest difficulty that they could be made to understand the meaning or purpose of the letters of the alphabet. In habits, practices, blood-thirstiness, and lack of feeling, they were more like the beasts that perish than aught else. Indeed, travellers who had mingled with them doubted whether they possessed souls at all ; while the conditions of life in that sterile and drought-stricken country were sufficient to frighten away all who valued existence at all from the bare contemplation of the self-immolation necessary to dwell among those so needing the Gospel.”

Miss Smith had not been trained for the hardships of the life

which, at the bidding of a Christ-like love, she chose for herself ; but her trust was in God, and she proved to be a heroine eminently worthy of her heroic husband, and of the grandeur of the missionary cause. She was the mother of nine children, two of whom died in infancy, and two of whom survive her. Three of her daughters were married to Christian missionaries. The eldest of these became the wife of David Livingstone. One son died young through over-work, and another is a missionary in Bechuanaland. Mrs. Moffat was marvellously sustained, for the companionship of her husband, and for strenuous service in the cause of her Divine Lord, through the long period of fifty years, and died in England after a short illness at the commencement of 1871, soon after she and her husband had retired from foreign work.

When projecting the above-mentioned visit to Cape Town, Mr. Moffat was anxious, for sundry reasons, that Africaner should accompany him. The good man was horrified at the idea. "Do you not know," he said, "that I am an outlaw, and that 1,000 rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?" His scruples, however, were overcome, and he went. "Arriving at Pella" (on their way), says Mr. Moffat,

"we had a feast for heaven-born souls, and subjects to which the seraphim above might have tuned their golden lyres. Men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe ; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love. They talked of Him who had subdued them both without a sword or spear, and each bosom swelled with purest friendship, and exhibited another trophy destined to adorn the triumph of the Prince of Peace, under whose banner each was promoting that reign in which

‘No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Their heaps of slain deplore ;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.’"

Africaner's fears of being brought to account at Cape Town for his former depredations were not realised. On the contrary, he was received with kindness and hospitality, and on leaving for home was presented by the Governor with a waggon, valued at £80 sterling, and provided with a passport to secure him from molestation. Not long after this period he died, a resplendent trophy of redeeming grace.

In a sermon preached before the London Missionary Society in 1840, Mr. Moffat says of him :—

“The stern, the fierce, the implacable Africaner, once the terror of the border colonists and the dread of the neighbouring tribes, was softened down by the Gospel into the image of Him who was ‘meek and lowly in heart,’ and, instead of being a firebrand to his neighbours, the love of Christ transformed him into a humble messenger of peace ; and the lonely hamlets, instead of being abandoned at his approach, rejoiced and were glad for him when he would take from his pocket his well-worn Testament, and tell his countrymen of the love of Jesus, and appeal with tears to his own circumstances and experience as a demonstration of the grace of God to the chief of sinners. Instead of feeding and gratifying himself at the expense of others, he became, under the influence of the Gospel, a father to the fatherless and a succourer of the distressed, to such an extent that he considerably diminished his own flocks and herds. Instead of maintaining his rights with the prowess which had stamped his character, he would cheerfully suffer wrong, and appeal to the New Testament, meekly saying, ‘I cannot suffer harm when I imitate my dear Redeemer.’ He loved the Word of God. It was his daily companion ; and often has he sat with me at the door of my hut from night till dawn of day, eagerly listening to my answers to his numerous inquiries on the great subjects of creation, providence, and redemption ; and lastly, instead of dying in hopeless sorrow, when he found his end drawing near, he called his eldest son, and said, ‘Write to my far-distant teacher and tell him, I die, but I die in the faith of the Gospel, and in the full assurance of hope of a blessed immortality. I shall no more behold his face on earth, but tell him I shall wait for him in that world of peace and joy and love of which we have so often talked when we sat together on the great stone.’ Soon after this deeply affecting but cheering message, he fell asleep in Jesus.”

With the Gospel in our hands, who of us can despair even of the most degraded specimens of humanity after a recital such as this ?

In 1821 Mr. Moffat settled at Kuruman, where he remained, with the exception of a visit to England about twenty years later, until his retirement in 1870. He was now to labour for nearly half-a-century among the Bechuanas, a race whom he found to be characterised by no small measure of national pride and independence, with a few good social qualities amongst themselves, but totally devoid of all religious thought and sentiment. Among voluminous accounts of them from his pen, we may quote the following :—

“No temples, no altars, no sacred groves there ; no Shastres, no Koran, no holy relics there ; not one solitary idol there ; neither ‘the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath,’ to represent a sacred being ; no idea in the minds of the multitude that there is anything greater or more powerful than mortal man. Their faults never scaled the skies, nor sought to pry into the wonders

infinite with which they are surrounded. Among the thousands and tens of thousands inhabiting those regions, there is not the shadow of an idol god, nor the slightest belief remaining that there is a Creator, Preserver, or Governor of all things."

It may be thought that in such a locality, and among such a people, the missionary had virgin soil to work upon—an advantage of which those who have to clear away the deep and subtle superstitions of India in order to gain a footing for the Gospel are wholly destitute. To such an idea the reply should be given in Mr. Moffat's own words:—

"During years of apparently fruitless labour, I have often wished to find something by which I could lay hold on the minds of the natives—an altar to the unknown God, the faith of their ancestors, the immortality of the soul, or any religious association; but nothing of this kind ever floated in their minds. 'They looked on the sun,' as Mr. Campbell very graphically said, 'with the eyes of an ox.' To tell them, the gravest of them, that there was a Creator, the Governor of the heavens and earth, of the fall of man, or of the redemption of the world, the resurrection of the dead, or immortality beyond the grave, was to tell them what appeared to be more fabulous, extravagant, and ludicrous than their own vain stories about lions, hyenas, and jackals. To tell them that these were articles of our faith would extort an interjection of superlative surprise, as if they were too preposterous for the most foolish to believe. Our labours might well be compared to the attempts of a child to grasp the surface of a polished mirror, or those of a husbandman labouring to transform the surface of a granite rock into arable land on which he might sow his seed."

Robbery, murder, lying, deceit, prevarication, treachery, were common vices, perpetrated on all hands without hesitation and without compunction. He says:—

"I have associated with people of this description in almost every situation—lived with them at their homes, travelled with them on their journeys, accompanied them on their hunts, mingled with them in their councils of war, and stood with them among hundreds of slain on the field of battle, and have, at the peril of my life, shielded mothers and children from the bloody war-axe of the unfeeling conquerors! But did I ever hear of a reference made to a God of Providence or a future state? No, never! Did I ever hear of an accusing conscience for deeds of rapine and murder? No, never! Did I ever hear of a conscience at all? No, never! They gloried in their sin, and never had one relenting thought except when disappointed in their purposes, however diabolical, and then their only regret was that they had been unsuccessful. Murder, adultery, incest, a nation of liars, and without exception robbers; and he who was the most successful was the most happy; regardless of the past, unconscious of the future, for, oh! their only prospect was bounded by a dismal, dreary annihilation!"

It was amongst such a people as this that Mr. Moffat and his devoted wife toiled ; and for years they seemed to toil in vain. But, in 1840, he was able to present to the friends of the London Missionary Society the following testimony to splendid results :—

“ Their language has been acquired, and reduced to system and to writing, and brought under the operation of the press. Many elementary works, tracts, and considerable portions of the sacred volume, have been translated and printed in the language. A printing-press on the station supplies the increasing wants of readers ; and at the present moment the New Testament and the Book of Psalms are, through the munificence of the British and Foreign Bible Society, being conducted through the press in London. Nor is this all ; we have to record, to the praise of our blessed Redeemer, that the Word of Divine truth has had free course and been glorified ; churches have been planted, in which there are hundreds of believers growing up in the faith and hope of those doctrines which they once contemned as chimerical and visionary. Where naught was heard before but heathen din, the festive dance, the obscene song, the doleful requiem, bringing sorrow without hope, and lamentations over rapine and slaughter, there is now heard the church-going bell echoing in the vale ; and there may now be seen companies of men, women, and children, travelling a hundred miles or more to missionary stations, and saying as they go, ‘ Come ye, and let us go up to the mountains of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob, and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His patha.’ And when they encamp for the night, they make the lonely desert vocal with their evening hymn. Instead of the revelry of bestial pleasure, there are heard the songs of Zion, not only from the places of public worship, but also from the lonely hamlets, and from many a family altar, in morning and evening sacrifices to Jehovah. . . . Missionaries are no longer viewed as they have been, intruders, pests, and the source of all the evil which befell the nation, as they often told us to our face ; while our patiently bearing with contumely and oppression only convinced them more fully that we were runaways from our own country, to which we dared not return for fear of forfeiting our lives for the crimes we had committed ! To them, our standing at the post through manifold troubles, returning kindness for injuries, and blessing for cursing, was a mystery in our character which they could not fathom. These days, best known to our God, whom we served, though in much weakness, in the Gospel of His Son, are now gone by, and in all probability will never return again in the Bechuana mission.”

It was in the year 1829 that a little church was formed, and in ten years that church had so grown as to comprise 150 members. Spiritual work of the highest order had been done on a wide scale, and that work had been accompanied by civilising influences which the more fully revealed the splendour of the change. But those twenty years were not only years of strenuous labour, persisted in for a long time in the face of the most grievous discouragements ; they were also

years of privation and of peril for the missionaries, their survival of which is one of the wonders of Providence, and their endurance of which can only be ascribed to the exhaustless power of Divine grace. The four hundred pages in which Mr. Moffat narrated the experiences of that period are amongst the most thrilling to be found in all our Christian literature. In 1840 he was in England, a living exemplification of the words—"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." It was then that he said :—

"I have been in many perils ; perils in the wilderness, perils among beasts of prey, perils among the heathen, and perils from quarters more terrible than these ; but am I weary ? No ! had I ten thousand lives I should lay them on the missionary altar. My natural force is not abated, and I long again to tread the desert, and hope to return again, in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel, to spend and be spent in the cause of my Redeemer among the heathen."

Two years later he went back and pushed the glorious cause forward, with steadily increasing success, till 1870, when the state of his own health and that of his wife made retirement a painful necessity. "The Bechuanas," says the *Times*, "under Moffat's guidance, became new men. Mission work grew and spread among them ; what Moffat began to do was taken up by other hands ; a permanent body of native pastors was created from among the Bechuanas themselves, and the whole region was raised out of the savage state in which Moffat had found it, and became in no small degree civilised as well as Christianised." In 1872 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Edinburgh. In the following year an address and a sum of £5,800 were presented to him in grateful recognition of his brilliant services to the cause of religion and of humanity. On St. Andrew's Day, in 1875, at the request of the late Dean Stanley, he lectured on African missions in the nave of Westminster Abbey. In 1877 he was honoured with a banquet at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor, when there was a large assembly of distinguished men, including the late Archbishop Tait and a number of bishops. In his eightieth year he received a congratulatory deputation from the Congregational ministers of London. He continued to use such strength as he had in the furtherance of the great enterprise he loved, and at last died in perfect peace from the rupture of a blood-vessel. His fame will long last as that of a man of exquisite simplicity of character, of ready resource in time of grave emergency, of great practical sagacity,

of fine poetic feeling, of extremely tender sympathies, of iron nerve, of exhaustless benevolence which never halted at any sacrifice except that of conscience; a Christian philanthropist who carried the light of Gospel truth into the darkest and most repulsive regions of the earth, and kept it ablaze amidst a thousand tempests, until the long winter night had passed away, and vernal freshness and beauty had begun to gladden the heart, and there was the unequivocal and unfaltering promise of the most opulent and widespread summer luxuriance. With such a life as his wide open to the inspection of the world, it will henceforth be too late for any man, whatever his creed or his no-creed, to look with any other feeling than that of honest admiration upon the varied and beneficent work in which our Christian missionaries are engaged; while those who have long been wont to own its grandeur will find from that same life a new emphasis in its claims, to which their enlarged gifts of heart and of hand will be but the natural and glad response.

Christian Fellowship.

BY THE REV. J. BIGWOOD.

CHAPTER IV.—DENOMINATIONALISM.



WHETHER the Church will ever be restored to its original purity and simplicity of fellowship and constitution, it is vain to speculate. At present there is scarcely a point of resemblance between New Testament and modern Churches; and, although all parties are ready to claim the authority of the Scriptures for their distinctive systems, it may without hesitation be asserted that there is not one Church in this country based upon the model of the New Testament. Between denominationalism and the early unity of the Church there is a striking contrast. In the first ages of Church history the Church was a brotherhood, a complete democracy, united together by one common faith, one common Lord, and one common priesthood; a fellowship, a *commune* in the highest sense; a republic nobler than the dream of Plato, and surpassing in beauty the Utopia of the most refined philo-

sopher or philanthropist. Now the Church is split up into denominations or sects, which are yet further divided into smaller independent societies, each having its own pastor, officers, and creed : and, instead of being one grand Army of the living God, it is divided into numerous companies, mutually independent, and frequently the scenes of mutual discord and strife.

But still, it may be urged that sects are the natural outcome of free religious thought and action—that Christians will naturally unite together for the defence and dissemination of their distinctive views and practices, and that Christians in every age and country are at liberty to carry out such plans of church government and arrangements for worship as are adapted to such age or country. This is cordially granted ; provided that the principles of Christianity are not violated, and our plans are, at any rate, not inferior to those of New Testament Churches.

That sects are the natural outcome of free religious thought and action may be admitted. The disposition to split up into sects manifested itself in Corinth in the time of Paul, but it was by him strongly condemned. There were those also in his time who wished to control the faith and practice of their fellow-Christians, but they were condemned by the Apostle for thus judging the Lord's servants. According to apostolic teaching, Christianity was resemblance and subjection to Christ ; and in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availed anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. Where just conceptions of Christian fellowship prevail, and Christ occupies the first place in the heart, the Christian will find joint union with Christ the strongest bond of Christian fellowship, will respect the opinions of his brethren in Christ that may differ from his own, and not permit such differences to separate him from them. Where the supreme authority of Christ in His Church is recognized, there will be little inclination to impose one's own interpretation of Scripture, or creed, on one's brethren or fellow-servants of Christ. Where there is true humility, there will be distrust of one's own opinions rather than dogmatism, and a readiness to esteem others as good if not better than oneself. Where holiness reigns, the piety and Christian life of a brother will be deemed of more importance than his creed, and his likeness and love to Christ the strongest attraction and bond. If the fellowship of Christ be a reality, Christianity will be a more powerful incentive to Christian effort and liberality than attachment to party, and men will do more

for Christ than for their own denomination. The feeble piety of the Churches ; their " carnality," according to Paul ; their selfishness in its various forms ; their worldliness, and their ambition, are the sources of the divisions and sects in the Church of Christ ; but, when the tide of Christian life shall be at its height, the little sectarian pools will disappear, and Christians will rejoice together in the full ocean of Divine grace and love.

It must not, however, be forgotten that the power of the Church for usefulness and the conversion of the world is weakened by denominationalism. The strength and resources of the Church are now lessened, if not exhausted, by the efforts necessary to uphold their separate organisations, and to successfully compete with one another. In the towns and cities throughout the country, churches of different sects stand side by side, all professing to be Christian, wasting their money and strength in maintaining and defending their distinct theologies, instead of making common cause against Satan and sin, and combining their resources in one grand effort to bring the masses around them to Christ. In our villages frequently may be seen several different denominational churches, struggling in weakness and poverty, with a starved ministry, the derision of the ungodly ; when one earnest loving church, reflecting the purity and unselfishness of Christ, might perchance bring all the inhabitants to the knowledge and reception of the Saviour. There are cities in Ireland in which there are four or five Protestant churches, sustained to a great extent by denominational funds, any one of which might easily accommodate the congregations in them all ; there, it may be pleaded, to be a witness for truth, but in reality pointed at by Roman Catholic priests as the folly of heretics, and an argument for what they call the true Church. Christ prayed that His disciples might be one, that the world might know that the Father had sent Him. The manifestation of the oneness of the Church is thus prayed for as the grand means of the conversion of the world. It was the manifestation of brotherly love and oneness at the first that filled the world with amazement, and secured the triumphs of the early Church—the Church which outlived the opposition and persecution of an ungodly and cruel world, overthrew the mythology of Rome, rendered desolate the temples of its gods, and at length—alas ! for its purity and life—won the protection of the Roman Empire. For the real union of Christians, Jesus did not pray—true Christians *are* one in Christ—but for the *manifestation* of their one-

ness. The loving intercourse of members of different denominations may effect something, but it cannot destroy the influence of the divisions and schisms manifest in the existence of the different sects. The loving intercourse of the members is private, and seen by few; but the divisions and sects are patent to all, and are continually exerting their baneful influence. Even when Christians of various denominations are led to act together for some common Christian work, it is lamentable to note the jealousy that frequently crops up, and the anxiety lest the claims of any one denomination should be violated.

It is also to be feared that the existence of separate independent churches, each having its pastor and deacons and its distinct creed and organization, is productive of as little good as denominationalism; and is the source of additional evils; and that the general arrangements and modes of worship in these churches are but little adapted to the promotion of spiritual life or the extension of Christianity. Their complete independence of one another; the dependence of each on the ministry of one man; the divided authority of pastor and deacons; the power for evil which one man possesses, whether pastor, deacon, or simple member of the church, and the necessary cost of their separate maintenance, are perpetual sources of weakness. Neighbouring churches, even of the same denomination, are frequently rivals instead of coadjutors. It is almost impossible to warn or rebuke unruly members without driving them to the church over the way, where they will probably be welcomed, if not put into office. In new districts, infant churches, with their ministers, have frequently to struggle on, bearing single-handed the burdens that ought to be shared by all neighbouring Christians. The adequate support of the minister, in addition to the other expenses, is, in hundreds of cases, according to the present rate of contribution, absolutely impossible; and there are hundreds of ministers living in discomfort who, if, without relinquishing their secular calling, they had been united with other elders in one pastorate over several congregations, and been aided by the gifted brethren, would be both comfortable and useful. The condition of many more is rendered exceedingly trying by the difficulty of supplying mental and spiritual pabulum and gratification to a mixed congregation, of every shade of religious opinion and feeling from zero to mysticism, two or three times a week—an impossibility, unless the minister be possessed of extra-

ordinary genius or flow of thought, or be a good exegetical preacher, able to make Scriptural instruction popular, which very few attempt. Hence arises a constant change of pastorate, each change being a source of weakness to the minister and the church. The church limited to the teaching of one man—sometimes young and inexperienced—is liable to become mentally stunted and contracted, or dissatisfied; and frequently the minister remains over a dissatisfied church until the majority of the congregation have left, and the strength of the church is gone. At the same time, the notion that a member of the church must always attend his own place of worship prevents the benefit which an occasional attendance on the ministry of others might afford. The divided authority of deacon and minister; and the supposed responsibility of the minister for the size and character of the congregation, and of the deacons for the finances; the absence of cordial co-operation between pastor and deacons, and of due regard to the authority of each, are frequent causes of strife and deadness. So also the want of sympathy between the pulpit and the pew. Hence the rage for popular preachers with ready speech, rather than intelligence and piety, who will fill the pews and exchequer; the difficulty which intelligent and thoughtful men find to obtain churches, and the thousand-and-one doubtful appliances—as startling titles of sermons, lectures, oratorios, services of song, soirées, bazaars, and entertainments—to keep up the congregation and supply the necessary funds. Hence the melancholy fact that a large proportion of our ministers are continually on the move, or desirous of changing their field of labour. Out of this arises a professional and perfunctory discharge of ministerial work; and the consequent low spiritual condition of both pastor and people. All these evils would be impossible if all the Christians in a neighbourhood constituted *one* church or community, and all the elders formed a united pastorate over the whole church, aided by the teachers and gifted brethren in the church, as in New Testament times. The present system ought to present some very great advantages to counterbalance such evils.

The feeble recognition of the presence of Christ in His Church, the indwelling of the Spirit in believers, of the communion or participation of the Holy Ghost into which every Christian is called, and of the fact that Christ is the light and teacher of His disciples, is both a cause and result of dependence on the minister for instruction.

rather than the study of the Scriptures, aided by the Spirit of God. The Apostolate of each Christian is almost ignored, and very few comparatively feel their individual responsibility to make known Christ to their fellow-men. The command to preach the Gospel to every creature is generally regarded as given to ministers, and not to each individual Christian; and contributions for the maintenance of the minister to the institutions of the church are by the large majority of church members regarded as all that God requires. The repression, rather than the development, of the individual Christian, and of individual responsibility and effort, is the result of our church system. Independent action on the part of members of our churches is not much encouraged, and is sometimes discouraged, by ministers and deacons, especially if such action interfere with the attendance of the active working Christian at the usual services of the church, or divert funds from its treasury. Church members are expected to surrender themselves to the teaching of the minister, whose teaching is supposed to be of a fixed character; to do the work, if any, the church appoints; to send all his contributions through church channels; and to devote his energies to the advancement of his own church. Should the minister and church prove unfaithful to their mission, independent efforts of Christians for the spiritual welfare of their neighbours would very probably be regarded as irregular, and condemned. A large amount of independent work, it is true, is being done; but it is in spite, and not because, of the influence of existing churches.

The usual arrangements of our public services are not calculated to promote the piety of Christians, or Christian fellowship, or the conversion of the world. In order to make them attractive to the unconverted, the singing, prayers, and sermons are rendered unsuitable to the Christian, and frequently the whole service produces the painful impression that it is a performance, and that the aim is to please rather than to profit. Eloquent sermons, and even eloquent prayers, and scientific singing are too frequently taught and cultivated, rather than such simple praise and supplication and expositions of Scripture truth as will subdue, sanctify, sustain, and cheer the heart of the believer. There is nothing or little to strengthen Christian fellowship, to bring the congregation to realize their individual union with Christ, and therefore close union with *one another* and brotherhood. Christians sit in the same pew, hear the

same voice, sing or listen to the same hymns, Sunday after Sunday, but have little or no intercourse with one another, and few or no meetings for mutual instruction, exhortation, or help. To talk of Christian fellowship seems almost a burlesque. The Lord's Supper, the only approach to fellowship, is partaken of generally once a month, at the fag end of a service, when all are weary, and then without much, or any, social intercourse or worship. Attendance at what is called, if not miscalled, public worship is frequently regarded as a duty rather than a privilege; and its motive is often to please the minister, or set a good example, rather than to get profit or pleasure. Multitudes fancy that it is meritorious, and in itself a means of salvation. There is, perhaps, in our chapels ritualism as great as, and more subtle than, that in the Church of Rome or among Tractarians.

How the Lord's Supper, which was the one grand meeting of the New Testament Church, has obtained the subordinate position it now occupies it is difficult to understand. There is no fact that more clearly indicates the feeble piety of the churches. It is at the Lord's table that we most feel our own unworthiness and dependence on the grace of Christ, and, at the same time, our consecration to God. There, in spirit, we present to God Christ our Sacrifice, and through that Sacrifice approach God, and have real communion with Him and spiritual worship. There we sit down at His table and partake of the meat and drink offering which God has provided. This is the restoration of Eden, the antepast of heaven. There we most fully realize our fellowship with Christ, and with one another, and our joint participation of the one body and one blood of Christ, as we all partake of the one loaf and one cup. There our faith is confirmed, our hope strengthened, and our joy intensified. There we find the strongest motives to holiness, sacrifice, and consecration to God, as we partake of the memorials of our Saviour's sufferings and death. If any observance will produce vigorous piety it is that of the Lord's Supper. It is nearly the only distinguishing act of worship. At all other meetings the unconverted are present, and regard the worship as much theirs as ours; but at the Lord's Supper we feel or hope that we are all Christians, and realize enlargedness of heart towards Christ and one another; and Christ Himself speaks to us words promotive of piety, peace, and joy.

For the conversion of the world our services are yet more unsuited.

The regular congregation support the minister, and the pews are theirs, and, if not filled, a stranger may be accommodated, if respectably dressed. The masses do not come to our places of worship, and it is not to be wondered at. They feel that in their dress they would not be welcomed, and would probably be consigned to the gallery or free benches: and they are right—as a rule they would not be welcomed, if tolerated. If the world be ever converted to Christ, it will not be by the present system of preaching the Gospel to the few who may find their way to our places of worship. The people must be sought out. They need Christian sympathy and instruction such as cannot be obtained from sermons. They need to be visited at their homes by Christian men and women, who, with the loving sympathy of Christ, will enter into their circumstances, and trials, and difficulties, and win their confidence. It is in this quiet, unobtrusive, self-denying way that the masses are to be brought to Christ. If our ministers would train the churches for this work, and if the churches were only willing to be trained; if pastors, deacons, and people were only alive to its importance; if they only felt that this is the highest and most sublime form of worship, for which their attendance at church might, at any rate on Sunday evenings, with advantage be sacrificed, their influence on society would soon be felt and perceived. In such work they would realise their fellowship with Christ in His sufferings and sympathy with a ruined world, and find the highest, the purest, the noblest fellowship with one another.

It is pleasing to notice the growing impression of the importance of such work as this, and the efforts that are being made in this direction. Many churches are erecting their mission halls, and becoming the centres of well-directed influence and work. In too many cases the difficulties of existence, or the unspiritual character of the members, render the churches powerless for good. The low state of piety in our churches is the chief impediment to usefulness; and may not this be traced, in a great degree, to the worldly appliances by which we have been endeavouring to attract numbers to our churches, and to keep them when attracted? The prominence of concerts, oratorios, lectures, entertainments, bazaars, with their doubtful accompaniments, services of song, if not religious dramas, in our "Church Intelligence," from week to week, in our religious journals, is a melancholy index to the state of our churches that may well sadden the heart of the child of God. We cannot hope, however, for much improvement

whilst the strength of a church is estimated by its size, and the prevailing idea of Christianity is salvation from punishment more than from sin, and union with a Christian church rather than the surrender of the heart and soul to Christ, and with Him complete consecration to the Father.

Personal Reminiscences of Missionary Work in England and Ireland.

BY THE REV. C. KIRTLAND.

No. V.

"Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain, whereby Thou didst confirm Thine inheritance, when it was weary."—Ps. lxxviii. 9.



HE ever memorable year of grace One thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine opened another door for occasional missionary work in Ireland. During the summer, strange and exciting rumours of a great revival of religion in Ireland obtained wide circulation. The Press reported that a mighty wave of spiritual life was rising in Ulster, and flowing to regions far beyond. Startling and sensational statements were made concerning monster meetings, followed by thousands of conversions, and accompanied, in many instances, by physical prostrations.

At the request of the then Secretary of the Baptist Irish Society—the late Rev. C. J. Middleditch—I visited Ireland during the month of September. My former experience of revivals made me cautious, if not sceptical, respecting the real character of the work in Ireland; but I was soon convinced that "it was a true report that I heard in my own land." Although Dublin was a hundred miles from the nearest centres of the movement, the city was stirred by the astounding narratives which appeared in the daily papers. I was both astonished and delighted to see huge placards all over the city and suburbs announcing that special trains would run on certain days to prayer-

meetings in the North. *Special trains to prayer-meetings!* Why, here was a new thing in the earth! Early one morning I went to the Northern Counties Railway. The station was crowded with people. The rush for tickets was so great that it was with difficulty I succeeded in getting one. No sooner had we entered Ulster than we saw unmistakable signs of an extraordinary religious movement. At every halting-place, excited crowds filled the platform. In waiting-rooms, prayer-meetings were being held, and the roofs that spanned the stations resounded with songs of praise. Every carriage was filled almost to suffocation, and not a few, regardless of danger, climbed on to the roofs. Coal and cattle-trucks, and ballast-waggons, brought up the rear of our monster train. The great meeting was held on the summit of a breezy hill, a short distance from the town of Armagh. The number present was estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand, but the most perfect order prevailed through the vast multitude. The addresses were marked by great simplicity, directness, and power. All the surroundings were intensely exciting and stimulating; but the speakers—conspicuous among whom was Mr. Noel—kept their feelings under proper control. They preached Jesus as men who felt His presence, and who fully realised the responsibility of their position. It was as though the Seraphim had touched their lips with a live coal from off the altar. The people hung upon them. There was rapt attention, broken now and then by audible weeping, and cries for mercy. It was at this meeting I saw—for the first time—the physical phenomena known as “Prostrations.” Persons who had shown no unusual excitement were suddenly, as if by some unseen and irresistible power, struck to the ground. Some fainted, others were violently convulsed, but, on coming to, their one cry was for Jesus. He was their sole want—“Jesus Only.” Not unfrequently these prostrations occurred to persons who were sitting quietly in their houses, or engaged in their daily work. The sensation was sometimes compared to a bolt suddenly shot through the body. In one mill 150 persons were affected, and work had to be suspended. A young man told me that he went with some companions to a prayer-meeting. On the way, wagers were laid that they would not “take the revival.” The youth had not been long in the church when he was so powerfully affected that he had to be taken home. So acute were his mental sufferings that he had scarcely any sleep, and hours were

spent on his knees wrestling with God for pardon. Anxious persons walked the streets with Bibles in their hands. Dr. Carson, of Coleraine, told me that for three days, while about his professional duties, he was scarcely ever beyond the sound of praise, or prayer, or preaching. Persons who had never spoken in public became the subjects of a sudden inspiration, and without any preparation preached Christ with great fluency and power. Wherever a preacher stood up, multitudes gathered round him. The simple prayers of plain Christians often melted listeners to tears, and the voice of the leader was sometimes inaudible from the cries of the broken-hearted. The state of religious feeling made extraordinary demands on the time and strength of ministers, and others who threw themselves into the work. A clergyman told me that during four nights in succession he could scarcely find time to rest. Thousands were awe-struck by the deep sense which they had of the holiness and justice of God, and His righteous anger towards sinners. The terrors of God made them afraid; but Christ crucified, beheld by faith, lifted them out of the horrible pit, and filled them with joy unspeakable. They walked all day in the light of God's countenance. Those were pre-eminently "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord," seasons of joy that can never fade from the memory. Some idea may be formed of the wide area over which the awakening was spread, by putting a hundred miles between the two extreme points—south and north. Along the whole line, and far away to east and west, there were mighty gatherings of people for prayer, and hearing the Word of Life. To devout people, who had been praying and waiting for years, it seemed as if God was pouring out His Spirit on all flesh. The contagion, if I may be allowed the term, spread with a rapidity which took the most hopeful by surprise. It penetrated mansions and cabins, mills and shops; it appeared in the streets and market-places, in fields and highways; it traversed the quiet glen, and swept across the lone moor, leaving comparatively few places untouched, until nearly the whole province was under the influence of deep religious feeling.

Shortly after my return to Canterbury I was invited to give a narrative of my visit to Ireland. St. George's Hall was crowded. The late Dean Alford presided, and among the congregation were many leading citizens who had never shown any sympathy with serious religion.

Four months later, I was invited to re-visit the sister island. In addition to preaching every night, I spent days in making diligent inquiries into the results of the awakening. The great excitement was at an end. Such an abnormal condition could not be otherwise than temporary; but, like the subsidence of the Nile waters, it had left fruitfulness behind. Rich harvests had been gathered, and reapers were still filling their bosoms with sheaves. They had gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed, and were coming again bringing their sheaves with them.

Improvement in morals was everywhere apparent. Late one night I walked about some of the low parts of Belfast, but heard no sound of revelry, saw no sign of drunkenness. Policemen told me it had almost disappeared. At another place—which was notorious for the drinking habits of its people—a gentleman informed me that during four months he had only seen one drunken man in the streets. Public-houses were nearly deserted, and some of them offered for sale. Prisons almost empty, and the occupation of magistrates and policemen all but gone. On cold, dark, and dreary nights I have seen preaching-places crowded with hearers, and some, unable to find admission, listening at the doors and windows. I well remember holding a service in a large loft, which was situated over a cow-shed. The boards forming the floor were some distance apart, and as there was no ceiling underneath, copious draughts of cold air came streaming up into the room, bringing with it a too plentiful supply of offensive odours from the cattle below; but the room was filled to its utmost capacity, and although the night was dark, wet, and foggy, some twenty people had, come four Irish miles on foot to hear Christ preached. Throughout the whole of my journey, which extended from Dublin to within a few miles of the Giant's Causeway, I saw but three persons who were the worse for drink. God held back the people from sinning as He had never, in modern times, done before. A new Ulster had arisen, in which dwelt righteousness. The Holy Ghost had breathed life into the dry bones of a Protestant orthodoxy, and a great army stood up, and went forth to contend earnestly "for the faith once delivered to the saints." "Then had the churches rest, and were edified . . . and walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." In the modern religious history of Ireland, there is no brighter or more hopeful page than that which preserves the record of the great awakenings of 1859-60. The

facts that I have attempted to relate were an answer to the question, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" They supply a sure test of His unlimited power over the souls of men, and show that with Him it is not more difficult to convert ten thousand than it is to form Christ in one heart. And if ten thousand, why not any number of thousands? Neither God's interest in man's highest welfare, nor the spiritual resources at His command, can be exhausted. And as the after-glow that lingers in the western sky, when the sun has disappeared, gives the promise of his speedy return, so the new spiritual life which the extraordinary movement in Ireland left behind was the pledge that God would visit the land again, and, on a still grander scale, work for the salvation of its people. In the little cloud which the Prophet's servant saw rising out of the sea, there was bound up the great rain for which Elijah had so earnestly and so effectually prayed. And the "showers of blessing" that, in answer to fervent prayer, fell on the northern parts of the "Emerald Isle" shall one day return, and "pour down righteousness" on those regions lying south and west which have long been smitten with the blight and curse of Popery, and ruined by political disaffection and social anarchy. This is the Divine Order. Notwithstanding painful reactions in religious life, the law of progress is still active, and preparing the way for future triumphs of Gospel truth. "The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of His people, and healeth the stroke of their wound."

"Erin, mavourneen ! the day star shall shine,
To soften thy night into morning ;
Again thou shalt sparkle in radiance divine,
The land of thy beauty adorning.
Harp of sweet Innisfail ! thou shalt awake
By the side of a life-giving fountain ;
Again shall thy rich peal of melody break,
To gladden each valley and mountain."

On taking farewell (for a time) of Ireland, my heart was filled with thankfulness to Him who had done such great things for multitudes of its benighted people.

(To be continued.)

Nevermore !

(To the Music of "Far Away.")



COME again, ye golden moments,
From the Gardens of the Past
Shed once more your sunny splendour
On the hours now speeding fast.
Stony is our path and dreary,
And our feet are very sore ;
Gleam celestial through the twilight ;
Visit us once more, once more !
Mournfully the whisper sigheth,
" Nevermore ! nevermore ! "

Dear ones who have left us lonely,
And our firesides desolate,
Come, if for one moment only ;
Fill once more your vacant seat.
All the year has been November
Since ye passed to yonder shore ;
Every sunbeam we remember
Shed its light on days of yore.
Ah, then, do not answer sadly,
" Nevermore ! nevermore ! "

Is it so, then ? Shall we never
Feel the sunshine now denied ?
Ah, yes ! In Heaven's great " For Ever, "
We shall sure be satisfied.
So, O God, in mercy take us,
When this discipline is o'er,
Where 'neath cloudless skies they wander
Hand in hand for evermore—
Heart-sick, lonely, spirit-weary,
Nevermore ! nevermore !

L. M. D.

Going on to Perfection.

FROM NOTES OF A SERMON BY THE LATE REV. ROBERT HALL, A.M.*

Text: "Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection."—HEB. vi. 1.



OST of the Jews who professed their belief in the Gospel of Christ had made but little progress in Christian knowledge. The great object of this epistle was to add to their faith that which was lacking, to strengthen that which was weak, to confirm them against the temptation to apostasy; to open to them the intent of their own law, which was to many who admired it a veil on their hearts, whilst, to those who rightly understood it, it was a "schoolmaster to bring them to Christ." The writer found a difficulty in addressing them, from the fact that they were not new converts, and yet had to be taught first principles. "When for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat." By "milk" he means the elementary truths of Christianity. "Strong meat belongeth unto them that are of full age." There are, in the school of Christ, little children, young men, and old men—gradations of knowledge and of holiness which are to be distinctly marked. "Therefore leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection."

It may be proper, in the first place, to endeavour to point out the nature of the "perfection" to which allusion is here made—that perfection which is attainable in our present state; and, in the second place, to urge, by suitable reflections, the duty of complying with this exhortation.

I.—Let us endeavour to explain the meaning of this exhortation, and particularly to point out what perfection is attainable to Christians in the present life. This verse is connected with the

* Preached at Leicester in the spring of 1821.

latter part of the preceding chapter, as is evident from the particle "therefore." The text is a precept founded on foregoing statements. The writer had been speaking of two sorts of persons—"babes" and persons of "full age," and of the two sorts of doctrine suitable to them. These Hebrews ought to have been in the condition of those who are "of full age;" it was to their shame that they were not. The "first principles" are the elementary truths. Every system of truth has certain principles which sustain the same relation to it as the foundations have to a building. The whole structure is built on them, and therefore they are the first things to be taught. What they are we are told in the words that follow: "Let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith towards God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection from the dead, and of eternal judgment." Advancing beyond these, let us supply that which is still lacking, make such additions as are necessary to the perfection or maturity of knowledge and of holiness, the perfection of those who are "of full age." He who has attained to a large acquaintance with Divine truth, and who has carried his heart into the practice of it, so as to be in a prevailing manner under its influence—not carried about with every wind of doctrine, but rooted and grounded in the faith, and living as becometh the Gospel—that person is, in the Scripture meaning of the term, a perfect man.

This implies two things. First, as we are sanctified by the truth, it implies a full and comprehensive knowledge of the mind of Christ as set forth in the Scriptures. Some of these Hebrew Christians mixed parts of the law with parts of the Gospel, and so made the Gospel a different thing from what it was intended to be. We read elsewhere of those whose large views enabled them to partake of all meats alike, and of others who, being "weak in the faith," would eat herbs only. The strong were exhorted to bear with the infirmities of the weak, inasmuch as both were desirous of serving the same Lord, though a difference of views led to a difference in the method of service. In the text the exhortation is primarily to an advancement from views of the Gospel which are narrow, partial, and imperfect to those which are larger and more comprehensive. It implies, secondly, a progressive attainment of holiness, seeking a greater degree of maturity in the practice of real religion. To exemplify religion in its purity, to maintain it without defiling it, to become stronger and

stronger in your allegiance to Christ, to acquire an increasing mastery over the powers of evil, to glow more and more with love to God, to "be filled with the Spirit"—this is the exalted privilege of Christians. This is "going on unto perfection." *Maturity* in this order of life is the "perfection" to which we are urged to aspire. This is our "calling." We are "called to be saints." Every one is considered praiseworthy in proportion as he excels in his proper calling. To grow in the attainment and exercise of holiness, to rise higher and higher towards God, is the proper business of a Christian; and a man only deceives himself who believes that he is a Christian, and is yet prevailingly indifferent to this great duty.

But here a question arises, whether the attainment of a perfect holiness is to be expected in the present state. Though this doctrine does not appear to be in accordance with the oracles of God, it is natural to be tender in opposing it, because it is impossible to aim too high. The doctrine seems to be novel. I believe Mr. Wesley—and I mention his name with the profoundest veneration—was the first who taught it. But the term "perfect," as applied to men, must not be misunderstood. It is said of Noah that he "was a just man, and perfect in his generations;" but that his excellences did not reach to absolutely perfect rectitude is plain from some parts of his conduct. Job is described as "a man that was perfect and upright;" yet the Lord reproved him for speaking unadvisedly with his lips. David is spoken of as "a man after God's own heart," yet how grievously he sinned! How far below perfection he fell! Hezekiah said: "Remember now how I have walked before Thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which was good in Thy sight;" but surely he did not mean to arrogate to himself absolute perfection, as is plain from the fact that God afterwards proved his heart, and it was found to be full of pride. Absolute perfection, then, was not attained by the good men of the old dispensation. In the New Testament the word "perfect," in its application to character, stands not for sinlessness or faultlessness, but for maturity. Thus the Apostle says: "Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded." He cannot mean those who are absolutely perfect, else what becomes of the exhortation, "be thus minded"—that is, "be of the same mind as myself, of whom I have spoken in the preceding words: 'Not as though I had already attained or were already perfect, but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which

also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus"? It is immediately after these words that the Apostle says: "Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded." The one perfection is regarded as the starting-point for the other, that which consists in the attainment of "the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," the successful completion of the Christian race. The Apostle John says: "If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves." The words are not: "If we say we never had sin," but "we *have* no sin;" and the language seems to imply his consciousness that some degree of sinfulness still remained.

It is allowed on all sides that, in every other respect, the present state is one of imperfection. We are never so strong, so learned, so wise, so happy, that we could not be more so. And it is not agreeable to the analogy of things, to the way in which the Divine Being works, to confer perfection in one thing in a state where all beside is imperfect. It is much more likely that He reserves perfection in holiness for that state where all is light, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things will have passed away."

The inference that I deduce from these considerations is that the supposition of a state of perfect holiness to be enjoyed on earth equal to that which is enjoyed in heaven is an erroneous one; and, if so, it leads to two evils. In the first place, it must be injurious for persons to think that they possess perfection when they do not. If we think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, we are certain to neglect the duty of continual repentance. Secondly, such a supposition is calculated to give us low views of the law of God. The person who supposes himself to be perfect must suppose that he loves the Lord his God with all his heart and mind and soul and strength, and his neighbour as himself. The man that does this, I confess, is morally perfect; but what low views a man must have of the Divine Law who conceives that he has come up to its requirements in all their length, breadth, and height. He must either be very inattentive to the state of his own heart, and must look little within, or he must have very degrading views of that Being by whom he is to be judged,

and who searches the heart, and tries the reins, and knows the thoughts of the children of men. I am very much disposed to think that this doctrine lies very much in words; for Mr. Fletcher, a great favourer of it, says he does not believe there is such a state as *sinless perfection*; whereas the difference between this and the perfection contended for is one which, I confess, my faculties are too obtuse to discover.

But it is of more consequence for us to attend to the exhortation contained in the text, to leave first principles, and to go on to perfection: to advance from a state of crudeness to one of maturity, to make continual progress in knowledge and holiness, and thus to "press toward the mark for the prize." There cannot be a more erroneous idea of the Christian life than the supposition that its endeavours end at a certain time, which is styled "regeneration," or "conversion." Though the great change thus designated is essential to salvation, and though, therefore, practical Christianity must take its rise in the mind and heart from a certain time, yet we are not authorised to look back upon that time in such a way as to be satisfied with the change which then took place. This would be to nullify important warnings and precepts of the New Testament. The Christian life is represented as a warfare, a journey, a race, in which vigilance is never to be slackened. We are to "follow on to know the Lord," to be "faithful unto death," to "strive to enter in at the strait gate."

II.—Let us, therefore, proceed to enforce the exhortation of the text by suitable motives. These are, chiefly, the following:—

1. A desire for Christian perfection, in the sense which has been explained, essentially belongs to the spirit of true religion. It is really essential to the Christian character. We cannot conceive of a Christian who is destitute of it—who is unconcerned about his spiritual prosperity. We find that every other principle which admits of cultivation and of progressive development, whenever it is sincerely and fervently held, presses forward to the attainment of its end. The ardour which burns strong in the breast of a man of ambition invariably urges him forward to the highest worldly honours which are within his reach. The love of pleasure always renders the subject of it desirous of new gratifications. To be pure as Christ is pure is an acquisition without which no true Christian can be satisfied. "The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto

the perfect day." "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." "Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sin. Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure; for if ye do these things ye shall never fail. For so an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto you into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

2. It is next to impossible, if not entirely so, for any person to stand still in the Divine life. You cannot be stationary in your religious character and course. To go back, we trust, would be alarming to every Christian professor; but there is scarcely any medium between going back and not going forward. If you are not making spiritual progress, you are not keeping what you have already attained. You are losing your station; you have ceased to hunger and thirst after righteousness. The great adversary does not sleep. He makes a prey of those who do—blinds their eyes more and more so that they become unable to discern the light that shineth in the face of Jesus Christ. Do you not find, in your own experience, that, when your spiritual progress has been arrested, you have sustained an injury—that degeneracy has come swiftly upon you—that religious exercises and enjoyments have assumed an aspect of strangeness to your mind? The mind is so subtle that every one is in a state of constant movement, going nearer and nearer to, or farther and farther from, his true dignity, consolation, and happiness.

3. This advance to perfection is necessary to the glorification of God. It is the only way in which we can honour the Divine Grace. "Ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are His." You surely cannot be unconcerned about the honour of that Saviour to whom you are indebted for every present privilege and for every future hope. Love is jealous for its object—cannot bear to see it dishonoured, still less to bring dishonour upon it. This noble jealousy finds its scope in the religious life. From the impulse of love the Christian desires to become more and

more assimilated to his Lord. The graces of Christians, when they are lively and strong, show forth the character of God, and men plainly see that God is among them.

4. Your usefulness to those around you depends on your progress towards perfection. Men do not expect the same fruits from those who do not make any profession of religion as from those who do. If they see a religious professor going the same lengths with a man of the world, walking in the counsel of the ungodly, standing in the way of sinners, sitting in the seat of the scornful; if they see him proud, censorious, malicious, indifferent to the things of God, only alive when he is in the counting-house; if they see him turning back to the beggarly elements of the world, which he professes to have forsaken; they will despise his religion. Such inconsistency does more harm to the cause of religion than the greatest vices of a man who makes no Christian profession at all. But he who walks with God in private whose face shines with a Divine light when he appears in the world, and who moves through the world without being contaminated by its spirit, such a one displays a majesty which impresses the beholder; he is an epistle of Christ, known and read of all men. This it was that produced so powerful an effect in the early period of the Christian history—the pure, lofty life of a few apostles of the Redeemer. What, then, would be the effect of such a concentrated light if it shone in the same degree from the lives of all His followers? Would not the Church of God, filled with such exemplary members, be “clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners”? The minister of the Gospel who is fully imbued with the Christian spirit, will be a far more effective instrument in the conversion of souls to God than the most eloquent of speakers who is wanting in this great qualification. Talents do but little good unless they be sanctified. It was because Abraham was blessed that he became a blessing to others. Do you wish to be useful in the station you occupy? Endeavour to excel in piety; press forward; set a high mark before you: “go on to perfection.”

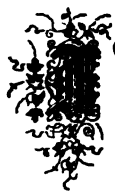
5. This progress towards perfection is necessary to the enjoyment of any large measure of religious consolation. Happiness is derived from various sources. Some are constitutionally cheerful. Others are favoured with congenial circumstances. But a Christian can only be happy as he lives and grows beneath the influences of Divine grace. One great trial to many Christians consists of doubt as to their state

towards God. They are continually asking themselves whether they are the children of God; and the question gives rise to anxiety respecting their future prospects. What is the remedy in such a case? You may be looking for it to your past experience; and it is to be feared that many such doubters derive their consolation from a mere act of memory. But this consolation; even if it could be obtained, would be delusive. It cannot stand against the consuming fire of conviction; it cannot meet the killing terror of death; it cannot be retained when the soul that has clung to it has to stand face to face with its Judge! When the Apostle John wished to point out the true ground of assurance to his converts, he said: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin. . . . If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "To be spiritually minded is life and peace." It is not the mere ornament of life; it is life. It is not simply one element of peace among others: it is peace. To covet high spiritual attainments is eminently rational. To strive after them is to go to the Source of all Good, to expatiate in the light of the Divine countenance.

6. Since death is drawing nearer and nearer, and the shades of an eternal eve are lengthening over us, and we must soon go into the presence of God, and be fixed in a state of happiness or misery, it is of the utmost importance that we be prepared for that moment—that we be not taken unawares. "Watch, therefore; for ye know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." "Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments." The end is at hand. We possess nothing; we are proprietors of nothing; we received all from God, and soon we must give our account to Him. "Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep sleep in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night. But let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breast-plate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation. For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ." Those who are prepared He will make rulers over all His house. Let us consider how little will those concerns appear *then* which *now* divide our attention with Jesus; and, on the contrary, how great will be the rest, the victory over sin, death and hell, that remaineth for the people of God in another world. What course of conduct shall we follow? Can we be too earnest in judging ourselves,

in sowing seed unto eternal life, in laying up treasure in heaven? There is the more need of our having these lessons impressed on our hearts, because we live in a world which is dead in trespasses and sins, and to the deleterious influences of which we are incessantly liable. Let us then go from strength to strength, until we appear before God in Zion. In a short time the trumpet will sound, the trial will be past, and we who are prepared shall enter into the joy of our Lord.

Martin Luther and the Protestant Reformation.



OUR hundred years ago, on the tenth day of November, there was born at Eisleben, in the home of "simple peasants," a child whose life has ensured results of altogether unique moment in the history of the modern world, so that it has been said of him, with no exaggeration, that he "gave a new soul, and an invincible energy, to the half of Europe." The story is well known of his old schoolmaster, Trebonius, who, when he entered the class-room, was accustomed to take off his hat to his scholars, on the ground that there were sitting there boys of whom God would make burgomasters, chancellors, and doctors. The anticipation of the humane and learned rector was in one case more than fulfilled. Martin Luther became the greatest, the most prominent, and the most influential man of his age; and even those who insist so strongly on his limitations and defects are constrained to allow that there are few names of brighter and more enduring fame than his. While we are by no means oblivious of these said limitations and defects, we are not at this festive season disposed to bring them into prominence. Luther may appear to certain apostles of culture a ruthless Philistine, and an enemy of intellectual progress. He was, no doubt, on some occasions, impulsive, coarse, and intolerant. His principles were not carried out in all directions with uniform consistency, nor did he invariably concede to others the liberty he claimed for himself. But the wonder to us is that he was so free from defects, and that he was able in such an age to accomplish so great—need we scruple to say so marvellous?—a work, and it is for us a more congenial task to think of the solid

worth of that work, and the fitness of the principles which underlay it to the condition and needs of our own day.

There are mainly two parties in England by whom the work of the Reformers is depreciated—the Anglo-Ritualists and the Rationalists. We cannot of course be surprised at the horror with which Roman Catholics speak of Luther and of the “pseudo-reformation.” But the most violent and unscrupulous enemies of the movement are strangely enough found within the pale of the Anglican Church. Luther has been denounced by Ritualistic writers as a heretic, fit only to be ranked with Joe Smith, the prophet of Mormonism. Protestantism is declared to be a delusion, an abomination; the child, and then the parent, of infidelity. Bishops are advised to refuse to license any clergyman who cannot be trusted to disavow Protestantism, and, in fact, the High Church party regard it as their special mission to reverse everything that the Reformers sanctioned or did.

From quite an opposite quarter we are told that the greatest need of the Church is a new Reformation, by which we are mainly to understand an abandonment of Luther's belief (1) in the authority of Scripture as the supreme rule of our faith and practice, and (2) in the principle of justification by faith as the article of a standing or falling Church, and the theological doctrines on which that principle is necessarily based. In many influential quarters the demand is not simply for a more free and fearless application of the principles of the Reformation, but for their rejection as inadequate and antiquated. We are asked to believe that the Scriptures are like the sacred books of other religions—simply the record of man's search after God, and not the authoritative voice of God to man; that Christ neither taught nor intended to teach any dogma; that we must separate between His words and the words of the apostles and evangelists; that the interpretations of the latter have no binding force, and that even if they can be proved to contain the doctrines, or the germs of the doctrines which after ages have formulated, the matter is for us of no moment. We are at perfect liberty to exercise our own judgment. We need scarcely say that neither of these positions is ours.

Luther and his associates certainly did not regard their work as the introduction of newly discovered or previously unknown truths. They aimed, as the word Reformers implies, to remould the Church—to go back to the primitive type of doctrine and worship, to clear away the corruptions which disfigured it, the accretions of falsehood

and impurity by which its beauty was marred and its influence impaired. They had no higher wish than to see a reproduction, under the conditions of the sixteenth century, of the life of the Church as founded by Christ and His apostles; and no movement outside such limits as these words imply can claim the sanction of their name, nor, if we may speak for the readers of this Magazine, will it gain our assent.

The key-note of Luther's religious and ecclesiastical system is found in his belief as to the forgiveness of sins. While still an Augustinian monk at Erfurt, he obtained an insight into the doctrine which soon proved itself to be in his hands "the sword of the Spirit." He was greatly depressed by the consciousness of his guilt, and endeavoured to pacify his conscience by fastings and vigils and other forms of rigorous penance. "Of a truth," he said, "I have been a pious monk, and have kept more strictly than I can tell to the laws of my order. If ever a monk reached heaven by monkery, I also would have got there. All who knew me in the cloister will bear me witness that this is so; for had I persevered much longer I should have killed myself with watching, praying, reading, and other labours." All was, however, of no use. Peace he "could nowhere find in such horrible darkness." An old monk, to whom he confessed, repeated to him the words of the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins," and added, "You must believe not only in the forgiveness of the sins of David and of Peter, for this creed the devils believe. It is the command of God that we should believe that our sins are forgiven." He was further aided by the wise advice of Staupitz, the Vicar-General of the Augustines. "Look to the wounds of Jesus Christ, to the blood which He has shed for you: it is there you will see the mercy of God. Instead of torturing yourself for your faults, cast yourself into the arms of the Redeemer. Do not shrink from Him: God is not against you—it is you who are averse from God." He was the more readily induced to accept this advice because he saw that it was confirmed by the teaching of the New Testament, a Latin copy of which he had found in the library of the convent, and which he studied with eager devotedness and joy. He was henceforth, over and above all things else, a student of Scripture, and when, in 1508, he was appointed to a chair in the University of Wittenberg, the dearest wish of his heart was to teach theology. This wish, for a time denied, was at length fulfilled, and Luther's fame as a Professor rests largely on his exposi-

tions of the Bible, and especially of the Psalms and of the Epistle to the Romans. His joy was boundless when he found that the righteousness of God revealed from heaven was not His punitive justice, but the righteousness which saves the ungodly through faith. The inspiration of his life was henceforth in the words: "The just shall live by faith."

He was confirmed in his position by the levity and excesses of the clergy as he saw them during his sojourn in Rome. This visit, undertaken in the year 1510 in the interests of his order, Luther always regarded as a part of his training for his subsequent work, but the perils with which it was attended may be inferred from his well-known saying: "He who goes to Rome for the first time seeks a knave, the second time he finds him, the third time he brings him back with him." It was, however, Tetzels sale of indulgences in 1517 which brought matters to a crisis. A more shameless, immoral, soul-destroying proceeding than the attempt made by Leo X. to obtain money by this means we cannot conceive. Indulgences were sold for sins of every kind, past, present, and future. A couplet made use of by the vendors was to the effect that

"When in the chest the coin doth ring,
The soul direct to heaven doth spring."

Luther's indignation was roused, and, in order to undeceive the ignorant and thoughtless multitudes, he nailed on the door of the Castle church at Wittenberg his celebrated "ninety-five theses," in which he showed that repentance is not ecclesiastical penance, but a change of heart; that sin can never be forgiven by any external works; that the Church can remit only ecclesiastical penalties; and that true forgiveness is the act of God alone.

The storm aroused by this bold act could not be allayed, and the Reformation was practically begun. The supremacy of Rome was endangered, and, though Leo admitted that "brother Martin" was a man of fine genius, it became increasingly evident that he must be silenced. We must refer to other pages for an account of his meeting with Cardinal Cajetan, Charles of Meltitz, and John Eck, nor can we here depict him as he stood with heroic grandeur before the Diet of Worms. D'Aubigné and other historians have told how his opposition to Rome developed; how the very efforts made to silence him resulted in his clearer discernment of the usurpations of the

Papacy, the invalidity of sacerdotal orders and of the universal priesthood of believers, of the sufficiency of the Scriptures and the right of each Christian man to interpret them for himself. These points, and others of equal interest, we must pass over. Luther would not, could not, retract. The ban of excommunication and the Imperial decree had no terrors for a soul so true, so intense, so courageous as his. His severance from the Papal Church was inevitable, and he gladly acquiesced in it.

Now the Reformation may in one view be regarded as a simple revolt against a false and usurped authority, the expression of the soul's personality. It was an insurrection against a degrading spiritual supremacy, the claim of the mind to interpret for itself the truth, and of the heart to trust for itself the love of God. The priesthood of all believers carries with it consequences which could not fail to produce a revolution.

A critic, from whom we frequently dissent, has not less truly than impressively remarked that

"The devout Catholic believer before the Reformation found himself in the presence of a vast and variously organised Christianity. Wherever he went he was confronted with the visible Church. The Greek Church was far away, and, moreover, defamed of heresy; beneath the surface of society there were secret religious communities which, to a pious son of the Church, were not only disreputable, but criminal. But externally there was one hierarchy, one faith, one ritual. . . . The Church of the fifteenth century . . . did much more than impose itself upon the believer in the majesty of an unquestioned authority. It demanded his assent to a vast body of theological dogma, carefully reasoned out, with all its parts logically subordinated to one another and the whole, and that under penalties, temporal and external, of the most tremendous kind. Among the theological truths which a man was then compelled to accept upon pain of not being a Christian at all were, that the religious life could be nourished only by sacraments, and that sacraments could be administered only by a duly ordained body of priests. . . . A man can no longer open his heart to the Divine grace and be refreshed by the dew of benediction which falls upon it; he must be blessed by way of water or of oil, of bread or of wine, and these have no supernatural virtue if the priest's breath have not passed over them. . . . For all good he was the suppliant of the Church. She led him, she fed him, she imposed her own laws upon him, she rewarded him upon her own terms. . . . Without her there was no access to God, no spiritual life now, no salvation hereafter."

This is true, and yet we hold that, apart from the doctrine of justification by faith, the Reformation would have been a failure. It was the absence of this doctrine that to so large an extent rendered

inoperative the doctrines of mediæval mysticism as taught by Tauler, A'Kempis, and others, who were in many respects the forerunners of Luther. They were men of holy and devout lives, of varied culture, of remarkable self-sacrifice and untiring zeal for the welfare of the people. But, if we may use a homely expression, their system did not begin at the beginning. They insisted on the process of spiritual purification as the initial stage of the religious life, cleansing, regeneration; new life was required as preliminary to "illumination," both of which were designed to produce "ecstasy" of joy in God. But is even purification—essential as it is—the first need of the soul? Assuredly not. There is the sense of a violated law, of a guilty past, of a condemning conscience. The men to whom the mystics preached resembled the men of all ages in this—that they were under an incubus of guilt, which no efforts of their own could remove, and the removal of which was indeed essential to their efforts. Without an atonement for sin the thought of purification is an idle dream. This deep need of the spirit the Romish priests understood too well to ignore. Their indulgences did at least offer some relief to sin-burdened consciences. Had Luther simply swept away indulgences and enforced the creed of mysticism, had he taken a position similar to that of modern Socinians, his work would speedily have been forgotten. But he presented the truths which underlay the Romish system in a pure and uncorrupted form. He pointed to the one sacrifice for sins, which is itself a sufficient, as it is the only, means of our deliverance from the guilt of the past. His message *Eccce Homo* was the sequel to another and yet more important message, *Eccce Agnus Dei*. Of this truth there can be no surrender, and to ignore it is fatal to all true progress.

That this doctrine of justification by faith was no barren, lifeless theory, leaving men under the dominating power of sin while they flattered themselves with a belief of their pardon, is admitted by all who have really examined the Reformer's position. Mr. Beard, in his recent Hibbert Lectures, written from the Unitarian standpoint, freely confesses this:—

"Only those critics," he says, "who have utterly failed to understand both the great Reformer and his characteristic position can accuse him of a personal tendency to Antinomian heresy. . . . He delighted in preaching moral sermons. . . . He was uneasy lest the constant preaching of justification by faith alone,

by men whose enthusiasm for righteousness was cooler than his own, should lead to consequences of which he could not approve. That note of a great religious teacher—a passionate conviction that holiness is the one thing needful—is almost as conspicuous in him as in his master Paul. At the same time he would hear of no modifications of his central doctrine. It was faith alone, not even faith working by love, that justified. . . . But then with him, at least in his better moments, faith was no mere intellectual acceptance of Christ and His atoning death, even if that acceptance were of a strictly personal kind ; it was such a spiritual incorporation of the soul with its Saviour as involved a changed individuality, a renewed and strengthened nature, out of which all the fruits of righteousness naturally grew."

We could not find a better expression of our own conception of Luther's teaching, if we withdraw the qualifying clause, "in his better moments." The faith which Mr. Beard attributes to Luther was the faith of his entire life. He did not regard it as a simply intellectual process. The spiritual conception of its nature runs throughout his works, and, if here and there he seems to lay too great stress on the intellectual side of it, it is only because of the limitations of all human thought and language. There are few teachers who do not seem in emphasising a truth or a principle, to cast into temporary shade its correlates.

Luther's translation of the Bible into the vernacular was a noble work, and its influence on the religious life of Germany cannot be over-estimated. We mention it here only for the sake of referring to two principles of which his translation was the expression—the sole authority of the Scriptures as the rule of faith, and the right of the people to read and judge of their meaning for themselves. His belief in the authority of the Scriptures is well known, nor would he abandon any of his theses unless they could be shown to be contrary thereto. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that the Reformers looked upon the Bible only as a storehouse of doctrines, a treasury of infallible truths. They looked upon it as a means of actual and direct communion with God, a stimulus to holiness of life, a well-spring of comfort and strength. This it could not have been unless they had recognised in it the true Word of God, a revelation inspired and authoritative. But Luther recognised the legitimate sphere of Biblical criticism. He knew that the collection of books in the canon was a gradual growth, and that, as it was fixed by the Church of the first centuries, we are not forbidden to "seek after an increasingly clear understanding of the external scope of this collection." He had not an equal affection for all the books of Scripture. He expresses his

preference for some without hesitation, and has no scruple in stating his doubts as to others. His special delight in the Fourth Gospel, in the Pauline Epistles, and the First Epistle of Peter has often been noted. Of the Epistle to the Hebrews he had far too low an opinion, and said it could not be the work of an apostle. The Epistle of James he called "a letter of straw," and declared that it was impossible to reconcile it with St. Paul. The Apocalypse he made no effort to understand. These are facts which neither the admirers nor the critics of Luther can suppress, nor do we as Evangelical Christians need to suppress them. Biblical criticism has its own functions. The questions it discusses are within the range of legitimate inquiry. We have, of course, our own view of its principles and methods; but, in so far as it is sound, it leads to results which we can cordially welcome. Luther, believing as he did, could not, of course, fail to speak his mind, but a fuller knowledge of the facts concerning the origin and formation of the books he rejected would have changed his belief, as such knowledge has led the wisest critics of our own day to see that the Epistle to the Hebrews is no trivial writing; that the Epistle of James is one of the most valuable books of the New Testament, and by no means contradicts Paul; while the Apocalypse may be fully understood to be the work of John. The right of private judgment did not mean, in Luther's mind, the right to accept and reject at our own pleasure. He saw that reason had an office of its own to fill, but he did not make it the sole judge and arbiter of our faith, nor did he set aside any statement of Scripture simply because he could not understand it. He was penetrated through and through with a sense of responsibility to God in relation to his beliefs as well as his actions. Not more wisely than strongly did he insist on the need of reverence, docility, and dependence upon the Spirit of God. He saw the worth of learning, and especially in the sacred languages. But learning alone is insufficient. "The Spirit of God must be our Master and Preceptor." "In interpreting the Holy Scriptures, a right, pious, cheerful, diligent, God-fearing heart is needed, a heart, moreover, that is instructed, experienced, and practised in Christianity." These principles are indisputable, and are as far removed from the standpoint of the Rationalistic critics and the claims of modern culture as they are from the arrogant pretensions of Rome and the puerile echoes of them which we are accustomed to hear from the lips of the imitators of Rome in the

Church of England. So long as such principles guide our inquiries and determine our conduct we have no need to fear that the truths established at the Reformation will be obscured, or that we shall be called upon to abandon the faith for which Luther so nobly lived and fought.

At Leicester.



It is our privilege to write of our Baptist Autumnal meetings at Leicester in terms of unqualified admiration and thankfulness. Of course this statement will not be taken as implying that we endorse everything that was said, inasmuch as some of the discussions elicited wide differences, if not positive contrarieties, of opinion. But the prevailing tone of the meetings was at once true, earnest, and lofty ; whilst the ability displayed by the various preachers, paper-writers, and leading speakers was such as must reflect high credit on the denomination. That extensive good will result we cannot for a moment doubt. The attendance of delegates was up to the usual mark, if not beyond it ; the drier business details received due attention, and all the meetings, from the first to the last, were crowded, and would have been so if the buildings available for their accommodation had been much larger.

MONDAY.

The Mayor's reception in the Museum Hall on the Monday evening was hearty and graceful, and fully illustrated the liberality of feeling cherished by his worship in relation to the different religious denominations. He said :—"It is not my fault if every Christian teacher, whether of the Establishment or Nonconformity, including even the priests of the Catholic Church, is not here, as all have been invited. I did not know how it would suit you, but it seemed to me that in my position I should know no difference of creed." We think that his worship, from his point of view, was right. It was not to be expected that the Catholic priests would respond ; but Canon Vaughan and other clergymen of the Church of England were present, as were also ministers of the Wesleyan and Independent communities, whilst the Rev. J. Page Hopps attended as a Unitarian. No doubt this last name was distasteful to not a few of our brethren, though they gave no very emphatic sign of their dissatisfaction when it was announced. A similar circumstance occurred when the Union met at Leicester fourteen years ago. We then had a very fraternal speech from the Leicester Unitarian minister of the day, the Rev. C. Coe. It should be remembered, by those who suspect something of compromise in these mixtures, that the gathering on each occasion was distinctively social rather than distinctively religious, and that in neither case was there any sacrifice of what we, as Evangelical Christians, hold to be Divinely revealed truth. The Rev. R. Glover blended the fine courtesy

with the firm adherence to principle which should ever mark Christian men when he said :—"I am glad of the presence of Mr. Hopps to-night. If his presence had been won or bought by any want of fidelity to our belief in a Divine Redeemer, I should not have welcomed him ; but when he came as he has done, with no surrender on our part of any of the faith we hold, I am ready to receive him with respect, and to thank him for his recognition of any useful service we may have rendered." We do not compromise our principles as Baptists by fraternising in this way with pædo-baptists, or as Nonconformists with members of the Church of England ; so neither do we compromise our faith in the Divinity and Atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ by fraternising after this fashion with a Unitarian. It is quite as great a sacrifice on his part to come to us as it is on ours to receive him.

Let it not be supposed, from these remarks, that we are inclined to give countenance to the latitudinarian spirit which somewhat strongly marks our times. When the Congregational Union met in Leicester some years ago, that spirit found a wide and emphatic expression in the remarkable Conference which was held apart from, and independently of, the official programme. We are not aware that that Conference has borne much fruit ;—a failure which we cannot affect to deplore. Religious fellowship is compatible with theological divergences within certain limits ; but there are theological contrarieties which ought to make, and must make, religious fellowship amongst those who hold them impossible. This, however, is a large subject, and cannot be discussed in such an article as the present. We hope to give it some ventilation in our pages early next year. The reception of Mr. Hopps at the social meeting at Leicester comes under a different heading, and need not, so far as we can see, hurt the conscience of the most rigidly orthodox Christian brother among us.

On the same evening there was a crowded and enthusiastic meeting of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, which may be expected to further the important cause for which the association has been formed.

TUESDAY.

Tuesday, as usual, was devoted to the interests of our Foreign Missions. There was an early morning sermon by the Rev. R. H. Roberts, B.A., of Notting Hill, and a noon sermon by Dr. Allon, of Islington. More masterly discourses have seldom, if ever, been delivered on behalf of the great missionary cause. Mr. Roberts is in the prime of life, with natural gifts of a very high order, which have the advantage of being distinctively Welsh in their cast, and to which he has given careful and conscientious cultivation. His sermon was original, eloquent, courageous, tender, and in all respects timely. Our Baptist papers have printed it, and it will bear repeated perusal. If his life be spared, as we trust it may, our brother will soon be recognised as one of our ablest men. Of Dr. Allon it would be superfluous to speak, either by way of description or of praise. He has long been known, admired, and revered from one end of the land to the other. He is not of our denomination, but he is a master in Israel whom we delight to honour. From his lips our common Christian faith has again been splendidly vindicated, and its claims upon the self-sacrificing zeal of the Church have again been powerfully enforced. Those who heard this great sermon, as well

as those who had not that privilege, will be thankful for the opportunity of studying it in the pages of the *Freeman* and the *Baptist*. Between the two sermons came the "Breakfast," memorable for the intimation from the secretary, Mr. Baynes, that, by the munificence of the treasurer, Mr. Tritton, and some other friends, the debt of nearly £3,000 had been paid, and for his fervid plea for an addition of £15,000 a-year to the regular income of the Mission, made necessary by the work on the Congo and in China upon which the committee have been irresistibly constrained to enter, coupled with his announcement that friends in Bristol have contributed £3,000 for the outfit of the fourteen new missionaries who are to be sent to the latter field of labour. The address of the Rev. J. G. Jones, from China, told powerfully, and was followed up by that of the Rev. R. Glover, who probably never spoke with more effect of the highest kind than he did on this occasion. The proceedings of the day closed with a great meeting in the evening, which was instructed and thrilled by addresses from the Revs. James Smith, from Delhi; J. J. Turner, from China; and J. J. Fuller, the well-known coloured and now veteran missionary from Africa. The collection at this meeting realised £76 16s.

WEDNESDAY.

The work of Wednesday opened with a service at 7.30 a.m. in Dover Street Chapel, when the Rev. H. Platten, of Birmingham, preached what may be termed the Union sermon, with Rev. i. 17, 18, for his text, and "the eternal relations of Christ to the individual soul and to the churches" for his theme. Our quarters were too far away to admit of our getting into Leicester in time for this service, but many friends assured us that the sermon was not only worthy of the successor of Charles Vince, of most beloved memory, but also worthy of its sublime and stupendous theme, than which higher praise would scarcely be possible. The first session of the Union commenced at 10 o'clock with a prayer-meeting in Belvoir Street Chapel, led by the Rev. J. Thew, and followed by the Address of the President, the Rev. J. P. Chown, who discoursed with characteristic amplitude of illustration and geniality of feeling on "Lessons from Leicester." Historic local reminiscences of great variety and richness, eminently befitting the occasion, were collected together, aptly arranged, eloquently presented, and made to yield wholesome suggestions and lofty inspiration both for the present and the future. Probably no provincial town in the kingdom has a more resplendent and instructive religious history than Leicester; and the theme was one in which Mr. Chown obviously found great delight. The next great subject which engaged the attention of the assembly was "The Changes now passing over Religious Thought, and the Spirit in which we should meet them." The subject was introduced in a singularly skilful paper by the Rev. Benwell Bird, of Plymouth—skilful in the sense of keeping clear of extremes. We can very well imagine that many who heard Mr. Bird were dissatisfied with his exposition of the "situation" and of the requirements springing out of it. For the "old-school" of theologians, he would be regarded as too liberal towards the "new;" for the "new" as too sympathetic with the "old." Neither of these schools seems to exhibit much of the spirit of toleration towards the other. The *Zeitgeist* is a great fact; how is it to be dealt with? In what respect, and

to what extent, are concessions to be made to it? In what respect, and to what extent, is it to be resisted? That is surely a question which even the wisest men among us might well tremble to have to answer. Mr. Bird answered it very much in the manner of a Liberal-Conservative, and it is in that spirit that the best answers to the same question have been given along the whole line of progress which theological thought has followed during the past centuries. There is no safety in a reckless revolutionism; there is no need for, and no advantage in, a bigoted adherence to accepted theological formularies so long as the truth which God has given to us in His own Word is not sacrificed. The Rev. J. Stuart, who followed Mr. Bird in a singularly able and discriminating address, is no theological revolutionist. He cherishes a healthy respect for the past; and when theological changes are "the result of irreverence, of hasty and superficial thought, or of hostility to the Gospel," as unquestionably they often are, he would urge an uncompromising resistance to them. But when they are "within the lines of loyalty to Christ, and the result of expanding intelligence, accumulating knowledge of the works and Word of God, and of a profounder spiritual life," as unquestionably they may be, "it is," he tells us, "at our peril that we oppose them." The fact is, our theologies are all so many human expressions of what we conceive to be the Divine truth embodied in the Scriptures; being human, they are necessarily imperfect; and, being imperfect, they are liable to change. Unfortunately, there is a love of change abroad, not for the sake of the truth, but for its own sake. The passion for novelties in theology is as marked a fashion of our restless times as the passion for novelties in dress, in manners, in food, in social customs, in æsthetics, and in all other nameable things. This is the spirit that is working such dire mischief on every hand, and which lays such hosts of our young people open to all the scepticisms and agnosticisms of the day. It is of no use to browbeat it. Rough treatment will only make it the harder and the more defiant. It may be led, perhaps; it certainly cannot be driven. Meanwhile, we may be sure that, through all changes in human thought—whether they be true or false, whether they be wholesome or deleterious—the Word of the Lord abides and shall prevail. Mr. Glover was right in styling the changes in religious thought "an old story"—old even as Eden—and in assuring us that there is "no need for us to tremble for the ark of God." "The things that cannot be shaken down will remain, and we want nothing more than that to let our hearts be quiet and still." Mr. Glover's speech was followed by a short discussion, which seemed to us very considerably to miss the precise question before the assembly. Dr. Maclaren, however, in a few closing sentences, brought us back to the safest ground we can occupy. His words were so wise, and were spoken with such deep solemnity and tenderness, that we cannot refrain from quoting them at length:—

"In regard to the question which has exercised us this morning, I am disposed to think, Mr. President, that if 'speech is silver,' 'silence is golden.' I feel so profoundly the responsibility that is laid upon any man who opens his lips upon such a question in the present aspect of thought, lest on the one hand he should be unfaithful to the dear Lord whose life is our life, and whose death is the anchor of our hope, or, on the other hand, should make sad the hearts of the righteous whom God hath not made sad, that

I should gladly have preserved the silence I intended to preserve when I entered this place. But you have asked me to speak. I feel for myself that if I could not grasp Jesus Christ as the Son of God, the manifest Deity, the Incarnate Word, the Agent of the Divine operations from the beginning, by whom the world was, who is the Head of all things, by whom all things consist, and who is the Life of every soul that lives, the Life of all religion in each of us—if I could not grasp Him as having died for me once for all on the Cross of Calvary, and I humbly hope living in me, the Christ in us in mystical but most real manner, I should not care to call myself a Christian. I judge no man. It is not for me to say on what huaks, as they seem to me, some religious life which the Master will own may be fed. I only say I could not live on them; and if my poor words may affect any of my younger brethren this morning, I would beg them to believe that, with the utmost freedom round the Centre, the Centre must stand untouched. As wide an interpretation as you like—as much yielding to what my friends have been talking about this morning, *Zeit-geist*—but to think of hearing people talking of this in a meeting of the Baptist Union! Let me say in a parenthesis that sometimes the 'viper' and sometimes the 'virus' wake up. Let me say in a parenthesis, at the same time, that it is as often our duty to contradict the *Zeit-geist* as to yield to it. It seems to me that it is just the business of a Christian man, who does not belong to the fashion of this world that passes away, to take care that his convictions are as much as possible free from dependence on this German form of what we used to call depending on other people for your opinions. I pass from that, because the only thing I care to say is, that my experience, if I may venture to speak about myself, has taught me that the first eighteen verses of John's Gospel are the thing on which each man's soul may live, and may rest for life and death, and I do not know anything else on which a man can repose but the old truth: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men.' As long as you and I, brethren, rest on that we need not be afraid of varying terminologies and changing aspects and visions of truth; our churches will live, and our ministries will be fruitful. I must ask you to forgive this hasty utterance. I have nothing to add, except that I feel that what I have been saying has been futile perhaps—superficial—has only touched the surface of the matter. I have spoken unexpectedly and almost at random—whatever has suggested itself at the moment—though the substance of what I have been saying is the very deepest inside my heart and conscience."

No fitter or weightier words than these could have closed the important discussion which elicited them.

We must pass over Dr. S. G. Green's very interesting report respecting the *Senatus Academicus* of Associated Colleges of England and Wales, with which it appears that only one of our own colleges—the one at Rawdon—is at present connected. In the afternoon a great Zenana meeting was held in Victoria Chapel, at which Mrs. Smith, from Delhi, and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Rouse, from Calcutta, spoke, as educated Christian ladies, with so pathetic a theme and so experimentally familiar with the work, only could speak. In the evening the Union delegates, with a large number of friends, re-assembled in Belvoir Street Chapel for the discussion of two important subjects; the first being "Christians not in Church Fellowship," which was introduced in a well-written, well-read, sound, and comprehensive paper by the Rev. W. C. Upton, of Beverley; and the second, "Church Life and Discipline," which was dealt with in a shorter but not less valuable paper by the Rev. W. R. Skerry, who has recently removed from Bristol

to the new church at Woodberry Down, London. These papers have been published, and we need not epitomise them. Useful contributions to the discussion were made by the Revs. Dr. Green, W. R. Stevenson, M.A., T. M. Morris, T. Henson, and Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C. On the same evening there was a good gathering of the friends of the Baptist Tract Society at the "Cook Memorial Hall," with Mr. Cook himself for chairman, and the Revs. W. G. Mayers, G. Davies, M.A., C. Payne, and Dr. E. Parker for speakers. Moreover, evangelistic discourses were delivered in Carley Street Chapel, by the Rev. E. H. Stone, of Nottingham; in Charles Street, by the Rev. W. Cuff, of London; at "Emanuel," by the Rev. J. Owen, of Swansea; and at "Melbourne Hall," by the Rev. A. G. Brown, of London. These four services were largely attended, and the preaching, in each case, judging from all accounts of it, was every way to the purpose.

THURSDAY.

In the course of Wednesday, the President, Vice-President, and Secretary were instructed to prepare "a resolution of veneration for our aged and honoured friend, the Rev. J. P. Mursell, and of respectful sympathy towards Mrs. Mursell and family, and to report the same at the session of the morrow." This graceful duty was gracefully discharged. The resolution presented to the Union on Thursday was thus worded:—

"The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, meeting in Leicester, surrounded by evidences of the value of Mr. Mursell's work, and keeping a vivid memory of those services in which his high principle, his clear thought, and rare eloquence enriched two generations of men and women, desires to greet Mr. Mursell in his age and weakness, to wish him gracious peace in his closing years, and a hope ever brightening, and a joy ever growing, until he shall be called to 'walk in the light of the Lord.' The assembly respectfully requests Mrs. Mursell to convey this resolution to her husband, and herself to receive the expressions of sympathy with her in the anxiety and burden of the long-continued weakness beneath which her honoured husband has had to suffer."

What Leicester would have been to-day, religiously and politically, without Mr. Mursell's virtual half-century of devoted and brilliant labour, none of us can judge. He came, in 1826, to a pulpit of splendid celebrity, and probably was the only man of his generation suited to succeed so transcendent a preacher as Robert Hall. He did not lower the dignity of the position to which Providence called him, but rather sustained and even ennobled it by his impressive and captivating oratory, by his unswerving adherence to Evangelical truth, and by his enthusiastic and often fiery devotion to the great cause of civil and religious liberty. He is now, in the latest stage of a long and honourable life, the subject of much suffering, with his mental powers mournfully impaired. The Baptist denomination boasts of few nobler names than his, and the resolution we have quoted will be endorsed by every Baptist in the kingdom, and by thousands of Christians of other denominations who may have the opportunity of reading it.

After this resolution had been reported to the assembly on Thursday morning, the circumstances and claims of the British and Irish Missions came up for consideration. Happily, we were informed of good work in progress on both sides

of the Channel. Many interesting statements were made respecting Ireland, especially by the Secretary, by Mr. Radford Hope, and by the Rev. J. Lewitt, all of whom could speak from recent and extensive observation. Colonel Griffin, the Treasurer, threw out hints of dissatisfaction with the management. Of this dissatisfaction we are not in a position to speak, and can only regret it if it exists; but we may emphasise his perfectly fair request that, "if there are friends who have misgivings, they would address themselves direct to the officers or Secretary, and so get the information which would remove their doubts and difficulties." It is painful to find, from the statement of Mr. Booth, that these important missions are seriously crippled for want of funds. An income of at least £5,000 a-year is imperatively required, and we sincerely hope it may be forthcoming. The earnest pleading of the Secretary, the Treasurer, Mr. Hope, Mr. Lewitt, Dr. Treatrail, and others at the Leicester meeting ought not to be in vain.

We next had the benefit of the wisdom and experience of Mr. Payne, of Clapton, Mr. Brooke, of Huddersfield, and the Rev. E. Medley, of Nottingham, on the subject of Church Finance; and, if our churches are not, in future, more enlightened and efficient in relation to this important matter, it will not be the fault of the brethren who have, on this occasion, sought to instruct and help them. Then came the address of Dr. Stanford on Family Religion, delivered with singular fluency and earnestness to a crowded congregation. It is difficult to describe, characteristically, Dr. Stanford's expositions and appeals on that memorable morning without seeming, to those who had not the privilege of listening to them, to use the language of extravagant eulogy. To our thinking, the address was simply perfect in its teaching and its spiritual tone, as well as in its style and its delivery; and, when we found it ready for sale on leaving the chapel, and compared his words as printed with those which had just fallen from his lips, only to find an almost unbroken identity between them, we wondered, in common with the hundreds around us, how a speaker almost totally blind could have achieved so extraordinary a feat of memory. But wonder was soon for the most part lost in thankfulness. Dr. Stanford is very dear to Baptists and to Christians of every name all the country over. He has enriched them with many wise and beautiful words, has written for them many charming books, has inspired them with a tenderer and firmer love to their Divine Lord, and has made them more courageous, because more intelligently submissive, in the endurance of trial. "May God yet bless him, even amid much inevitable privation and suffering, with many happy and useful years!"

In the afternoon, the Secretary presented reports respecting the Annuity, Augmentation, and Education Funds of the Union, all of which are in need of more general and generous help from the churches. Two magnificent meetings were held in the evening. One of these assembled in Belvoir Street Chapel under the presidency of Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C., and had for its object the exposition and advocacy of our principles as Nonconformists and as Baptists—a task which was entrusted to, and most ably discharged by, the Revs. Professor Goadby, B.A., T. V. Tymms, and Professor Medley, M.A. The other meeting was specially for working-men, and took place in the Temperance Hall, with Mr. Alderman Chambers in the chair. The audience was largely composed of the class for whom

the occasion was provided, and received right manly, earnest, and well-pointed addresses from the Revs. Charles Williams and Arthur Mursell, who were followed by Mr. W. P. Lockhart, of Liverpool. A better selection of speakers for such a gathering could not have been made. Mr. Mursell had a fine opportunity for the use of his peculiar gifts, and he availed himself of it to the full. His philippics against the vulgar extravagances of the Salvation Army, and against "the licentious apostates who call their truculence 'freethought,' " were terrible. Many parts of his address bristled with expressive epigram and startling antithesis. His rhetoric was full of unrestrained vitality. Best of all, his testimony to the priceless value of the religion of Christ was couched in the highest language, and delivered with the intensest earnestness, which even he could command. The leading Leicester paper rightly says that this speech "called forth tremendous enthusiasm."

So closed this long and delightful series of meetings, upon which the smile of Heaven seemed constantly to rest, and which must be helpful in no slight degree to the great Christian work in the interests of which it was so skilfully planned and so energetically carried out. As usual, the members of other churches than our own in the town and neighbourhood ungrudgingly gave their kindly countenance and their generous hospitality, and almost everything went well from first to last. To God our best and highest praise is due. May these days of our Union at Leicester bring much glory to His great Name ! Amen !

Recent Deaths.

DURING the last month our denomination has lost by death three important members : the Rev. Dr. Acworth, who passed away at the very advanced age of eighty-six ; the Rev. Thomas Nicholson, late of Lydney, who will be sorely missed in the Forest of Dean ; and J. Houghton, Esq., who for many years rendered conspicuous and valuable service to the interests of religion in Liverpool. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth ; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; for their works follow with them."

Reviews.

THE EPISTLES OF ST. JOHN : the Greek Text. With Notes and Essays. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L. London : Macmillan & Co. 1883.

ALTHOUGH our English literature has been enriched by many excellent commentaries on the New Testament, we have not hitherto possessed a work of the first

rank on the Epistles of John, similar, for instance, to those of Ellicott on the Epistles of Paul, or to the yet more admirable volumes of Lightfoot. English scholars have supplied us with no notes on this section of Scripture of equal worth with the late Dean Alford's. Even in "The Speaker's Commentary," the contribution of Bishop Alexander—valuable as, in some respects, it is—cannot be said to have reached the maximum of excellence. Our best works have been translated from the Germans, Ebrard, Huther, and Haupt having given us our most scholarly expositions of the First Epistle, Haupt especially having done more than any previous writer to pierce to the heart and to follow the sequence of the Apostle's thought.

Among Biblical students, however, it has long been an open secret that Dr. Westcott was engaged in the study of these Epistles, and the results of his study have been awaited with keen interest. He possesses in an unusual degree a combination of the most diverse qualifications required by a commentator, and has again rewarded the confidence with which his work was anticipated. The perusal of Haupt's profound and reverent investigations renders most other expositions superfluous. Dr. Westcott is in no respect inferior to Haupt, whose method is to a large extent identical with his own; while he has, in several directions, struck out into new tracks of thought, and avoided the diffuseness to which the German professor is occasionally prone. We cannot give a better idea of this commentary than by stating our conviction that it will do for the Johannine Epistles what Bishop Lightfoot has done for the Galatians, the Philippians, and the Colossians. There are no other works in our language with which it can be so justly compared, and the force of the comparison will be universally admitted.

Dr. Westcott has not deemed it necessary to discuss the conflicting opinions of previous writers, either on the structure of the Epistles or the interpretation of separate passages. Such opinions must, indeed, be duly weighed, but an array of them in a work of this class is more perplexing than helpful, and it is better that the commentator should give us, in a simple and direct manner, the results of his own deliberate and final thought. The end to be reached is a clear and consistent apprehension of the Apostle's meaning, and this end can only be reached by a patient and sustained study, word by word, and sentence by sentence, of what he has written. Attention must be paid to "the minutest points of language, construction, order." Notwithstanding the perils of a too rigid literalism, we can only enter into possession of a writer's ideas by the mastery of his words. There are in these epistles, as Dr. Westcott finely remarks, words "which gather in themselves the results of cycles of intellectual discipline, condensed histories, key-notes of great systems, which reveal to us unsuspected harmonies of truth, and conduct us into unfamiliar worlds of thought." No single expression has here been overlooked; the significance of different moods and tenses has been carefully pondered; while the words which plainly embody the essential and fundamental idea of the Apostle are subject to special and painstaking investigation, such, for example, as *φῶς*, *ζωή*, *λασμός*, *ἀληθεία*, *Χρίστος* and *Ἀντίχριστος*, *χρῆμα*, *μονογενής*, &c. The notes on chap. i. 5 of the first Epistle, on the nature of God as "Light," are the most concise and perfect we have seen; and the same qualities are possessed by the notes on "Life" in I. i. 20, and, indeed, by nearly every excursus in

the volume. As a grammatical critic and a cultured Evangelical theologian, Dr. Westcott is unsurpassed; and he seems to us to have entered, in his study of this Epistle, into the inmost sanctuary of the Apostle's mind. Rarely have we come across utterances which more clearly unveil the moral and spiritual glory of Christ as the source of our highest knowledge of God and His government of the world, as the inspirer of our hope and the sure strength of our hearts, amid the discipline, the perils, and the manifold perplexities which surround us. The theological significance of the first Epistle is explained with scholarly precision. Points of doctrinal importance are discussed in "Additional Notes." Thus, we have specially valuable dissertations on the Fatherhood of God, the idea of Christ's Blood in the New Testament, Aspects of the Incarnation, the Names of the Lord, the Sin unto Death, and various other subjects of moment. All these questions are investigated with that care and vigour, that reverence of spirit, and fine tact which have invariably characterised Dr. Westcott's writing. His researches rarely fail to throw light on a subject, however abstruse and complicated; and, though his conclusions on controverted points cannot, of course, be universally accepted, we find it, for our own part, very difficult to dissent from him. For many years past, his works, apologetic and didactic, have had a favoured place in our library, and we would not willingly be without them. He has now laid us under new and equally weighty obligations. As a Commentary on the Johannine Epistles this is unquestionably the foremost. To our thinking, it leaves little to be desired. Huther's "Prolegomena" are somewhat more elaborate, and on one or two special points Haupt is still unrivalled, but no commentator, either in England or on the Continent, has given us such valuable textual criticism, or brought us so near to the *ipsissima verba* of the inspired original; no one has made so luminous the course and connections—not always visible to the English reader—of the Apostle's thought or reproduced so accurately the very atmosphere amid which he lived. Dr. Westcott's extensive scholarship has placed him on high vantage ground, but it alone could not have secured for us results so helpful. His patient and unwearied toil, his rare attainments, his terse and luminous style, would have been of little avail apart from his profound reverence and his "purged" vision. He has an insight which learning cannot impart and labour cannot attain. A Commentary like this could have been produced only by one who, in addition to his other qualifications, has a kindred spirit with the great Apostle of Love—who with his own eyes can see and with his own heart appreciate the realities of which he speaks.

The Essays in the concluding part of the volume, illustrative of certain phases of the Epistles, we have space merely to note. They are on: (1) the Two Empires, the Church and the World; (2) the Gospel of Creation; and (3) the Relation of Christianity to Art. Of their quality it will suffice to say that they abound in valuable information—historical and otherwise; in manly and independent thought on themes of momentous import; and in fresh, striking suggestions. They bring before us in a singularly vivid manner the social, the political, and the religious world of the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic age.

LECTURES IN DEFENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By Professor F. Godet, Author of Commentaries on St. Luke, St. John, and Romans, &c. Translated by W. H. Lyttelton, M.A. Second Edition. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street.

WE have already indicated the character of this work, and expressed the high estimate we have formed of its value, in a notice of the first edition of it which was inserted in the August issue of our Magazine for 1881. That a second edition has been demanded in two years after the publication of the first is ample proof that it merits the warm and unqualified commendation we gave it. Books of this kind cannot be expected to sell like a first-class novel; and the fact that a speedy re-issue of Professor Godet's Defence of Christianity against the attacks of the anti-supernaturalist school has been demanded, shows at once that the public interest which is felt in the question is widespread and deep, and that the eminent Professor is found to be master of the difficulties supposed to be connected with it. Herein we discern a hopeful sign of our times. We rejoice to have an opportunity of drawing the attention of our readers afresh to this excellent work, in the hope that those of them who do not possess it already will purchase it without delay. They will not willingly lose it from their library when once they have given it a place there, and have edified and gratified their minds by a careful perusal of the able reasonings it contains.

THE HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. September. Nisbet & Co.

ANOTHER admirable number of this admirable publication. The Rev. H. Simon, of Westminster, discourses beau-

tifully on a difficult text: Col. i. 24. Under the heading "The Children's Pulpit" we have an exquisite little sermon on the words "A little child shall lead them," by the Rev. Charles Jordan, M.A., LL.B., of Dundee. The "Expository Section" includes valuable contributions by the Dean of Canterbury, and the Revs. J. J. Lias, M.A., D. Thomas, B.A., and H. J. Foster. The "Practical Homiletics" department comprises some good sermonic outlines. The Rev. W. C. Barlow, M.A., contributes a Swedenborgian paper to the Clerical Symposium on the Bible which does not seem to us to do much towards clarifying and settling the important question which the writers have in hand.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. No. 1. October, 1882. Macmillan & Co.

It was high time that an attempt should be made in England to produce a popular magazine in the advanced style, as regards printing and illustration, which has been attained by some publications of this class in America—notably by *Harper's Monthly*. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have undertaken the task, and, judging from the first number, which is before us, we may say that they have every prospect of complete success. The external features of the magazine are attractive in the extreme—the paper glazed and hot-pressed, the type mild, yet perfectly distinct, the illustrations admirably drawn and engraved. The two most profusely illustrated articles are "From the Old Law Courts to the New" and "Rossetti's Influence on Art." These articles are deeply interesting, as, indeed, are all the others which the number contains, amongst which we should specially mention William Black's en-

tertaining account of "The Supernatural Experiences of Patsy Cong" and the first part of T. H. Huxley's contribution, entitled "Oysters and the Oyster Question." Mr. Swinburne supplies a singularly melodious poem, entitled "Les Casquettes," and Charlotte M. Yonge has the first two chapters of an historical novel, "The Armourer's Prentices," which are well written. This brilliant magazine is published at sixpence, and is "designed for the entertainment of the home, and for the instruction and amusement of young and old, in the belief that every section of its readers, in whatever direction their tastes may tend, are prepared to demand and to appreciate the best that can be offered to them."

BOOTH OF THE BLUE RIBBON MOVEMENT; or, the Factory Boy who became a Temperance Evangelist. By Ernest Blackwell. With a Preface by Canon Wilberforce. London: Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster Buildings.

IN the Temperance Reform Richard Booth has acquired a popularity second only to that of the famous John B. Gough. He is the apostle of what goes by the distinctive name of "Gospel Temperance." We have never had the pleasure of listening to an address from Mr. Booth, but we knew enough about his work to turn to this account of his life with the expectation of being deeply interested. This expectation has been amply fulfilled. Mr. Booth's career has been a remarkable one, and its many thrilling incidents are here related with a raciness of style and a power of graphic delineation by which all readers are sure to be captivated, and which must widen and deepen the influence of the cause to which it is devoted.

The "Blue Ribbon Movement" does not necessarily discredit the methods of temperance advocacy which were in vogue before it started, and for which there is still plenty of room. It takes up the best of those methods on to its own distinctive platform. If we understand it right, it places Christianity before Temperance instead of placing Temperance before Christianity; and in so doing we should think that all earnestly Christian people will judge that it is acting wisely. We do not suppose that any enlightened "Blue Ribbonist" would argue that no one can be a Christian without being a total abstainer; but all would unite in urging that total abstinence is most effectively promoted when based on Christian principles. At any rate, this account of the most prominent Temperance Evangelist of the day will command a host of readers, and may be expected to bring a large number of outsiders into the ranks of which Mr. Booth is the recognised leader. The Preface, by Canon Wilberforce, is full of the fiery enthusiasm for which its writer is so justly distinguished.

"CHOICE SAYINGS." Being Notes of Expositions of the Scriptures. Revised by Robert C. Chapman. New Edition. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

SHORT, pithy pieces on a great variety of subjects pertaining to the religious life, Evangelical in their teaching and practical in their intent and form. They show no great freshness of thought, but those who are perplexed and troubled by the ordinary doubts of the mind and the common cares of life will find in them more or less of spiritual help for which they will have reason to be grateful.

THE
BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1883.

Christ's Sign.

"This shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."—LUKE ii. 12.



HAT a striking contrast we have between this verse and the two that follow! On the one side, a quiet picture of lowliness; on the other, a scene of unearthly grandeur. The suggestions offered by the contrast are surely worthy of our attention.

The shepherds are told that, in order that they may recognise Him who brings peace on earth, and who excites the highest joy of heaven, they must go into Bethlehem to seek for a little child "lying in a manger." The messenger of the Father's mercy appears in feebleness and obscurity; not as a King, but as a child; not in a palace, but in the stable of an inn; not reposing in silk, but wrapped in common swaddling clothes. Such was the sign!—baffling to all our notions of human and Divine greatness, but encouraging to the poor in spirit and the meek in heart. It teaches us that Christ is accessible to the poorest, that He may be found in the lowliest scenes of our daily life, and that from the lowest step of the ladder between heaven and earth man may rise to God.

This sign of humility which Jesus chose when He came into the world may be easily detected through the whole course of His history. In His person, His institutions, and His work, humility is always the accompaniment of greatness. The wonderful contrast which marked His first appearance characterised Him to the end.

We see it in His childhood, as the scene in the Temple reminds us. There He exhibited extraordinary wisdom, blended with equally extraordinary submissiveness to His parents. This docility, which is the model for all children, was in Him associated with the wisdom which belonged only to the Son of God. Later on, He appears in His great might of word and deed—speaks as never man spake, brings to His works of mercy the omnipotence of God, heals the sick, stills the sea, raises the dead, casts out devils. He is “transfigured.” He holds intercourse with God as with an equal. God acknowledges Him as His “well-beloved Son.” Yet He grows up in an obscure social position, toils with His own hands for bread, lives poor, hungers and thirsts, is “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” These are amongst the most emphatic signs of His Messiahship.

The climax of Christ's humiliation was realised on the threshold of His victory. The history of His last days is pathetically familiar to us all—the agony in Gethsemane, the traitor's kiss, the desertion by His disciples, the mocking, the scourging, the cry from the Cross, “My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?”—and after these the victory over death and the grave, the resurrection, the ascension to glory. It is the same contrast that strikes us still. We do not forget that all this humility was essential to His work as the Redeemer, and we feel the truth of His oft-repeated statement that thus it must needs be. But the lesson is none the less obvious—viz., that in the new life in the Kingdom of God, humility is the stepping-stone to the highest honour, the key to the holiest rewards, the test of all true excellence.

The same fact strikes us in connection with the institutions which Christ appointed for the preservation in His Church of the remembrance of His work and the incomparable blessings springing therefrom. Viewed in the light of their moral significance, nothing can be grander than these institutions. Yet what could be more simple than the forms in which the ideas which pervade them are embodied? What is the sign of our regeneration—of the stupendous fact that we have passed from death unto life, from sin to God? It is the simple ceremony of immersion in water. “Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God who hath raised Him from the dead. And you being dead in your sins, hath He quickened together with Him, having forgiven your

trespasses." What is the sign of our union with Christ, our fellowship with Him, our participation of Him? It is the simple ceremony of eating the bread and drinking the wine of the eucharistic supper. The facts symbolised are beyond all conception great; the symbols which set them forth are to the utmost unobtrusive and lowly.

The same contrast of grandeur and humility recurs in the Church. Its history is one of triumph; its achievements are marvellous. Nothing greater can be found in the whole series of human revolutions. "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God;" and there are yet more glorious things in store. Yet the impulse to this wondrous movement was given by a few poor and obscure men whom God had taught, and whom the Holy Spirit had inspired. And in our own days the true Church is marked by the same characteristics. Its spiritual power, which is its own special weapon, has never been increased by association with worldly grandeur. Its glory is great, but it is the glory of goodness. Its victories are at once sure and resplendent; but the weapons of its warfare are not carnal. Its sword is the sword of truth; its power is the power of preaching and of prayer. Its army of conquerors are simple men and women, whose business it is to make known the Gospel, and whose delight is to live in the enjoyment of its privileges, and in the exemplification of its principles. It rises as it kneels before God, and grows strong through its conscious and cherished dependence on Him.

The same contrast is presented in our personal Christian life. There is for us no other road to glory but that which the Master has trodden before us. The whole teaching of the New Testament is uniform and precise on this point. There can be no mistaking it. When Christ developed His doctrine in the Sermon on the Mount, He taught the truth we are considering in the clearest terms. How beautifully it is embodied in the "Beatitudes"! The glory of the heavenly citizenship is only to be obtained by our becoming "as little children," divested of all self-esteem, and of all self-righteousness, dependent upon the mercy of God, teachable, humble, obedient. In the Kingdom of heaven there is no room for the proud. Only the simple-hearted believer is the child of God.

We are living in times in which such lessons as these are specially needed. Never, perhaps, was the humility of faith, the childlike disposition in relation to spiritual things, more necessary than now. Reason was never more rashly speculative; anti-Christian science

never more dogmatic. The authority of the Scriptures, as the Word of God, was never more ruthlessly assailed. The atmosphere we breathe is not one of faith, but of unbelief, or of doubt, or of indecision. Yet it is still true that God reveals His Divine things, not to "the wise and prudent," but to "babes."

Christmas again draws nigh. What experience have we, the writer and his readers, of what we may term the true Christmas humility and the true Christmas joy? It was in humility that the Saviour was born and given to the world. It is in humility that He enters into human hearts. Do we know what it is to lie in self-abasement at the foot of the Cross, as the only spot on which, and the only spirit in which, we can look up with confidence to the Father on the throne? For assuredly "he," and he only, "that" thus "humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Christian Fellowship.

BY THE REV. J. BIGWOOD.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUDING SUGGESTIONS.



T may be urged by a candid reader, in reply to the foregoing remarks, that let the evils of denominationalism and our present system of separate independent churches be what they may, they are too firmly established to be destroyed; that they are upheld by property and the associations of centuries; and that to uproot them is simply impossible. The force of such a plea cannot be denied; but still it may be replied that, with God all things are possible, and to him that believeth all things are possible. A complete change in our church government and arrangements must, at some time, and in some way, be effected; and it is to be hoped without violence. Might it not be possible for an attempt to be made now in the right direction? Might not, for instance, all the churches, or, if that be too much to expect, all the churches of the same denomination in one city or town and the surrounding villages and hamlets, and all that will unite with them, form themselves into one church or community, and all

their elders or pastors, with the addition of the most devout respected members who may not be accustomed to minister in word and doctrine, who may perhaps now be deacons, form one collective pastorate and executive, by whom the affairs and funds of the church may be administered, and under the presidency of one of whom the meetings of the church may be held; some of these elders being partially or wholly supported by the church, as may be found desirable? Might not the gifts of the brethren be also utilized under the direction of the elders, and a place be found for mutual teaching and exhortation, so much insisted on in the New Testament, and for which at present there is no opportunity? Might not a meeting of the church be held every Sunday for the Lord's Supper and the cultivation of piety and spiritual life and knowledge, in addition to the present public services, which might be made shorter and less devotional? Might not special arrangements be made in connection with these public services for lectures on theology or religious topics, or for preaching the Gospel at any suitable times and places by teachers and evangelists who are not pastors, and probably would not make good pastors? At the same time, might not all Christians be taught, and, as far as possible, made to feel that they are God's clergy, and to consecrate themselves as living sacrifices to God, and to regard this consecration as a reasonable spiritual worship (*λατρεία*, Rom. xii. 1); and to visit the widow, the sick, the orphan, the erring, and strive to bring all within their reach under the influence of the Gospel of Christ? And might not meetings for worship and fellowship at each other's houses be a most valuable means of grace?

The pastors, relieved from the task of preparing two or three sermons weekly, and aided by the church in visiting the sick and others, and freed from the numberless trifling duties now necessary to keep all right and the flock in good humour, would probably, some of them, be able to pursue their secular calling, and thus maintain an independent position, which would enable them much more freely to warn, reprove, exhort, and teach, and deliver them from much heart-burning and degradation.

Only let this plan be adopted, and the difficulties of our village churches will no longer trouble us. We shall not need our home missions or evangelical societies, for the church will become one grand missionary and evangelical society. Our village Christians being part of the town church, instead of a mere dependency and burden, will share in

the care of the elders and gifted brethren. All that are able feeling it their duty and privilege to visit the sick and sorrowful, and look after the poor, there will be mutual knowledge and sympathy. The resources of the churches will be more than equal to every demand; it will be no longer necessary to erect costly buildings in a spirit of competition, and neighbouring congregations will cease to be rivals. The chapels might be open daily, and all day, for different kinds of meetings, such as the Lord's Supper, fellowship meetings, Bible readings, preaching the Gospel, &c., &c., and they might be erected in suitable situations where needed. Ministers and churches would no longer have their hearts broken by chapel debts, or be crushed by expenses. Appeals on behalf of ministers or their wives and children as if they were paupers, and begging letters for their support, would then be unnecessary. The gifts of the Spirit would be employed for the benefit of the whole community, and not simply for those who could bid the highest price for them. The ground would be cut away from beneath the feet of such agencies as the Salvation Army by the daily labours of Christian men and women in the neighbourhood and in the homes of the uneducated poor.

To this recognition of the priesthood and apostolate of every Christian, and to this co-operation of the members of the Church generally in teaching and preaching, and in that which is now regarded as pastoral work, there will be many objections; and, perhaps, very few comparatively of our church members would be prepared for the toil and sacrifice that would be involved in this co-operation. There is still among dissenters a deep substratum of superstition; a sacred halo still encircles the ministerial office and work. People must be baptized by a minister, married by a minister, visited in sickness by a minister, buried by a minister. In many churches none but a minister may preside at the Lord's Supper, and into many pulpits a layman would not be permitted to enter; at any rate, on the Sunday. Our village churches must have a minister *all to themselves*, although they can do very little to support him; and, in many cases, can only secure very inefficient pastors. Now this, whether it result from superstition or pride or any other cause, is a great mistake. There are hundreds of intelligent members of our churches who, by a little cultivation of their gifts and practice in preaching or visiting, would become efficient in all ministerial work; and hundreds more who might read intelligently and effectively a sermon which would

be better in substance and delivery than what many congregations are accustomed to hear; and they would find such work, prompted simply by love to God and souls, infinitely greater relaxation and rest from the every day business of life, and more conducive to their happiness and usefulness, than their present Sunday occupation. It is a mistake to imagine that the clerical garb or position really increases one's influence for good. Laymen, and especially ladies, can do more than ministers among the working classes, and more easily get access to the houses of the poor. Laymen are better fitted to address their fellows. A man occupied in the daily business of life, knowing its temptations, and difficulties, and trials, would speak home to the minds and hearts of men, and press on their attention the blessings of religion with infinitely more power than the minister who lives in his study, and has little experimental acquaintance with their trials and difficulties. A man who knows nothing of theology may be a strong and intelligent Christian. Essays on theological arguments in the pulpit are seldom effective in converting sinners or edifying Christians. A hungry man does not want to discuss the chemistry of bread, he desires to feed on it. So the Christian, hungering and thirsting, does not want the science of religion, but the Bread of Life, Jesus Christ; and as he feeds on Christ he becomes a full grown Christian; arrives at the fulness of the stature of Christ; Christ is formed in him; and this is the perfection of Christianity. For some it may be necessary to understand the dogmata of theology, or the science of religion; and it may be desirable to have some teachers thoroughly furnished with the theories and arguments of the schools. But such are better fitted for the quiet teaching of the class with books, than the pulpit. One will not arrive at any proficiency in theology by hearing the best sermons or lectures; nor does it require much mental acumen or theological knowledge to preach the Gospel. The main qualification of an effective preacher is an experimental knowledge of Christ, combined with ardent love to souls, including a plain, simple, and earnest address to men, urging them to repent and believe on Christ. The success of Moody's preaching may be adduced in support of this statement. The secret of his success mainly lies in his plain unconventional matter-of-fact addresses, in the same style and phraseology as he would employ in speaking on every day subjects. Celsus, the first writer against Christianity, jeers at the fact "that wool-workers,

cobblers, leather dressers, the most illiterate and vulgar of mankind, were zealous preachers of the Gospel ;" and these were the preachers that turned the world upside down.

But it may be argued that such simple services, based on the model of the New Testament Church, would fail to attract if they did not repel the educated and wealthy. They would fail to attract them if worldly and unspiritual, and to the worldly and unspiritual, whether educated or uneducated, rich or poor, they would be unattractive. And a greater blessing to the Churches cannot well be conceived. The unspiritual members of our Churches are their curse ; such are incapable of true Christian fellowship, for they lack the fellowship of Christ and of the Holy Ghost, which is the only basis of true Christian fellowship. To meet their tastes and please them the prayers and sermons must be so attenuated and unspiritual as to be worthless to the people of God. When such, because of their position or wealth, are appointed to office, the spirituality of both minister and people is endangered, and the services get invested with a cold and respectable propriety which weakens, if it does not destroy, spiritual life. Imposing edifices, well appointed pews and services, effective choirs, carefully worded prayers, chaste, ornate, elaborate, florid, and eloquent sermons, may attract a well-dressed and aristocratic congregation, but to a new-born child of God they will be cold and dreary, devoid of spiritual life, and light, and brotherhood. In the Church of Christ rich and poor meet together ; Christ, the head and elder brother of them all ; and they all form one brotherhood in Christ, yearning after mutual sympathy and communion of soul ; and to such, even if educated and wealthy, the humblest barns and roughest voices, in which such sympathy and communion are found, are lighted up from on high, and invested with the splendour and glory of Heaven. The most lamentable features of modern Christianity are the undue respect paid to wealth, and talent, and rank—the longing after worldly respectability, the desire of earthly greatness, the struggling for superiority and place, and the ambition and pride everywhere manifested. The little respect paid to man as man in the world is painful to contemplate ; but the little respect paid to a Christian as a Christian, and the greater homage paid to rank, or wealth, or talent, than to simple piety by the professing Church, is an infinitely more painful sight.

Some may be inclined to point to the Plymouth Brethren as a proof that the plan of Church Government advocated in these papers, if

correct, is impracticable, and to argue that they started on the plan proposed, and soon became the most sectarian of all sects and unholy of all Christians : and that any attempt to remodel the Church after the New Testament precedent would meet with a similar result. In answer to this it may be briefly said that the Plymouth Brethren are not a democracy, a brotherhood, but an oligarchy, an oligarchy of the wealthy, the worst form of despotism ; that they have no regularly appointed leaders or elders, an essential to every New Testament Church ; that while they professedly have no creed but Christ, they exclude from their fellowship those who do not hold the theological opinions which the self-appointed elders approve ; and that social and spiritual pride from the commencement lay at the root of their system. They presented some grand truths, and but for their pride and folly, might have attracted all that is of worth in Christendom, but they are more exclusive and sectarian, and therefore weaker, than any of the sects.

Thus it appears that Denominationalism violates the very essence and spirit of Christianity ; and that the independence and general arrangements of our churches are a departure from the example of New Testament Churches ; and that this departure has been a source of many and various evils. Such is the writer's conviction after forty years' ministerial life—a life spent in friendly intercourse and co-operation in Christian work with his brethren. A conviction not arrived at from any special difficulties with which he has had to contend, but from a fairly wide acquaintance with the churches and the condition of their members, and ministers, and institutions. How to attempt to restore the churches to the New Testament order of things it is not easy to suggest. One would be unwilling to destroy any existing good agency. A spirit of Iconoclasm is much to be discouraged and deprecated. The attempt is beset with immense difficulties, both on account of the present official position of ministers and deacons and the trust-deeds of the chapels. But these difficulties will have to be met sooner or later, and perhaps at no very distant period. The position of our ministers is becoming every year more difficult, and the relations between ministers and deacons and people more strained. The congregations are no longer dependent on the pulpit for religious or general instruction. They read and think and act more for themselves, and, in many cases, are as wise as their teachers, and require more to be

exhorted and quickened than instructed, and are becoming more and more impatient of the existing arrangements. It would be difficult to calculate the proportion of ministers who wish to change their pastorates. The growing agencies for evangelistic and other Christian work outside the Churches interfere with the comfort and working, or non-working, of the Churches, whilst they indicate a growing distrust of Church organisations. The constant appeals for money for elaborate and costly edifices, for an enfeebled ministry, for the support of weak churches and pastors insufficiently paid, and for the evangelisation of village districts; the growing feeling of indifference, if not aversion, of the masses to the clergy of all denominations and distrust of all ecclesiastical institutions; the increasing impatience of society at large under all kinds of political or ecclesiastical rule; and the prevailing spirit of socialism—all—all indicate the unsatisfactory result of present modes of procedure and the weakness and inefficiency of Christian churches. Might not a return to the New Testament order of things, to the fellowship, the communion, the communism of the New Testament Church, present that to society which shall meet its longings and draw it within its folds? Would it not be a lawful ambition for the Church to seek, by its piety and simple, Christlike, unselfish, loving fellowship, to attract, and win, and save the multitudes who are sighing for human sympathy, and longing for some centre of attraction and brotherhood? Might not a recognition of the presence of Christ and His Spirit in every assembly gathered in His Name, change the weakness of our churches into strength, and make the bride of Christ worthy of her spouse, and a praise, a glory, and a power in the land? This much is certain, that it is not by imposing organisations, or fine architecture, or worldly pomp and glitter, or external ceremonies, or excitement, or oratory, or choral services, or services of song, or entertainments, or professional piety, that society is to be renewed and brought to Christ; but it is by the gentle, dew-like influence of a gracious life; by an earnest, consistent devotion; and by the manifestation of the unworldly, unselfish, and loving spirit of the mild and lowly Jesus. When Christ is trusted in rather than creeds, life rather than orthodoxy, and the simple force of truth rather than earthly appliances; when Christians return to the simplicity of Christ and His Apostles; when in their constitution and Christian work our churches shall resemble more those of the New Testament age, then may they hope to permeate society with the

leaven of righteousness, and to bring the world into subjection to God.

These thoughts the writer commends to the calm, impartial, and prayerful consideration of his brethren in Christ, and invites them to carry them into practice as they may have opportunity. He is passing off the stage of life; the shadows of evening are falling upon him; but he earnestly desires for the Church of the future the dawning of a brighter day; the beauty of a more glorious worship; the revival of Apostolic simplicity; the brotherhood of the Pentecostal age; the realisation of the fellowship of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and of fellowship one with another; and the fulfilment of the prayer of Christ for His disciples, "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that they may be one, even as We are One; I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me."

December Morning.



LOVE to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
Winter's pale dawn; and as the warm fires illume,
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Through misty windows bend my musing sight,
When, round the dusky lawn, the mansions white,
With shutters closed, peer faintly through the gloom
That slow recedes; while yon grey spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given. Then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To Friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page! O hours more worth than gold,
By whose blest use we lengthen life, and, free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old!

ANNA SEWARD.

Traditional Sayings of Christ.

No. II.



NE that carries much weight, and seems to bear upon it the "image and superscription" of the Master is, "In whatsoever I find you, in that will I judge you." There is nothing absolutely new here. That Christ will judge every man according to deeds done, is truth with which we are familiar. Yet the form of expression is new, and the order of thought suggested may be instructive and impressive. First, laying stress upon "in *whatsoever* I find you," there is implied, *Every man is acquiring character*. The term "character" is variously employed. A building is massive or slight, plain or ornamental, *in character*. Trees, such as the poplar or oak, and flowering or fruit-bearing shrubs have *character*. Even to handwriting the word has been applied. It means, plainly defined distinctiveness; something that marks one off from another; something that possesses separate qualities and specialities. Applied to men, it signifies moral and spiritual distinctiveness—what notes, and belongs to, us as intelligent, accountable, and responsible beings; what we cultivate and attain amid our privileges, capabilities, and claims. Every one is forming character. It may be silently, imperceptibly, almost unconsciously, yet really and progressively. Solomon says, "Even a child (*i.e.*, his character) is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Three constituent elements make up character in every man. What are his *principles*? Does he fear, or disregard, God? Does he believe, or not, in Christ? Is he just, true, honest, sincere, conscientious, or the opposite? Here are foundation stones strong as granite, or weak as stubble, and according to the foundation will be the moral superstructure. What are his *motives*? Is a man moved by self-love, or does the love of Christ constrain? Does he live only for time, or does the pulse of eternity beat within him? Does he aim at personal indulgence and profit, or at the glory of God? Has he sinister or generous intentions? Motive will be the breath of moral life bearing a man along as a ship is wafted by the wind that fills its sails. What are his *habits*? Inquiry is not made about solitary acts that are separate and rare, but such as are

common, regular, loved, and chosen. What is the general current of thought, aspiration, and desire? Is a man prayerful, or prayerless? Does he seek to serve God in ordinary, as well as special, matters? Does he "set the Lord always before him," or is his life void of such divine elevation? Let such questions be answered, and the main moral features of any one are before us. We can decide whether evil or good, worldly or heavenly character, is growing up within. Looking out upon men, we can stand in no doubt as to how multitudes are to be classed. Living the life of the present, of worldliness, and self-gratification, they have an earthly impress enstamped upon them. Only now and then convictions flash, like summer lightning, through the mind, as transient and as unheeded. Tens of thousands bear witness to this. But do we find a man such as the Apostle Paul—strong in faith, fervent in zeal, consecrated in life, pure in feeling, prayerful, and tender, seeking the glory of God and salvation of men—we see one of heavenly mould and noble lineaments. Do we find such an one as the Apostle John—spiritual, loving, delighting in divine fellowship—here is one with soul kindled from heaven, and increasingly acquiring a closer likeness to God. There are two main bases on which men build—rock, or sand. Great variety may appear in the uprearing of all the buildings, but the moral material of the structures will correspond with the foundation chosen.

Secondly, *Christ will "find" a man as to his character.* He will discriminate as to what sort it is.

The word "find" is in the style of Christ—*e.g.*, "When the Son of man cometh will He *find* faith on the earth?" "Blessed is the man whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall *find* watching." "Watch, lest coming suddenly He *findeth* you sleeping." Discovery, and discernment, of formed and unquestionable character is meant. Quest will not be for anything *new*, but for *results*, as the vinedresser comes to his vineyard for fruit. In His earthly life Christ is often represented as having such insight. Looking full upon some who rejected Him, He said, "I know you that ye have not the love of God in you." In presence of the guile and subtilty of others it is said, "He perceived the thought of their heart." When Nicodemus came, Christ discerned his timidity, his pride, yet his inner spirit turning to the light. When the young ruler came, Christ saw much that was good, but distinguished the weak point. As He chose His disciples He knew them. "One of you is a devil"! The hollow-hearted Pharisee, the sceptical

Sadducee, the treacherous Herodians, Herod and Pilate, Martha and Mary—Christ knew the moral character of each.

He is a "discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" still. We gaze on a crowd, and the greatest contrasts may be there—wolf and lamb, chaff and wheat. We know them not, but Christ distinguishes. Men may sometimes be credited with acuteness to read their fellow men. Napoleon Buonaparte was said to be thus particularly skilful. But if this is so at all, He who has given the power must Himself have it in perfection. "He that formed the eye, shall He not see; He that teacheth men knowledge, shall not He know?"

His insight is *unerring*. A chemist may put into your hand a glass of colourless and transparent fluid. But one drop of some test acid, and the whole is changed. We may have to do with men who seem reputable; we take them as Christians, but perhaps some spiritual test applied may bring a startling revelation. Prayerless, unloving, proud, covetous, sinful in secret, they may appear. We may deal with others and doubt. We are not sure concerning characteristics and qualities we notice. Professor Faraday once placed before a friend a jar containing a turbid liquid. He applied a test, and the gold that was held in solution was immediately precipitated. So Christ shall prove, and the graces and excellences of godly character shall be disclosed.

There is *no respect of persons* with Christ. Deference for social or official position often blinds the eyes of men. But strip off the robes, tear up the title, burn the escutcheon, dismiss the retinue, in unvarnished plainness shall all appear before Christ, and be dealt with by Him.

What warning on the one hand, comfort on the other, this truth of discerning power should minister. How miserable to be a man of mere creed, no shining fruitful life; a Laodicean, neither cold nor hot; a formalist, a worldling, a hypocrite. How blessed to be a true, though unfamed, Christian, a sincere and decided disciple. Christ knows; nothing can be hid.

Thirdly, *A time will come when judgment will be fully declared and felt with all its consequences.*

When Christ came in the flesh, He came not to judge the world but to save. But everything tends to a close—life does, the day of mercy, the present condition of the earth itself. At death, at the close of the dispensation, at the second advent, there shall be judgment. Then tares and wheat shall be discriminated and treated apart.

It shall be judgment by Christ *in all His Majesty*. "The Son of man shall sit upon the throne of His Father," &c. Sinai was solemn, but infinitely more this great assize. It shall be *according to prediction*. Decisions will be declared, not on the lines of new principles then to be announced, but "The word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in that day." From such judgment there can be *no escape*. Men now cross the seas, travel in distant countries, disguise themselves, and sometimes wrestle with and overcome their captors, that they may evade justice, but there can be no flight from, or resistance to, the hand of power then. The activity and energy of the Roman Government was of Briarean character. It watched its victims with Argus eyes, and stretched out after them a hundred hands; but what vigilance or capability could equal that of "angels who excel in strength," and who shall do His commandments when He sends them forth to execute His will? That judgment will be *immutable and final*. "Come, ye blessed," or, "Depart, ye cursed." Then shall be fulfilled to the uttermost, "As I find you, so will I judge you, saith the Lord." The words are like a solemn countenance turned towards us in aspect of kindness, yet of seriousness. Let us seek nothing so much as *to be found* of Him in peace without spot and blameless.

G. McMICHAEL, B.A.

Dudley.

Suffolk Baptists of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

IV.

BY THE REV. T. M. MORRIS, IPSWICH.



RUNDISBURGH.—The church in this village was formed in the year 1798, by a draft of forty-three members from the church at Stoke Green, Ipswich. In the report of the proceedings of the Suffolk and Norfolk Association at their meeting, held at West Row, June, 1799, we have a minute to the effect, "That forty-three of the Ipswich members were given up to be embodied at Grundisburgh, under the pastoral care of Brother Thompson;" while at the same meeting it was unanimously

resolved to receive the church thus formed into the Association. The history of the church at Grundisburgh is so closely connected with that of Mr. John Thompson, of Culpho Hall, its first pastor, that I must advert to his self-denying and successful labours, to which the Baptist denomination in Suffolk owes so much, though they extend beyond the limits assigned to these papers. The particulars I give are taken chiefly from a very interesting sketch of Mr. John Thompson, "comprising an account of the riots and persecution attending the introduction of the Gospel into Wickham Market in the year 1810," by the late Mr. A. K. Cowell, of Ipswich and Walton.

Mr. Thompson was born in the year 1753 in a village near Bury St. Edmunds, and was brought up as a strict Churchman. He was in early life brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, through a conversation with a pious shoemaker living in his neighbourhood. Thoroughly attached to the Established Church, and with strong prejudices against Dissent in all its forms, after embracing the great doctrines of salvation by grace, his first endeavour was to find some Episcopal Church where these doctrines were preached; but in this attempt, though he travelled far and wide, he utterly failed. It was to him an occasion both of astonishment and regret, that doctrines which he could find in the Homilies and Articles of the Church of England, he could nowhere hear in the sermons of the clergy. At this time he could not endure the idea of going to a meeting-house to hear a Dissenting minister: that he would have accounted as an almost unpardonable sin. At length he was persuaded to attend a prayer-meeting, with which he was very much pleased; but he still thought that the Church was the place where men ought to worship, and that to forsake it was a sin against God and the State. About this time the shoemaker before mentioned died, and Mr. Thompson received a letter informing him of his happy and triumphant end, and that Mr. George Hall, pastor of the Baptist Church, Stoke Green, Ipswich, was to preach his funeral sermon. He went to hear that sermon, much against the wishes of his friends, and on his return he found his parents heart-broken, as if the greatest calamity had befallen them: and they declared that they would rather follow him to his grave than that he should forsake his Church. After a season of very painful perplexity, occasioned in part by the strength of his own prejudices, and in part by the determined and even bitter opposition of his friends, he became a Dissenter, for the simple reason, at first, that

he could not find within the pale of the Church of England the religious teaching he wanted. But after a while, examining into the principles of Dissent, he became a Baptist, and joined the church at Stoke Green, Ipswich, September 2nd, 1780, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. G. Hall. In consequence of taking this step he had to endure much persecution both from his own and his wife's parents, but by the grace of God he was enabled to stand firm.

After his baptism and union with the church, his conduct was exceedingly exemplary, and the church perceiving that the Lord was with him, and that he was endowed with gifts suitable to the office, unanimously chose him a deacon in the year 1784; and such was the confidence that both minister and people reposed in him, that for the space of ten years he was the only acting deacon, and during the whole of this time, though he lived six miles distant from the house of God, he was never absent for a single Sabbath. For several years before he became a minister, he was very usefully employed in expounding the Scriptures from house to house, where people met for prayer and reading the Word. Mr. Keeble, late of Blandford Street Chapel, London, dated his conversion from one of these services. The success of these labours of love induced the church to request him to exercise his gifts with a view to the public ministry, and on October 31st, 1796, he was formally set apart to that work by the church, which gave him "full liberty to exercise his gifts, and preach the Gospel where God in His providence should call him." A short time after this, Providence opened an effectual door for his labours at Grundisburgh, a village two miles distant from his own residence, Culpho Hall. As we have seen, a church was formed at Grundisburgh by a dismissal of forty-three members from Stoke Green, Ipswich. These were dismissed July 8th, 1798, and on July 19th in that same year Mr. Thompson was ordained as pastor of the church.

Mr. Thompson was strictly a village preacher, and was held, deservedly, in very high esteem in all that part of the county in which he laboured so untiringly and for so many years. In the village of Grundisburgh he collected a congregation of some 800 persons, and during his ministry gathered members to his church out of fifty-five different parishes. His ministry was blessed in a very remarkable degree. During his pastorate he baptized and added to the church 658 persons, and was instrumental in planting in his neighbourhood four additional churches—Otley, Tunstall, Charsfield, and

Sutton—in doing which he dismissed some 169 members from the church at Grundisburgh. From the time of his conversion he expended his property, and was unwearied in his exertions to promote the interests of the Kingdom of Christ, esteeming it an honour and a privilege to spend and be spent in His cause.

Many, now living, have heard their parents speak of the riots that attended the efforts he made to introduce the Gospel to Wickham Market. The first meeting, which was held September, 1810, was interrupted by a riotous mob of nearly one thousand persons, and at every fresh attempt to hold services the mob assembled in increasing numbers and with increasing violence, till their conduct became so outrageous that bills of indictment were preferred against the ringleaders at the Woodbridge Quarter Sessions; but the Grand Jury ignored the bills. The mob, therefore, took fresh courage, and when the Rev. Matthew Wilks, unable to believe the reports that had reached him of the lawless conduct of the rioters, went himself to preach, the interruption was so violent that the congregation was obliged to disperse. The protection of the Court of King's Bench was next applied for in February, 1811. The Court granted a rule to show cause against six persons, who, to disentangle themselves from this rule, pleaded guilty, and paid the sum of two hundred guineas, and entered into recognizances to keep the peace for ever. This and other acts of illiberality induced some gentlemen of different denominations to form "The Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty." This society paid the costs of the law proceedings in this case, and presented the two hundred guineas to the Suffolk Auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, on the condition that the inhabitants of Wickham Market should always be well supplied with Bibles and Testaments.

Mr. Thompson continued his labours till within two Sabbaths of his death. He died October 9th, 1829, in the seventy-first year of his age. Not less than 1,500 people assembled to hear the funeral sermon which was preached by his friend, Mr. A. K. Cowell. His labours are still gratefully referred to in not a few of the villages of East Suffolk, while the name of John Thompson, of Culpho, is familiar in the mouths of many as a household word. Mr. Thompson was immediately succeeded by the late Rev. Samuel Collins, only recently deceased, and whose pastorate extended over fifty years.

HORHAM.—The Gospel was introduced into this village in 1793, by

the preaching of Mr. Farmary, of Diss; Mr. Wearing, of Rendham; and Mr. Hurn, of Debenham; the two last-named being Congregational ministers. In the Diss Church Book, under date June 18th, 1799, we have the following entry:—"Thirteen members were given up to be embodied as a separate church, Horam, Suffolk, whose names are distinguished in the book as dismissed to Horam." A chapel was built that same year on ground which was given by Mr. Culham, of Wilby; while Mr. Manser, who was dismissed from Shelfanger, was ordained pastor of the church, October 8th, 1799.

OTLEY.—The following account I take from a MS. read at the Jubilee Service at Otley, kindly lent me by the Rev. P. B. Woodgate, the present pastor of the Baptist church, Otley:—"It appears that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was introduced into this neighbourhood by the late Mr. Thompson, of Culpho, who, in November, 1798, procured a licence, and came and preached at Framsdon (the adjoining village) in a house belonging to Mr. Hunt. This indefatigable minister continued his services once a fortnight, on week evenings, amid much opposition for several months, until some who feared the Lord expressed their earnest desire that, if it could be accomplished, there should be preaching on the Lord's-day also; consequently Mr. Fenn, then a member at Stoke Green, Ipswich, was invited to preach on the Sabbath. After some consideration he complied with the request of the people, and began his ministry early in June, 1799. At this period it pleased God to display His power and grace in blessing the instrumentality employed; for in September following there were six, and soon after there were ten more persons baptized by Mr. Thompson and added to the church at Grundisburgh. During the winter of 1799, this little company continued to meet for Divine worship at Mr. Hunt's house, and it appears to have had many soul-refreshing seasons at its conferences and prayer-meetings. About January, 1800, they prayed and consulted together, and finally came to the conclusion of uniting and making strenuous efforts to procure ground and build a house for God. Early in the spring of 1800 a few rods of ground were purchased, and a building on the spot where we are now assembled was commenced, the walls of which rose rapidly, for the people had a mind to work." The chapel was opened for Divine worship June 25th, 1800, on which day twenty-four members, dismissed from Grundisburgh, were formed into a church, while, on the following day, Mr. James Fenn, who had been for

some time ministering to them, was publicly ordained as their pastor. The church thus founded rapidly grew to such an extent that in the year 1806 they reported to the Association a membership of 122.

The only other church coming within the limits assigned to these papers is that of BURY ST. EDMUNDS. There is reason for believing that for some considerable time before the formation of a Baptist church in this town there was a number of friends resident there, holding Baptist principles, in the habit of worshipping, for the most part, with the Independent congregation at Whiting Street. At the close of the last century a gentleman by the name of Steward came to reside in Bury, and shortly after opened his house for prayer on Sundays and Fridays. They next had a weekly lecture on Wednesdays, and after some time preaching was commenced on Lord's-days, when ministers from the neighbourhood came to supply. Among those who occasionally ministered to this little company was Mr. Thomas Ridley, of Ipswich, whose services seem to have met with great acceptance, so much so that they urged him to come among them as their minister. This proposal was made in the early part of the year 1799, and was one which Mr. Ridley felt he could not accede to without grave and careful consideration; and in the minutes of the Association, held in June of that year at West Row, Mildenhall, it is recorded that "brother Ridley of Ipswich asked advice about going to Bury to preach constantly on Lord's-days, at the request of a Mr. Steward and friends. He was advised to go." He seems soon after this to have removed his residence from Ipswich to Bury, and to have devoted himself entirely to the work of the ministry in that town. He preached at first in Mr. Steward's house, but, the congregations there increasing, it was felt needful to obtain, as soon as possible, a more commodious place of meeting, and the friends made it a matter of special and continued prayer that they might be provided with a chapel, and at last one was built in Nether Baxter Street, which was opened for public worship July 29th, 1800. The first church book, after setting forth the "confession of Faith and covenant articles of the Church of Christ, of the Baptist denomination meeting for public worship at Nether Baxter Street, Bury St. Edmunds," shows that on July 29th, 1800, the church was formed by the subscription of ten persons to the afore-mentioned confession of Faith and covenant. August 19th of the same year Mr. Thomas Ridley became pastor of the church. Such was the small beginning of the now large and

flourishing church meeting in Garland Street chapel, a chapel which was erected in the early part of the lengthened and very successful ministry of the late Rev. Cornelius Elven. At a meeting held in 1868, about five years before his death, Mr. Elven said : " About forty-six years ago I was chosen pastor of this church, then consisting of forty members ; in May, 1834, the present chapel was opened ; and during my pastorate 1,338 persons have been baptized, seven churches have been formed from this, pastors have gone to sixteen churches, we have nine village stations regularly supplied, and a membership of some six hundred persons."

The church book contains no record of interest within the limits of time covered by these papers, but a few words may be said concerning the first pastor of this church, to whose active and self-denying labours in the latter part of the last century the Baptist denomination in the county of Suffolk owed very much. Mr. Ridley was born in Bury St. Edmunds in the year 1747, and settled in business as a merchant in Ipswich when quite a young man, in which calling he was greatly prospered. It pleased the Lord to call him by His grace when young in life, and he joined the Baptist church in Wolverstone in the year 1770, which church was then under the pastoral care of the Rev Samuel Sowden. In 1784, we are told that, " brother Ridley was called to preach, after repeated trials, before the church." Mr. Ridley appears to have rendered important services, both as a deacon and a brother called by the church to the ministry of the Word. He often assisted his pastor, Mr. Hall, both in preaching and in administering the ordinance of baptism, and we gather from the church book that, after the removal of the church from Wolverstone to Stoke Green, Ipswich, the church meetings were still frequently held at Wolverstone, and generally at the house of Mr. Thomas Ridley. His pastor, Mr. Hall, in an article contributed to the BAPTIST REGISTER, 1801, says of the "late worthy man and minister, my valuable friend Mr. Ridley," " he occasionally preached for me, and in various parts of the country, with much success. He was active and lively in his ministerial employ ; of very acceptable talents ; freely and faithfully preaching the Word ; laying himself out by his purse, prayers, preaching, and counsel for the good of others. God had greatly blessed him in Providence, and his house was open to the godly poor as well as to others. A prospect of raising a Baptist church at Bury appearing, and his labours being earnestly requested there, after due

deliberation and prayer, and occasional services amongst the people, he quitted business in Ipswich, and, from love to souls, removed thither freely to preach the Gospel; and in August, 1800, after an honourable connection for a long series of years, he (with Mrs. Ridley) had a dismission from the church here, to that formed in his native town." Mr. Hall furnishes a lengthened and very interesting account of Mr. Ridley's last illness:—"He had a strong presentiment that he should die on a Lord's-day, and so he did, for on Sabbath morning, the 27th of September, 1801, about six o'clock, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus." I have alluded at this length to Mr. Thomas Ridley, because he may be taken as a representative of a class of men to whose labours the Baptist denomination in Suffolk owes very much; men of considerable means, and good social position, who, while carrying on business, or after retiring from business, have devoted themselves to the stated, or occasional, ministry of the Word. Many of our most successful Suffolk pastors have been men of this class. It is enough to mention the familiar names of Hitchcock, Thompson, Ridley, Cowell, and Elven, and we have, happily, some still labouring among us on the same lines. Many of those denominational difficulties which have recently engaged a great deal of attention would be at once and very pleasantly solved, by men of this class coming to the front in the service of Christ and His Church. We are thankful for what has been done by such labourers in Suffolk, and, if the tale were told, probably other counties have quite as good a record to show.

The Roll Call.



"**H**AT spiritual authority is there requiring a Christian to join a particular church? How do you make it out that our Lord enjoins it?" These questions are uttered by the trimmers in religion with an air of triumph, as if they might defiantly pause for a reply.

There are persons whose attachment to evangelical truth appears to be grounded only in the pursuit of personal escape from penalty, and attainment of ultimate happiness. And there is a large class who have a secret, perhaps unconscious, desire to keep open a line of

retreat to the world and its ways, and they affect extra jealousy for the sanctity of the cause, which often means the preservation of a loophole for themselves. These we do not care to attach until they have obtained deeper, truer, more altruistic views and experience of the doctrines of grace. But such questions are also asked in a querulous tone by timid, nervous, and yet conscientious converts, who need only the spur of conviction. The anomalous condition of our churches, in many of which some of the best work comes from outsiders, requires that attention should be given to the subject; for the result is a blurred outline in the picture of the church, and a weakening of all appeals grounded on the New Testament statement of its high vocation and glory.

The question appears to be determined by positive laws, by the nature and necessity of the case, and by precedent. Our Lord chose His apostles as a select body, defined and banded by a law of association; and so, after His resurrection, if not before, His followers consorted together as known persons who had taken up a profession which visibly and avowedly differentiated them from the others. The disciples, the 120, and the 3,000, and the subsequent additions, are spoken of as a body, incorporated by common professed love to their Lord, avowed in baptism, recognised among each other, and confessed before the world.

Nothing is more frequently set forth or better established in the narrative of the apostolic church than the decided, marked, corporate existence of a distinct body of believers, with laws, polity, objects, and duties of their own, known as the Church in the aggregate or as local churches. The whole apostolic code, as well as the commands of our Lord, assume the existence of such organisations as a fact.

If there is by Divine authority this principle of segregation, it follows that it is the duty of all individuals to obey the law, and the precedent of the apostolic church and of all subsequent times confirms this. A visible church is dealt with, and this cannot be without visible profession. The Church is an objective fact, and can only be realised in the duty of the living, changing, sentient units: "My sheep know My voice, and they follow Me." The flock is to exist, and be manifest as a flock. There is a fold, and all the sheep are under law to gather themselves into it. The saints are to constitute this assembly. The proposition is too plain for proof to be necessary

But the objector evades the obligation by saying that he belongs to

the Church universal; that all the promises and rewards attached to the grand confederation are therefore his. Well, this may be so, but with the disqualification that he is living in disobedience, we leave him to reconcile this fact with his professed loyalty. Under feudal law, the vassal who refused to come at the call of his territorial chief would not be allowed to shelter himself under the pretext that he was serving the lord paramount; nor can the Christian claim the immunities of a follower who is disobeying the law of the kingdom. Can we close up our ranks, increase our efficiency, and prepare for the roll call? There is a well-known practice in our Sunday-schools of the children who are loosely attached during the year eagerly claiming a place when the anniversary comes round, with its tea and treats. Are our unattached friends going to be subject to a similar charge for ever?

We ought not to omit mention of those records of the future called the Book of Remembrance and the Book of Life, out of which the final sentences at the Great Judgment are to be read, nor the "general assembly and church of the first-born who are enrolled in Heaven" (Heb. xii. 23), thus honourably fixing for eternity the process symbolised here by the roll of church members, the record of the visible fellowship of Christ's followers.

S. R. P.

Obituary.

MR. JAMES COX.



AT the close of last year, the Baptist church at Stratford-on-Avon lost, by death, its founder, Mr. James Cox, at the ripe age of eighty-three. He was born in Birmingham, where his father was a timber-merchant. Owing to his father's ill-health for some years, and consequent unfavourable circumstances, he and his brothers did not enjoy all the advantages of education which they might otherwise have done; for at the age of seventeen, the whole care of the family came upon himself and a brother who was still younger. But James, though obliged to work hard to maintain himself, his mother, and sick father, also two brothers and a sister, yet availed himself of the advantages of an evening school. At seventeen he joined the church at Newhall Street, being there baptized by Mr. Hutchings, the pastor, after a sermon by Rev. B. H. (subsequently Dr.) Draper. At that time he had begun to show a "greed" of sermons, and the most noted preachers of the day in the town where

he lived, and in the neighbourhood were diligently resorted to by him, and most attentively heard. Those were the days of Isaiah Birt, Thomas Swan, and Thomas Morgan, among the Baptists; and of John Angell James and Timothy East, among the Independents. To hear these, and other approved ministers of the Gospel, he would walk long distances, sometimes as much as twenty miles, on a Lord's Day. When about twenty-four, he engaged himself as an assistant to Messrs. Greaves, who were then in the timber trade at Stratford-on-Avon. In this neighbourhood he lived for the rest of his life, taking the business of his employers, and afterwards residing in the house at Shotttery formerly occupied by Mr. Richard Greaves.

At Stratford he married Mrs. Thomas Adams, a widow lady of eminent piety and great energy of character; whose memory, as Mrs. Cox, is fragrant among the older part of the churches all around that neighbourhood. With her he lived for nearly fifty years in a union most happy in itself and of great blessing to others. Though attending the Independent Chapel, Mrs. Cox was styled by some a "Methodist," because she received into her house the preachers of the Wesleyan body, who were at that time endeavouring to establish a society of their own order.

In 1832 Mr. Cox and a few friends felt that the time was come to move in the town on behalf of the Baptists, and preaching was commenced in a temporary structure at the back of Mr. Cox's business premises in High Street. In a few years they found themselves strong enough to build their present chapel in Payton Street, for which Mr. Cox had prepared the oak for the pews by long and careful seasoning, that nothing faulty should come into the sanctuary.

He also laid himself out to free the new building from debt, cheerfully taking a journey to Liverpool, and trudging its streets and suburbs, weary and footsore, to solicit aid on this behalf. With the first pastor, the late Rev. James Cubitt, he maintained a brotherly communion, broken only by death; and the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Sydenham, a succeeding pastor, frequently, in after years, repaired to Shotttery, to recall the memories of pleasing past associations. For forty years he continued to hold office as deacon, which office he resigned some few years before his death. In 1871 Mrs. Cox died, leaving a void which could not be filled up. Her husband's sojourn on earth was prolonged nearly twelve years after her decease. In the summer of 1882 he had an illness of some few months' duration, from which he appeared to have, in some measure, recovered; but an internal disease, from which he had suffered for many years, was not removed, and a sudden attack of cold brought on inflammation, which ended in death, on the 13th of December, 1882.

Mr. Cox united to great geniality of disposition and manner remarkable energy, both in business life and church work. He was not one of those who, in an indiscreet zeal, overlook the duties which lie nearest home. On the other hand, though business was never neglected, time and strength were found for the house and ordinances of God. His pocket-books of an early date contain the memoranda of a man of business, together with extensive notes of sermons heard both on Sundays and on week-day evenings; and it was wonderful that, afflicted as

he was for the greater part of his life by the infirmity of deafness, he could take such full reports of the discourses as appear in his paper. He was buried in the graveyard adjoining Payton Street Chapel by his son-in-law, Rev. Rd. Hall, of Newton Abbot, the Rev. J. Pugh, the pastor of the church, taking part in the services.

THE REV. CHARLES STOVEL.

THIS venerable servant of Christ departed to his rest on Monday, the 22nd ult. His death had been anticipated for some time. Mr. Stovel had reached the 85th year of his age, and during his last years had suffered from great physical feebleness, which, however, did not lay him entirely aside from his work. We have no space at present for a sketch of his career, which, in many respects, was a truly remarkable one. He possessed in no small degree those peculiar powers of mind which are commonly designated by the word *genius*. As a preacher and platform orator he was a man by himself, and not unfrequently impressed sympathetic hearers with the idea that he was speaking under the spell of a Divine afflatus. He never descended to the arts of a mere rhetorician; he was too intensely in earnest to be dependent on these. His power always struck us as being that of intuition rather than that of inductive reasoning. We do not forget that he was a considerable controversialist, and that his opponents found in him no puny antagonist. We only wish to suggest that his highest power was of another order, and that it was derived from the depth and religious earnestness of his insight into the great questions which engaged his thought and his solicitude. Familiar with the theological speculations of his time, none of them impaired his confidence in, but rather intensified his attachment to, the primary verities of the evangelical faith; and, to our thinking, one of the ablest efforts of his mind was that which produced his lecture to the Young Men's Christian Association some six and thirty years ago, on "The Truths Peculiar to Christianity, and the Principal Proof of which they are Susceptible." His services to the Anti-slavery cause, and to the cause of Religious Equality, cannot be easily over-estimated. He was not without his eccentricities. He had to contend with faults of temper, which, however, were more troublesome to himself than to those upon whom they found vent. He was a great and a good man, and, in consecration to his Divine Lord, he served his generation long, faithfully, and well.

THE REV. J. H. MILLARD, B.A.

On the day on which Mr. Stovel died, another of our well-known and esteemed ministers entered into his rest. We cannot claim for Mr. Millard the intellectual powers which have to be ascribed to Mr. Stovel, and which in him may be fairly said to have been unique; but Mr. Millard was a man of superior abilities, and in his own way his life was one of beautiful

and exemplary devotion to the service of Christ. Twice pastor of the church at Huntingdon—in the first instance for thirteen years, and in the second for fourteen—he did a noble work in that town and the surrounding neighbourhood, which will cause his name to be long and lovingly remembered. For five years he served the Church at Maze Pond, London. With his second pastorate at Huntingdon he combined the duties of the secretaryship of the Baptist Union, and it was during his period of office that the Union developed very much of the vitality and influence it now possesses. His Union secretaryship was followed by that of the Home and Irish Mission. This latter secretaryship ceased when the management of the Mission passed into the hands of the Union, and Mr. Millard soon afterwards accepted the oversight of the new Trinity Baptist Church, Green-hill, Derby, where he laboured, amidst some difficulties, but not without cheering tokens of success, till within a week or two of his decease at sixty-four years of age.

The Rev. W. Poole Balfern.



OUR readers will be grieved to hear that the Rev. W. Poole Balfern, of Brighton, is compelled by age and sickness to retire from ministerial work ; but their grief will be deepened when they learn that to physical infirmity the anxiety occasioned by straitened circumstances is added. For thirty-five years Mr. Balfern has been an indefatigable and self-sacrificing labourer in the cause of our Divine Master. It is painful to reflect that a servant of Christ, so true to the Gospel, and so useful to his fellow-men, should have to suffer thus severely, and we cannot believe that he will be left without brotherly sympathy and help. We are informed that he has no resources beyond those derivable from the Annuity Fund, and that even these will not be available for another year. Mr. Balfern has not only been a faithful preacher, but also a writer of spiritually helpful books ; whilst his poetic productions have been numerous, and always healthy and interesting. Such a man must not be suffered to sink into want. A testimonial has been liberally started, with strong recommendations from the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Angus, Charles Bullock, B.D. (editor of *The Fireside*, and formerly Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester), and J. B. Figgis, of the Countess of Huntingdon's Church, Brighton. Readers of ours who can contribute should lose no time in doing so, and their contributions may be sent to the Rev. J. Bigwood, Brighton (treasurer), or to Mr. A. H. Baynes, Baptist Mission House, 19, Castle Street, Holborn.

Hebrews.

A POPULAR COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. With Illustrations and Maps. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., &c. In Four Volumes. Vol. IV. The Epistle to the Hebrews, the Catholic Epistles, and Revelation. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1883.

THE concluding volume of this important work will more than maintain the high reputation of its predecessors, and be regarded by the majority of readers as decidedly the best of the series. It is nearly five years since the section on the Synoptic Gospels was published. We cordially welcomed it as the first instalment of a work which, if it were executed throughout in the same scholarly, evangelical, and generous spirit, would prove one of the most useful and popular of our age. Our hopes have not been disappointed. Each succeeding volume has displayed keen critical acumen, sound hermeneutical judgment, and expository powers of a very high order. Dr. Schaff's own contributions, Professor Milligan's on the Fourth Gospel, those of Dr. Marcus Dods on the Thessalonians, and of Dean Plumptre on the Epistles to Timothy, are especially noteworthy, and if we have in this volume no work of greatly superior value to the best of that we have named, we have very little that falls below it. The average excellence is considerably higher than we could have anticipated, and, in this respect, the editor has unquestionably reserved his best unto the last. The contributors to the Commentary are Dr. Angus on Hebrews and Jude; Dr. Gloag on James, Professor Salmond on 1 and 2 Peter, Dr. Pope on 1, 2 and 3 John, and Professor Milligan on the Revelations. The work of all is excellent, there is not a weak part in it. Dr. Angus is at his best, and displays at every step a breadth and thoroughness of knowledge, a facility to elucidate his discussions by the most recondite facts, together with a clearness and precision of statement which render his writing as intelligible and attractive to English readers as they are satisfactory and helpful to scholars. We cannot fully endorse his position as to the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews (we are strongly inclined to the opinion that it was the work of Apollos), but the arguments in favour of that position could not be more forcibly stated; while the mastery of the patristic literature in relation to the external evidence proves this much, at any rate, that the advocates of Apollos must rely almost exclusively on the internal evidence. The commentary on the Hebrews is a model of what such a work should be—brief, pithy, and luminous; full of subtle discernment, tracing with reverent and careful hand the progress of the writer's thought, and exhibiting its manifold connections and harmonies, showing also its practical bearings on the problems of our own life. The exposition of the difficult passage in ch. vi. 4—7 is the soundest and most conclusive we have seen. The only regret these "Notes" leave on our mind is that Dr. Angus has not given us more work of the same class. May we venture to express the hope that this is not the only commentary we shall have from his pen? Dr. Gloag,

the author of our best English Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, writes on the Epistle of James with a thoughtfulness, an insight, and a practical wisdom that leaves nothing to be desired. His excursus on the relation of faith and works is specially valuable. Dr. Salmond is a writer with whom we have not been previously acquainted, but he has given us a series of notes which are of unquestioned value. Dr. Pope is the translator of Haupt's great work on the first Johannine epistle, and is in thorough sympathy with the apostle of love. His work cannot rank either with Haupt's or Westcott's, but it is in no way inferior to Dr. Alexander's, in the Speaker's Commentary. The Apocalypse is discussed with somewhat greater fulness than the other books in this volume, and in a peculiarly sober and satisfactory manner. Dr. Milligan has made a special study of the Johannine Scriptures, and has (as readers of *The Expositor* will remember) given us some of our freshest and most suggestive discussions on them. He has vindicated, even in view of the negative critics, the traditional belief of the Church as to the Johannine authorship of the Apocalypse; its later date than many of them allow—i.e., he traces it to the reign of Domitian (A.D. 95 or 96); and while he recognises much that is valuable in the Præterist, the Historical, and the Futurist principles of interpretation, he adheres—rightly, as we think—to none of them. The book does not treat of "times and seasons," but is full of symbolic instruction of the highest moment for all ages and places. There is a memorable passage in Dr. Milligan's introduction, which exhibits what we believe will be the universal effect of a right use of the methods of Biblical criticism, and the results which will ultimately be ensured even by the researches of those who reject the evangelical faith. "The disposition to turn away from [this book] as an insoluble enigma has been gradually disappearing; sneers against it are but little heard, and its interpretation has been in great measure rescued from the hands of well-meaning but mistaken theorists. It is curious to think that all this is largely owing to the efforts of those negative critics who have laboured so zealously to discredit the other books of the New Testament." That they have had other ends in view is indeed nothing to the purpose, and our own impression is that in more ways than one critics of this school have enabled us, or will enable us, to establish on a wider and firmer basis, and so make more powerful, the beliefs they aimed to overthrow. Dr. Milligan knows how to make a judicious use of their work. We are thankful for a Commentary so able, so fully abreast of the times, and altogether so opportune as this. The maps and illustrations are a great addition to the usefulness of the work.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., &c. Bijou Edition. In Five Volumes. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1883.

IT would be impossible to find a more appropriate or acceptable present than this dainty edition of the most popular book of our day. It has, we believe, been more widely read than any other work of the last twenty years, and the demand for it shows no signs of abatement. The bijou edition will undoubtedly popularise the work to a still greater extent. Small as it is in size (royal 32mo), it is printed in beautifully clear type, and is neatly bound in cloth, with red edges. The

frontispieces to the original edition, by Holman Hunt, are reproduced on a reduced scale, while the footnotes (which are often of the highest value) and appendices are given complete. As a gift-book to Sunday-school teachers, elder scholars, and young men and women whom we wish to interest in the highest of all themes, the work is unrivalled. To possess a pocket edition of this scholarly and brilliant work is no ordinary pleasure. It will become in thousands of cases a cherished *vade mecum*.

AN OLD TESTAMENT COMMENTARY FOR ENGLISH READERS. Edited by Charles J. Ellicott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Vols. II. and III. London: Cassell & Co.

AFTER a careful examination of the first volume of this Commentary, we ventured to predict for it as great a popularity as that which has been obtained by Bishop Ellicott's "Commentary on the New Testament," and our prophecy was in no respect hazardous. We are well aware that a work of this nature can only be tested by long and familiar use. It must be more or less constantly consulted in our everyday studies before we can measure its adaptability to its end. This test we have applied to the first volume, and in a lesser degree to the second, with the most gratifying results. Our earliest judgment has been on every point confirmed, and after reading the Introductions and Notes on all the principal books word by word, our opinion is that for English readers there exists no Commentary on the Old Testament of anything like equal worth with this. Along with fidelity to evangelical principles, we have found in all the writers an acquaintance with the researches of critics and archæologists in every department. A mastery of the Hebrew text, a competent knowledge of its probable origin and of its historical setting; sound principles of interpretation, a wealth of philological and geographical illustration, together with luminous and vivid descriptions of social life, give to this Commentary a place in our popular Biblical literature which has hitherto been unoccupied. Among the sections we have found of special interest are those on Joshua, by Mr. Waller; Judges, by Canon Farrar; 2 Samuel, by Dr. Gardiner; 1 Kings, by Canon Barry; and Ruth and Esther, by Dr. Sisiker. Canon Farrar's notes are full of clear perception, wide and accurate scholarship, and wise judgment, brilliant and forceful withal, and, apart from other work he has done, would have marked him out as one of the ablest Biblical teachers of our day. How he can produce so many books of such high excellence we cannot imagine. More, perhaps, than any other writer does he enrich his pages with the results of classical and Hebraistic learning, and of familiarity with all our great English authors both in poetry and in prose. He has written a Commentary on Judges which is in every respect a model. Other contributors have also made good use of the researches of the principal German authorities—historical and critical, as well as of the best English writers, such as Stanley, Robinson, and Tristram; so that their notes are by no means dry and unattractive. Dr. Pope is qualified to write on Ezra and Nehemiah from his labours as translator of Dr. Keil's Commentary in Messrs. Clark's Library. His notes are, perhaps, too brief. He is careful in his interpretation, and altogether reliable, but he has not the rich suggestiveness of Drs. Farrar and

Barry, and, in a lesser degree, of Canon Spence and Dr. Gardiner. A composite work cannot have uniform excellence; but it is astonishing to find so high a standard reached by all the writers whose services Bishop Ellicott has happily secured; and from our estimate of this "Old Testament Commentary," as, for its own purposes, by a long way the best, we do not think any competent student will dissent. We wish that a copy of it could be placed in every minister's study and in every Sunday-school library in the kingdom.

A PRACTICAL COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. By John Morison, D.D. A new edition, revised. Hodder & Stoughton.

IN the March of last year we had the pleasure of giving our unstinted and almost unqualified praise to Dr. Morison's "Practical Commentary on the Gospel of St. Mark." The same praise is due to the noble and invaluable work before us. Of course, as Baptists, we shall be expected to take exception, as we found it necessary to do in our former notice, to Dr. Morison's interpretation of the passages relating to baptism. He deals with them very much after the manner which was common amongst evangelical supporters of infant sprinkling fifty years ago, and shows no inclination to adopt the concessions of Pædobaptist scholars, which have been rapidly multiplying of late. Of this, of course, we make no complaint. Dr. Morison thinks for himself, and we have no doubt that he brings his best judgment to bear as fully and as conscientiously on this question as upon all others. Moreover, his mistaken interpretation, as we deem it, of the passages relating to baptism occupies so very inconsiderable a portion of space in his voluminous work as to detract from its value in only a very small degree. There is no need to regard the volume merely as a reference commentary—a commentary to be consulted only as occasion may render expedient. Bible-students will find themselves able to read it continuously and with unflagging interest. The style is not so condensed as to be cramped and heavy; on the contrary, it is free and easy, lively and racy, clear and forcible. Yet there is no prolixity. The writer gives full expression to his thought and feeling without wasting any words. He has also brought to his task enlarged intelligence and varied and careful reading, together with a discrimination at once cautious in its methods and fearless in its conclusions. He has neglected no part of the extensive literature of the subject, and has used it freely and with a mind that is master of the requisite sifting processes. The commentary runs through 626 compact pages, and is preceded by 64 pages of "introductory" matter, the contents of which are divided into fifteen sections, and are thus indicated:—"1. The Charm of St. Matthew's Gospel. 2. St. Matthew's Gospel—'Memorials' or 'Memoirs.' 3. St. Matthew's Memoirs an Evangel or Gospel. 4. The phrase 'According to.' 5. Matthew—the significance of the name. 6. Who was St. Matthew? 7. Was the writer of the Gospel St. Matthew the Apostle? 8. Hebrew and Greek Originals. 9. Integrity of St. Matthew's Gospel. 10. Date of Publication. 11. The Gospel of St. Matthew, as we have it, not a Final 'Redaction.' 12. Relation of St. Matthew's Gospel to the other two Synoptical Gospels. 13. Cherubic Symbols of the Four Evangelists. 14. The Aim and Plan of St. Matthew's Gospel. 15. Contents of the Gospel'.

On the question of Authorship, Dr. Morison deals very effectively with the well-known speculations of Bleek, Meyer, and Davidson. The work, as a whole, is the result of immense labour; but, from beginning to end, its style has so much of warmth, and its tone so much of cheerfulness, that its writer must have had great delight in his toil; and thousands of readers will thank him for having so successfully consecrated his gifts and acquirements to so high and sacred a purpose.

MORGENRÖTHE: A Book and a Sign of this Age. The Counterpart and Complement of "The Supremacy of Man." By John Pulsford. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co.

WE must refer our readers to the notice of "The Supremacy of Man," which appeared in our October number, for our estimate of Mr. Pulsford as a writer and religious teacher. "Morgenröthe," the sequel to that production, is marked by the same literary, mental, temperamental, and spiritual qualities. In the prefatory address, the author states his belief "in the continuity of inspiration and revelation." We are not sure of the interpretation he intends us to give to these words. In a certain secondary sense we can take them as true. But he proceeds to use language which seems to imply a claim on his part to a Divine inspiration of the same kind, and perhaps even of the same degree, as that which was vouchsafed to the writers of Holy Scripture.

"Write the vision and make it plain!" The sound that is ever going forth from the central Heaven came to him, and he has rendered it as faithfully as he could: his responsibility is over. How much of his testimony is received, or how much rejected, is not his responsibility. Let classes imprison themselves if they will, and shut him out: he likes the open air. In the air which all men breathe he finds Heaven's liberty; and prefers it greatly to the air of churches."

There is no need to examine Mr. Pulsford's testimony in the interests either of one class or church or another; it is sufficient to examine it in the interests of truth. He will hardly, we should hope, claim our acceptance of it merely because it comes from *him*, or because he believes that it comes *through him* from God.

The choice of the significant title, "Morgenröthe," is thus explained:—

"His former books kept in view a new evolution of Humanity, as the end of God and the hope of man; but the dual completeness and unity of man, with God insphered in that unity, was not yet risen above the horizon. It rises now; and it is Revelation. . . . A clearer Light, and the heat of a more fervent Love, have been stirring and quickening the hearts and minds of men; venerated shadows flee away; old idols of doctrine, and ritual, are consigned to their mummified keepers, our human moles and bats. . . . Every foretold sign announces that the foreglow of the Second Coming of Christ is invading the world, and stealing into the souls and bosoms of all aspiring and sensitive people."

The first nine chapters of "Morgenröthe" are mainly a fresh exhibition of the author's religious faith—a condensation in some parts, an amplification in others, of his teaching in former books, and specially in "The Supremacy of Man." We find in them a great deal to admire, much to wonder at, and not a little to doubt. We next reach the pages which relate to the incoming of the "new Age." The

great dispensations of the Past—from the infancy of the race to Noah, from Noah to Abraham, from Abraham to Moses, from Moses to Christ, are briefly surveyed.

"We are now nearly nineteen-hundred years distant from that New Beginning in Jesus, and on the score of time, to say nothing of the weakness and insipidity of the current forms of Christianity, and a thousand other signs, we may be sure that the darkest centuries are now behind us, and that, whether we recognise it or not, God is evolving a new age—Christ's new coming is in the atmosphere. . . . Into how many hearts the new Warmth is entering now! in much the same way as the return of the Sun, when winter is past, enters into the sleeping fruit-trees . . . Apprehension, ferment, perplexity, and uncertainty admonish us that old institutions are nearing their limit, and that the new and better are about to supplant them. . . . The owls will screech, but the larks will sing. In the place of thorns and thistles, the myrtle and the rose will flourish. And as for men and women, instead of the dragons of lust, lying in the jungle and hot swamp of their passions, the Love-birds of Heaven shall nestle and sing in the chaste affections of their breasts."

The social, political, and ecclesiastical phenomena which an ordinary observer might naturally regard as placing "the Golden Age" far away in the future, are to Mr. Pulsford amongst the clearest signs of its near approach.

"When men sell themselves century after century to defunct traditional dogmas, stand by them, and fight for them, and go on, and go on, reproducing and reproducing the old formulae, when they are no more than inscriptions on tombstones to the passer by: then inquire for the new and vital centre in which God is coming, and speaking to the living men in the living now. But you must prepare to find the new teacher spoken against. 'We know that God spake by Moses, but as for this fellow we know not whence he is.' God is speaking through Him, but He speaks not according to the tradition of the elders. He is 'chosen of God and precious,' but 'despised and rejected' by the prevailing authorities."

The Pharisee-spirit, the Sadducee-spirit, and the Herod-spirit are rampant to-day, as Mr. Pulsford reminds us with rare impressiveness on pp. 123-125; but this is only what history and Scripture alike have taught us to expect at the time of the "Dawn." The author's intensely interesting and, in many parts of it, original exposition of Matt. xxiv. and xxv. is designed to indicate whereabouts, epochally, we are. In reading the life of Edward Bickersteth some time ago, we came across a letter written by Dr. Chalmers to that excellent clergyman, which contains the following words:—

"Of this I am well satisfied that the next Coming (whether in person, or not, I forbear to say) will be a coming not to the final judgment, but to precede and usher in the Millennium. I utterly despair of the universal prevalence of Christianity as the result of a pacific missionary process, under the guidance of human wisdom and principle. But without slackening in the least our obligation to help forward this great cause, I look for its conclusive establishment through a widening passage of desolating judgments, with the utter demolition of our present civil and ecclesiastical structures."

Says Mr. Pulsford:—

"In certain parts of the Sky, the new Light is wild-looking and lurid; for the coming Glory is strong, and the intervening clouds are dense."

If space permitted, we would gladly follow our author through the chapters

entitled: "The Fire-principle in relation to the Coming of Christ," "Electric Bodies," "The New Kingdom of Humanity in the Heavens," "He will return from the Wedding," "Thy Kingdom come," "Summary" (Rev. xxi.), "Genesis and Revelation" ("The Tree of Life"). In the chapter on the prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," as, indeed, in many other parts of the book, Mr. Pulsford is, as we think, much too indiscriminating and severe in his censure of the churches. Some of these undoubtedly can present but a sorry claim to the admiration and gratitude of mankind; but others, with all their imperfections, have done true and noble work for their Lord, and what the predicament of the world would have been without them it would require an insight as deep and a pen as graphic as Mr. Pulsford's adequately to delineate. Jesus Himself founded a Church, and His apostles helped to build it. All along the ages there have been men and women not a few, who have striven to realise His ideal of a Kingdom of holy Love on the earth. No existing church, no existing Christian, does this perfectly; and modifications of character and purifications of life are still pre-requisites as preparations for a full readiness to receive the returning Lord. The better churches of the day might be better than they are; but they might also be a great deal worse, and for the reason that they are not so, we plead for their exemption from the harsh condemnations which Mr. Pulsford allows himself to write concerning them.

Our readers will have very properly concluded that Mr. Pulsford's view of the "Dawn" has but little in common with that of our ordinary interpreters of prophecy. In developing it, he writes with remarkable power, but often lays himself open to adverse criticism, and indulges in much positive assertion without waiting to give reasons, as though his statements were sure of acceptance amongst the *initiated*, and were therefore under no need of formal vindication. It is enough for him that they proceed from his philosophy. He will not allow that his book can be "referred to the poetry, sentimentalism, or imagination of the writer." "For," says he, "it is based on the central, organic, crowning Fact."

Much light is needed for the understanding of this book, and we fear that, even under the most favourable conditions, many parts of it are liable to be misconstrued. Some subjects of a very delicate nature inevitably came in the author's way, and he has touched them with befitting purity of thought and language; but what he has found it needful to say about them should be read in the seclusion of the study. "Morgenröthe" has not instructed and gratified us as did the work of which it professes to be "the counterpart and complement;" but thoughtful, discriminating, and devout readers will find in it much matter for profitable reflection.

WIDOW WHEELAD'S SON: A Story of Village Life. By G. H. Elvidge. Elliot Stock.

FRED WHEELAD was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow"; a very exemplary son, as his mother and

many other people had good reason to acknowledge. His useful and beautiful life among the inhabitants of Doncliffe is related at considerable length in order that boys may be charmed by it, and induced to cultivate his fine and

noble disposition. The evils of intemperance had to be described in various parts of the narrative and the description is at once truthful and vivid. The only fault we have to find with the story is that there is scarcely sufficient movement in it to secure the unbroken attention of boy readers, and that in several parts it is needlessly prolix. It is, however, well worth perusal, and ought to help in the diffusion of high moral, social, and religious sentiments amongst the young.

THE HERALD MERCY: A Monthly Messenger for Humble Homes. Morgan & Scott.

WE have frequently commended this periodical, and gladly do so again. The Volume for 1883 is complete, and can be purchased for a shilling. It contains a rich variety of telling anecdote, pleasant and healthy poetry, and admirably executed illustration, and is in every respect perfectly adapted for its chosen purpose. Christians whose pecuniary resources will allow of it would find no little pleasure and usefulness in scattering copies of it freely among the poor around them. It would make a capital Christmas present.

THE CHRISTMAS LETTER MISSION PUBLICATIONS. Hazell, Watson, & Viney, 6, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden.

"THE Letter Mission" was established eleven years ago. "During the Christmas season of 1882 the 'Posts with the Letters from the King' sent forth upwards of 323,000 missives, exclusive of others in the Welsh, French, German, and Italian languages." A peculiar but singularly effective Christian agency is thus in busy operation. Perhaps many

of our readers have never heard of it before. If so, they should obtain a copy of the Report for 1883, just issued, which we presume the general secretary, Miss Strong, 66, Mildmay Park, London, N., will be glad to supply. We have before us a considerable assortment of the splendidly got-up tracts, bearing the title "A Christmas Letter for you," which, with fitting envelopes, can be purchased of the publishers at an extremely cheap rate, and of which we cannot speak too highly. The Report above alluded to is throughout intensely interesting. In the batch before us we find an exquisite Christmas carol, "Is there Gladness in the House?" set to equally exquisite music.

THE SECRET OF PHILIP BROWN KEPT FROM HIS WIFE. By E. S. Elliott, Author of "I must Keep the Chimes Going," "Copsley Annals," "Northcote Memories," &c. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

A FIRST-RATE Christmas story, beautifully printed and illustrated. Phil Brown has been too much in the habit of visiting "The Dragon" public-house and wasting his money there, to the detriment of his character and by no means to the happiness of his thrifty and gentle little wife and family. Christmas is coming round, and he goes to the butcher's in much dejection to buy a bit of offal. While there, the keeper of "The Dragon" comes in and bouncingly orders the best leg of mutton in the shop. That sets Phil thinking, and he makes up his mind to forsake "The Dragon." He is a good workman and can earn good wages, and before Christmas-day he has earned and saved enough money to go to the butcher's again and to give the same

order as the keeper of "The Dragon" had given before. He had kept the secret from his wife, and when he brings the joint home she is horrified by the thought that he must have stolen it. The secret is soon out, and the home soon loses its indigence and its wretchedness. By-and-by, Phil goes to the mission room, and there discovers that he needs something more than sobriety to "live by and to die by," and receives the Gospel as a little child. The story is simply and racily told, and there are innumerable Phil Browns in the land who would be the better for reading it.

YOUNG ENGLAND : an Illustrated Magazine for Recreation and Instruction. 1883.

THE CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE. 1883.

ANTHONY ROGERS ; or, Led by a Child. By Mrs. C. Skinner.

COUSIN DORRY ; or, Three Measures of Meal. By Mrs. C. M. Clarke.

MRS. BLAKE'S TINIES. By Fanny Simon.

ALICE WILMOT'S SECRET. By Mrs. H. B. Paull.

GERTY'S CHILDHOOD. London : Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey, E.C.

WE congratulate the committee of the Sunday School Union on the attractiveness of their juvenile literature. The works here grouped together deserve a much longer notice than our space will allow us to give, but our commendation is none the less hearty because it is brief. *Young England* has long been a favourite, and this year's volume is more than usually good. The contents are well varied—science, history, biography, Biblical exposition, poetry, fiction, and numberless anecdotes afford both "recreation and instruction." The writing is uniformly good and the tone

healthy. Such stories as "Benjamin Holbeck," "Kate's Ordeal," and "Alison Brand," the sections on "Astronomy," on "The Kings and Queens of Thought," and on "Missionary Adventure," and the very useful "Talks on the Golden Texts," are alone worth the cost of the entire volume, though they do not constitute more than a third of it. The *Child's Own Magazine* is intended for the very little ones, and we know many houses in which its advent is, as it deserves to be, eagerly awaited. "Anthony Rogers" is a story of life among the poorest and lowest classes, abounding in graphic description and exquisite pathos. The influence of the little heroine—a workhouse child, whose sweet singing awakened many hearts—is beautifully depicted. "Cousin Dorry" and "Mrs. Blake's Tinies" deal with children of a higher grade, but are not less interesting, and point out sure ways of Christian usefulness. The other books on the list also deserve commendation.

THE NEW HANDBOOK OF SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESSES. Designed for the Use of Sunday School Teachers, &c. By Rev. Robert Tuck, B.A. London : Elliot Stock.

A BOOK of this description is sure of a welcome from all who are interested in the education and progress of the young. No part of Sunday-school teaching is more important than the address. More attention ought to be given to it than, we are afraid, it commonly receives. Superintendents and teachers will find in Mr. Tuck's outlines many invaluable hints and suggestions. They are simple, direct, and pointed, showing a thorough grasp of the scripture with which they deal, stating its main lessons in a lucid and forcible form, illustrating it by ap-

posite instances, and showing its more important applications. The work ought to be extensively known.

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TWENTY-ONE CHRISTMAS HYMNS AND TUNES. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Price Twopence. Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

MOST of these Christmas Hymns and Tunes are old favourites, which we are glad to find thus collected together.

—
SIXTEEN CHRISTMAS PIECES. Music and Words in Old Notation and Tonic Sol-fa. Price Twopence. Sunday School Union.

THE music of these pieces is for the most part new to us ; but it fairly fits the words, and goes pleasantly.

—
DENNY ; or, From Haven to Haven. By Annie Gray.

A LIFE'S MOTTO ; or, Clement Markwood's Victory. And **A SCHOOL-BOY NOTION.** By William J. Lacey.

KIDNAPPED ; or, Lewis Lloyd's Adventures in Virginia. By Ascott R. Hope.

MISS STEPNEY'S FORTUNE. By the Author of "Wave upon Wave," &c.

WILLIE ANSON ; or, Trust and Try. And **LITTLE CIVILITY.** By the Author of "Nil Desperandum," "Will Carves the Way," &c.

UNCLE JAMES'S SKETCH-BOOK. By James Crowther. Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

ANOTHER batch of excellent story-books for the young from the Sunday School Union. Our review space this month is greatly overcrowded, and we cannot give particulars of the books above enumerated. "Denny" is a story of

very considerable dimensions, which our young people will eagerly read. The other stories are shorter, but are all deeply interesting, and, each in its own way, fitted for usefulness. They are all neatly got up, and will make good gift-books for the season. The short pieces entitled "Uncle James's Sketch-Book" are interesting from the fact that they were the first productions of their author, and that their object is to present some facts of natural history to juvenile readers, so that "lessons in morality and religion may be read between the lines of the curiosities of what we call 'nature,' one revelation being the best illustration to the other." A worthy object worthily achieved.

—
THE BAPTIST VISITOR : a Monthly Magazine for Church and Home. Baptist Tract and Book Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

THIS useful halfpenny monthly steadily increases in excellence and popularity.

—
MORAL EDUCATION : an Elementary Manual for the Use of Schools, Colleges, and Families. By the Rev. Peter Prescott. London : Hodder & Stoughton.

THE mastery of the principles which Mr. Prescott has here illustrated and enforced in a very interesting manner cannot fail, under the Divine blessing, to ensure in young men and women a pure, upright, truthful, and generous Christian character. He has convincingly shown that no object is of such great moment as moral education, and with not less felicity has he indicated its most suitable methods. The special feature of his work is in its illustrations of the various virtues and their influ-

ence in life, drawn from our great English writers both in poetry and prose. Teachers of the young will find in its pages considerable help, while to the young themselves the work should be a boon.

ADDRESSES AND STORIES FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS. By Mrs. G. E. Morton and Mrs. Anne Hankey. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co., Paternoster Row.

A SERIES of cheerful, sensible, and altogether practical Bible readings, with a companion series of stories from everyday life, thoroughly well adapted to the gatherings for which they are primarily intended. We have here three or four good books in one.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE MIRROR: an Illustrated Magazine for the Home Circle. London: National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand. 1883.

OF the present volume of this ably conducted periodical we need say little more than that it is equal to the best of its predecessors. The frontispiece is a fine symbolic engraving of temperance from the *Art Journal*. The stories, poems, and essays are for the most part good, and there are few men in any position of life who would not be the better for a look into the *Mirror*.

MISTAKEN. By Annie S. Swan.

MARION FORSYTH; or, Unspotted from the World. By Annie S. Swan. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

THESE are companion stories, and should be read consecutively. "Mis-

taken" tells of Margaret Wayland, a noble girl, who is religiously and enthusiastically occupied with philanthropic work amongst the poor and the outcast, to the obstinate and disastrous neglect of grave and pressing home duties. This is her mistake, and she has to discover it by a bitter experience, which leads to the needed repentance and reformation. "Marion Forsyth" gives us the history of another girl, equally noble, who was heroic enough to surrender a love which would have drawn her fatally away into the world of fashionable and giddy dissipation, and who made the surrender in spite of many social influences which combined to resist it. The judgment of the one heroine was at fault; the conscience of the other was at once enlightened and supreme. Both of these short stories are told in a style which holds the mind of the reader throughout, and each illustrates, in its own way, the truth that the path of duty is the path both of safety and of honour. They are written by the author of "*Aldersyde*"—a story of a very high order, which was reviewed in our pages a few months ago. To "Marion Forsyth" are added some poetical pieces which are much above the average.

THE HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM. By Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. Part I. Cassells & Co. (Limited).

THE re-issue of this important work—the best popular History of the Protestant Reformation in our language—is in every view wise and timely. The interest excited by the Luther Commemoration will ensure for it a wider circulation, and we do not doubt that it will gain for itself an entrance into

thousands of our British homes. The great story which it so graphically and eloquently narrates cannot be too well or too widely known, and we anticipate from this new issue the most gratifying and practical results.

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THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. No. 2. November. Macmillan & Co.

THE second number of this new magazine is in every respect equal to the first. The anonymous article, "In the Fens," partly historical and partly descriptive, with half-a-dozen illustrations, takes the reader through a district of the country which tourists never think of exploring, but which nevertheless has an interest peculiarly its own. Austin Dobson writes pleasantly of "The Old Banqueting House and Old Whitehall," and Bernard H. Becker of the industries of Birmingham, with special reference to its varieties of brass-work. Mr. Huxley concludes his paper on "Oysters and the Oyster Question," and we have three additional chapters of the story, "The Armourer's 'Prentices," by Charlotte M. Yonge. But the gem of the number is the "Spiritual Romance" entitled "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," by the author of "John Inglesant"—one of the most entrancing stories we have read for a long time, with a very obvious and useful moral.

—
ANECDOTES OF LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION. Hodder & Stoughton.

THE recent anniversary of the birth of the great Reformer, which Protestant Christendom has so enthusiastically celebrated, gives special timeliness and value to this well arranged and well got-up volume. Everything which can contribute to the vividness with which

the man and his work are realized is eagerly sought, and among such helps the anecdotal work supplied by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will take an influential and honourable place. Luther, of course, figures most conspicuously, but by no means alone. Other Reformers congregate around him, some of whom are not so well known to fame as they deserve to be. Reference to the work is facilitated by a copious Index.

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TROT'S MESSAGE: or, "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee?" A Story for Children. By Robina F. Hardy.

TOM TELFER'S SHADOW. A Story of Everyday Life. By Robina F. Hardy. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

"TROT" is a little orphan child, whose father, a missionary, dies at Corfu on his way home for health, and who becomes an inmate of the home of one of her father's friends. The child is reticent and in many ways peculiar, but she gains the love of the household. It is only by slow degrees that she learns what is meant by the fact that her father is dead, and then she wants to send a message to him, to be delivered at his grave. Her father had said to her when dying, "Some day God will send for Trot to heaven, and I would like her to be a good girl—always ready—and if God lets me, I will come for her myself." The child's message to be taken to the grave was, "Your little Trot will be ready." The story is a very pretty one, with some pleasing incidents. Our young ladies will say it is unfinished, because no account is given of Trot's death. But that, of course, would be shallow criti-

cism. She learns to be ready to *die* by learning to *live*.

"Tom Telfer's Shadow" is a longer story, which we have no space to condense. It has many amusing elements, but it is written with an earnest purpose, and is full of healthy feeling. Moreover, it is well put together.

CELEBRATED DUNCES. By Tom Brown, author of "A Year at School," "The Philosopher in the Playground," &c. Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

AN excellent idea, well worked out. The author has pleasantly told the life-story of seventeen "celebrated dunces"—Sir Walter Scott, Adam Clarke, Sir T. F. Buxton, Sir David Wilkie, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Clive, John Howard, Thomas Chatterton, Thomas Chalmers, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Joseph Banks, Archdeacon Paley, John Hunter, the Duke of Wellington, Carl Linnaeus, R. B. Sheridan, and James Watt. The book is a genuine instance of *multum in parvo*, and boys will be delighted to read it, while those amongst them who are reckoned to be "dunces" may be encouraged to hope that they need not remain dunces for ever.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION POCKET BOOK, with Diary, Class-Register, Almanack, and other Useful Information for 1884.

THE INTERNATIONAL DAILY TEXT BOOK. Sunday School Union.

SUNDAY school teachers will find the Pocket greatly serviceable in many ways.

The Text Book is associated with the International Lessons, and "the passages for each day are, as far as possible,

selected from the Home Readings," so that teachers and scholars may derive from it an equal benefit.

THE ROSE AND LILY SERIES. *Every-day Children.* By J. F. and E. J. B. *Bonny, Ada, and Spray.* By R. Larnier. *The Little Traveller.* By E. Lecky.

THE LITTLE GEM PACKET OF REWARDS. Dean & Son, 160, Fleet Street.

SPECIMENS of the style in which Messrs. Dean & Son cater for the very young. Cleverly written and beautifully illustrated, they are sure to take.

TEMPERANCE TRUTHS. BIBLE TEXTS ON TEMPERANCE. THE POETS ON TEMPERANCE. TEMPERANCE SENTIMENT. THE CRYSTAL SPRING. CHRISTMAS GREETINGS. National Temperance Publication Dépôt.

HALF-A-DOZEN card packets, admirably assorted, and executed in a high style of art.

DIAMONDS FROM THE MINE OF TRUTH. A packet of six Floral Cards, with Scripture texts. **PRECIOUS PEARLS. WONDEROUS WORDS OF LOVE.** Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

A SET of card packets, with exquisite floral settings of passages of Scripture suitable to the general titles.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

MARTIN LUTHER'S FRIEND. Dean and Son, 160A, Fleet Street.

Two little books, forming part of a series, well written and prettily got up. The Soldier's Friend is Florence Nightingale; Martin Luther's friend is John Frederic, "the fearless Elector of Saxony," and an ancestor of the late Prince Albert. These names are a suf-

ficient recommendation, and they shine brightly in the pages here devoted to them.

TAKEN CARE: An Address to Parents. By Benjamin Clarke. 1884.

CHRISTIAN NURTURE: A Homily for Parents. By the Rev. G. S. Barrett, B.A., of Norwich.

WHAT ARE YOU AIMING AT? A New Year's Address to Sunday School Teachers. By Rev. J. Culross, D.D.

THE SETTING FORTH AND THE RETURN: A New Year's Address to Senior Scholars. By F. F. Belsey, Esq., J.P., of Rochester. 1884.

THIS HOUSE TO LET UNFURNISHED ; ENQUIRE WITHIN: A New Year's Address to Boys and Girls. Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

WE have pleasure in calling attention to these five excellent tracts, which cannot be read by the persons to whom they are respectively addressed without leading their thoughts to the solemn consideration of subjects of the highest importance.

CHRIST IN THE TABERNAOLE: with some Remarks on the Offerings. Illustrated by Twelve Chromo-Lithographs. By Frank H. White, Author of "Types and Shadows," "All of Blue," &c. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

MR. WHITE'S book on "Christ in the Tabernacle" must be known to not a few of our readers, for it has reached its fifth edition, and its tenth thousand is now in circulation. The work has grown in size, and has been carefully revised from time to time. Its author has "striven earnestly to keep in the plain path of sober exposition, and to avoid fanciful or mystical views"; an

endeavour which will be commended by all sensible readers. We have further to say that, in the treatment of his subject, Mr. White sustains the functions of the Gospel preacher rather than those of the Biblical critic, and he preaches with intelligence, with earnestness, and with power. His thoughts are simple, clear, scriptural, and true to the separate theme he has in hand; his language is terse and forcible; whilst he is always under the influence of an aim which is evangelical, spiritual, and practical. We rejoice in the proved acceptableness of this excellent little work, and have no doubt that its usefulness will be widely extended. The illustrations are exceedingly effective.

BAPTIST WORTHIES. By William Landels, D.D. Baptist Tract and Book Society, Castle Street.

THE first half of the "Series of Sketches of Distinguished Men who have held and advocated the principles of the Baptist Denomination," now in course of issue by Dr. Landels, has been published in a separate and comely volume, which is certain to be eagerly purchased and gladly welcomed. It needs neither description nor commendation from us in this column. Dr. Landels has long held a high place in our popular religious literature, and every fresh book of his is sure of a large circulation. We have had pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to these "Sketches" as they have appeared one after another, and the announcement of the volume before us will be received on all hands with gratification. The author has been taken to task for having included Milton in the series. Certainly, if an avowed connection with our denomination was necessary to give the great poet and prose writer

of the seventeenth century a title to the position in which Dr. Landels has placed him, that title must be denied. Dr. Landels has anticipated the objection, and has given to it such a reply as he deemed sufficient. We cannot discuss the question here. So far as the question of baptism is concerned, Milton was a Baptist, and we suppose that Dr. Landels would not think it needful to contend for anything beyond that fact. All the "Sketches" are ably executed, and each of the "Worthies" is displayed as a specific example to be practically and profitably studied. We have also received, and read with much admiration, Dr. Landel's Sketches of John Foster and William Knibb.

JACOB ABBOTT'S STORIES. "Juno & Georgie." "Juno on a Journey." "Mary Osborne." "Hubert." Hodder & Stoughton.

JACOB ABBOTT has been well known to English readers for more than half a century. Many books of his have been reprinted in this country, and have widely circulated. Some of them are still popular, and will probably remain so for a good many years to come. They are racy, shrewd, hearty, and every way interesting to average readers from a literary point of view. Better still, they are consecrated to a high purpose, and their moral and religious tone is thoroughly healthy. To the young Jacob Abbott comes as a wise adviser, who has the knack of gaining their attention and of finding his way to their hearts. Those who are familiar with such works of his as "The Young Christian" and "The Corner-Stone" are aware that he has many interesting stories at his command, and that he can relate them in a very effective manner.

The four eighteen-penny stories we have received from Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton deserve the new and beautiful edition in which they now appear, and in which, we doubt not, they will find their way into many new circles where they will prove to be not only attractive, but useful in a variety of ways.

BLACKWOOD'S EDUCATIONAL SERIES :
School Recitation Book. For Standards I. to VI. Blackwood & Sons, London and Edinburgh.

WE recently noticed, with much approbation, three volumes of the "Historical Reader," in this series, and can give equal praise to the six Recitation Books now before us. They are admirably arranged and beautifully printed. The selected pieces are at once interesting and wholesome, whilst the gradation from the first standard to the sixth is perfect. The first and second books may be had for twopence each, the third and fourth for threepence, and the fifth and sixth for fourpence.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE READER :
Recitations, Readings, Dialogues, &c., Original and Selected. Second Series.
London : National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand.

PUBLICATIONS of this sort have their special adaptations for helping forward the great cause of Temperance. We gave our hearty praise to the First Series, and gladly welcome the Second, which is equally good. There are sixty-eight poetic pieces, many of which have superior merit ; the prose pieces are ten in number, and the dialogues twenty-three. They are all well fitted to enliven and to instruct temperance meetings of the more distinctively social character.

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